

We present this album of Songs For Democracy with deep respect and pride — humble before the memory of peerless fighters who did not die in vain, proud that we are in some measure able to contribute in perpetuating their memory.

Our grateful acknowledgments to these loyal friends of Spain: Mr. Paul Robeson, for his invaluable assistance and sincere expression; Miss Anne Bromberger and Mr. Leonard Mins, for the English versions of the songs and the explanatory notes; and Mr. Howard Willard, who designed the album cover.

Eric Bernay

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SIX SONGS FOR DEMOCRACY

Here are songs recorded during heavy bombardment, by men who were themselves fighting for the "Rights of Man".

Valiant and heroic was the part played by the International Brigade in the glorious struggle of the Spanish Republic.

I was there in the course of that struggle and my faith in man — in the eventual attaining of his freedom — was strengthened a thousand fold.

This album helps sustain that faith. It's a necessity.

July 4, 1940

PAUL ROBESON

LIEDER

DER XI. INTERNATIONALEN BRIGADE

Immer, wenn in der Weltgeschichte die Freiheit aufstand gegen die Unfreiheit, das Recht gegen das Unrecht, spiegelte sich der Geist der Erhebung der Völker am klarsten und prachtvollsten in ihren Liedern wider, die auf dem Boden der gerechten Empörung gewachsen waren. Die Dichter, die auf der Seite des Volks waren, schrieben sie; und wo keine Dichter waren, schrieb das Volk sie selber.

Im Krieg des spanischen Volks gegen seine Feinde sind zahlreiche Lieder entstanden. Und ihre Sprache war nicht nur die spanische; denn die Soldaten der Internationalen Brigaden trugen in ihren Sprachen Lieder bei, die in der Armee wie im Volke lebendig und populär wurden.

Ernst Busch hat hier einige der besten und volkstümlichsten Lieder der Elften Internationalen Brigade auf Schallplatten festgehalten und deren Herstellung unter den schwierigsten Umständen durchgeführt.

Jeder, der sie hört, bedenke: sie konnten nicht in der Ruhe des Friedens hergestellt werden. Wie oft mussten die Aufnahme oder die Fabrikation der Platten auf lange Zeit unterbrochen werden, weil ringsumher die Bomben Francos auf Barcelona niederdonnerten oder der elektrische Strom unterbrochen war.

Aber das sollte diesen Liedern einen besonderen Reiz verleihen. Denn sie sind sozusagen mitten im Feuer, mitten im Kampf entstanden.

Hoffen wir, dass sie in der Welt, die sie hören wird, wieder etwas von diesem Kampfgeist, von diesem Feuer entzünden wird, aus denen sie geboren wurden.

ERICH WEINERT

Barcelona, Juni 1938.

SIX SONGS FOR DEMOCRACY

Whenever, in the history of the world, freedom has arisen against unfreedom, justice against injustice, the spirit of the people's uprising has been most clearly and splendidly reflected in its songs, which grew upon the soil of righteous indignation. They were written by the poets who sided with the people; and where there were no such poets the people wrote them themselves.

Innumerable songs arose during the war of the Spanish people against its enemies. And Spanish was not their only language; for the soldiers of the International Brigades contributed songs, in their own languages, which lived and became popular among the Spaniards.

In this album Ernst Busch has recorded some of the best and most popular songs of the 11th International Brigade, making the recordings under the most difficult circumstances.

These records could not be made during times of peace. How often did the recording or manufacture have to be interrupted because Franco's bombs were crashing down on Barcelona or the supply of electricity was cut off!

But that lends these songs a peculiar charm. For they were created in the midst of the battle, on the firing line, as it were.

We trust that they will again awaken, in the outside world, some of this fighting spirit, this fire, out of which they were born.

ERICH WEINERT

BARCELONA, JUNE 1938

LOS CUATRO GENERALES

/: Los cuatro generales :/
mamita mia
/: que se han alzado :/
/: Para la Nochebuena :/
mamita mia
/: seran ahorcados :/
/: Madrid, qué bien resistes :/
mamita mia
/: los bombardeos :/
/: De las bombas se rien :/
mamita mia
/: los Madrileños :/
/: Madrid, dich wunderbare :/
mamita mia
/: dich wollten sie nehmen :/
/: Doch deiner treuen Söhne :/
mamita mia
/: brauchst du dich nicht schämen :/
/: Und alle deine Tränen :/
mamita mia
/: die werden wir rächen :/
/: Und alle unsre Knechtshaft :/
mamita mia
/: die werden wir brechen :/

THE FOUR GENERALS

TUNE: "De los cuatro muleros" (a popular Spanish folksong)

The four insurgent generals,
The four insurgent generals,
The four insurgent generals,
Mamita mia,*
They tried to betray us,
They tried to betray us.

But your courageous children,
But your courageous children,
But your courageous children,
Mamita mia,
They did not disgrace you,
They did not disgrace you.

At Christmas, holy evening,
At Christmas, holy evening,
At Christmas, holy evening,
Mamita Mia,
They'll all be hanging,
They'll all be hanging.

And all your tears of sorrow,
And all your tears of sorrow,
And all your tears of sorrow,
Mamita mia,
We shall avenge them,
We shall avenge them.

Madrid, you wondrous city,
Madrid, you wondrous city,
Madrid, you wondrous city,
Mamita mia,
They wanted to take you,
They wanted to take you.

And all our age-old bondage,
And all our age-old bondage,
And all our age-old bondage,
Mamita mia,
We'll break asunder,
We'll break asunder.

* My little mother.

The "four generals" were Franco, Mola, Varela, and Queipo de Llano. Each was in command of one of the four columns advancing on Madrid. The name "fifth column" was first given by the Spanish fascists to their own undercover agents behind the Loyalist lines who were co-operating with the enemy columns.

DAS LIED VON DER EINHEITSFRONT

TEXT: Berthold Brecht

MUSIK: Hanns Eisler

Y como ser humano
El hombre lo que quiere es su pan.
Las habladurias le baston ya,
Porque éstas nada le dan .
Pues: un, dos, tres; Pues: un dos, tres,
Compañero, en tu lugar!
Porque eres del pueblo afiliate ya
En el frente popular.

And just because he's human
He doesn't like a pistol to his head,
He wants no servants under him
And no boss over his head.
So left, two three! So, left, two, three!
To the work that we must do.
March on in the workers' united front,
For you are a worker, too.

Tu es un ouvrier — oui!
Viens avec nous, ami, n'ai pas peur!
Nous allons vers la grande union.
De tous les vrais travailleurs!
Marchons au pas, marchons au pas,
Camarades, vers notre front!
Range-toi dans le front de tous les ouvriers
Avec tous tes frères étrangers.

Und weil der Prolet ein Prolet ist,
Dum wird ihn kein anderer befrei'n,
Es kann die Befreiung der Arbeiter
Nur das Werk der Arbeiter sein.
Dum links, zwei-drei! Drum links, zwei-drei!
Wo dein Platz, Genosse, ist!
Reih' dich ein in die Arbeiterereinheitsfront,
Weil du auch ein Arbeiter bist.

SONG OF THE UNITED FRONT

TEXT: Berthold Brecht

MUSIC: Hanns Eisler

And just because he's human
A man would like a little bite to eat;
He wants no bull and a lot of talk,
That gives no bread or meat.

REFRAIN:

So left, two, three!
So left, two, three!
To the work that we must do.
March on in the workers' united front,
For you are a worker too.

And just because he's human
He doesn't like a pistol to his head;
He wants no servants under him
And no boss overhead.

REFRAIN.

And just because he's a worker
The job is all his own;
The liberation of the working class
Is the job of the workers alone.

REFRAIN.

This song has been translated into most of the principal languages of the world. In this recording, Ernst Busch sings it in four languages: one verse each in Spanish, English, French, and the original German. Because of space limitations, only the first, third, and fourth verses are used; the standard English text of these verses is given above.

LIED DER INTERNATIONALEN BRIGADEN

TEXT: Erich Weinert

MUSICA: Espinosa/Palacio

Wir, im fernen Vaterland geboren,
Nahmen nichts als Hass im Herzen mit.
/: Doch wir haben die Heimat nicht verloren,
Unsre Heimat ist heute vor Madrid! :/
Spaniens Brüder stehn auf der Barrikade
Unsere Brüder sind Bauer und Prolet.

/: Vorwärts Internationale Brigade!
Hoch die Fahne der Solidarität! :/

Spaniens Freiheit heisst jetzt unsre Ehre.
Unser Herz ist international.
/: Jagt zum Teufel die Fremdenlegionäre,
Jagt ins Meer den Banditengeneral. :/
Träumte schon in Madrid sich zur Parade,
Doch wir waren schon da, er kam zu spät.

/: Vorwärts Internationale Brigade!
Hoch die Fahne der Solidarität! :/

Mit Gewehren, Bomben und Granaten,
Wird das Ungeziefer ausgebrannt,
/: Frei das Land von Banditen und Piraten,
Brüder Spaniens, denn euch gehört das Land. :/
Dem Faschistengesindel keine Gnade,
Keine Gnade dem Hund, der uns verrät!

/: Vorwärts Internationale Brigade!
Hoch die Fahne der Solidarität! :/

SONG OF THE INTERNATIONAL BRIGADES

TEXT: Erich Weinert

MUSIC: Espinosa — Palacio

From far-off fatherlands we've come here,
We took nothing with us but our hate;
Yet we haven't ever lost a homeland,
For our homeland is now outside Madrid,
Yet we haven't ever lost a homeland,
For our homeland is now outside Madrid.
With our Spanish brothers in the trenches,
Fighting in the hot Castilian sun —

REFRAIN:

Forward, International Brigaders, forward!
Raise the banner of solidarity.
Forward, International Brigaders, forward!
Raise the banner of solidarity.

Spanish freedom now is in our keeping,
To defend it we came across the seas;
Devil take the hated Foreign Legion,
Drive the bandit general to the sea.
Devil take the hated Foreign Legion,
Drive the bandit general to the sea.
Dreamed he'd be in Madrid for the parade soon;
We came first, Franco's army was too late —

REFRAIN.

With rifle, bomb, and our machine guns
We'll exterminate the fascist plague,
Free all Spain of plunderers and pirates —
Spanish brothers, Spain belongs to you.
Free all Spain of plunderers and pirates —
Spanish brothers, Spain belongs to you.
Show no mercy to the fascist rebels,
Nor to any traitor in our ranks —

REFRAIN.

The International Brigades were formed of antifascists who came to Spain from all over the world to defend Spanish democracy against German, Italian, and Spanish fascism.

DIE THÄLMANN-KOLONNE

TEXT: Karl Ernst

MUSIK: Peter Daniel

Spaniens Himmel breitet seine Sterne
Über unsre Schützengräben aus.
Und der Morgen grüsst schon aus der Ferne,
Bald geht es zum neuen Kampf hinaus.

Die Heimat ist weit,
Doch wir sind bereit.
Wir kämpfen und siegen für dich:
Freiheit!

Dem Faschisten werden wir nicht weichen,
Schickt er auch die Kugeln hageldicht
Mit uns stehn Kameraden ohnegleichen
Und ein Rückwärts gibt es für uns nicht.

Die Heimat ist weit,
Doch wir sind bereit.
Wir kämpfen und siegen für dich:
Freiheit!

Rührt die Trommel! Fällt die Bajonette!
Vorwärts marsch! Der Sieg ist unser Lohn!
Mit der roten Fahne! Brecht die Kette!
Auf zum Kampf das Thälmann-Bataillon!

Die Heimat ist weit,
Doch wir sind bereit.
Wir kämpfen und siegen für dich:
Freiheit!

THE THAELMANN COLUMN

TEXT: Karl Ernst

MUSIC: Peter Daniel

Spanish heavens spread their brilliant starlight
High above our trenches in the plain;
From the distance morning comes to greet us,
Calling us to battle once again.

REFRAIN:

Far off is our land,
Yet ready we stand.
We're fighting and winning for you:
Freedom!

We'll not yield a foot to Franco's fascists,
Even though the bullets fall like sleet.
With us stand those peerless men, our comrades,
And for us there can be no retreat.

REFRAIN.

Beat the drums! Ready! Bayonets, charge!
Forward, march! Victory our reward!
With our scarlet banner! Smash their column!
Thaelmann Battalion! Ready, forward, march!

REFRAIN.

This is the song of the Thaelmann Battalion, the first unit of the International Brigades to arrive in Spain, composed of German anti-fascists. At dawn on the morning of November 7, 1936, the inhabitants of Madrid were awakened by the firm tramp of disciplined troops marching through the city. They rushed to their windows, thinking that Franco's army had captured the city. What they saw was the first body of highly trained troops marching behind the purple, gold, and red banner of Republican Spain, the Thaelmann Battalion marching out to the Manzanares River west of the city. It was largely the heroism of the Thaelmann Battalion that saved Madrid then, when Franco was at the city's gates. Only a handful of the original 500 men in the battalion survived the Civil War.

HANS BEIMLER

WORTE: Ernst Busch

WEISE: Silcher

Vor Madrid im Schützengraben,
In der Stunde der Gefahr,
Mit den eisernen Brigaden,
Sein Herz voll Hass geladen,
/: Stand Hans, der Kommissar. :/

Seine Heimat musst er lassen,
Weil er Freiheitskämpfer war.
Auf Spaniens blut'gen Strassen,
Für das Recht der armen Klassen
/: Starb Hans, der Kommissar. :/

Eine Kugel kam geflogen
Aus der «Heimat» für ihn her.
Der Schuss war gut erwogen,
Der Lauf war gut gezogen —
/: Ein deutsches Schiessgewehr. :/

Kann dir die Hand drauf geben
Derweil ich eben lad'—
Du bleibst in unserm Leben,
Dem Feind wird nicht vergeben,
/: Hans Beimler, Kamerad. :/

HANS BEIMLER

TEXT: Ernst Busch

TUNE: Friedrich Silcher (1789-1860)

In Madrid's outlying trenches,
In the hour of danger grim,
With the International shock brigades,
His heart with hatred all ablaze,
Stood Hans, the Commissar,
Stood Hans, the Commissar.

Because he fought for freedom
He was forced to leave his home.
Near the blood-stained Manzanares,
Where he led the fight to hold Madrid,
Died Hans, the Commissar,
Died Hans, the Commissar.

A bullet came a-flying
From his fascist "Fatherland."
The shot struck home, the aim was true,
The rifle barrel well made, too,
A German Army gun,
A German Army gun.

With heart and hand I pledge you,
While I load my gun again,
You will never be forgotten,
Nor the enemy forgiven,
Hans Beimler, our Commissar,
Hans Beimler, our Commissar.

Hans Beimler, a deputy in the Bavarian Diet, was put into the concentration camp at Dachau early in 1933. He was one of the very few prisoners ever to escape from Dachau. He went to Spain as a leader of the first contingent of International Brigade volunteers who helped save Madrid in November, 1936. He was Chief Political Commissar of the International Brigade, and was killed in action in December, 1936.

DIE MOORSOLDATEN

Wohin auch das Auge blicket,
Moor und Heide nur ringsum.
Vogelsang uns nicht erquicket,
Eichen stehen kahl und krumm.

Wir sind die Moorsoldaten
und ziehen mit dem Spaten ins Moor.

Auf und nieder geh'n die Posten,
keiner, keiner kann hindurch.
Flucht wird nur das Leben kosten!
Vierfach ist umzäunt die Burg.

Wir sind die Moorsoldaten . . .

Doch für uns gibt es kein Klagen,
Ewig kanns nicht Winter sein.
Einmal werden froh wir sagen:
Heimat, du bist wieder mein!

Dann zieh'n die Moorsoldaten,
nicht mehr mit dem Spaten ins Moor.

THE PEAT-BOG SOLDIERS

Far and wide as the eye can wander,
Heath and bog are everywhere.
Not a bird sings out to cheer us,
Oaks are standing gaunt and bare.

We are the peat-bog soldiers,
We're marching with our spades to the bog.

Up and down the guards are pacing,
No one, no one can get through.
Flight would mean a sure death-facing,
Guns and barbed wire greet our view.

We are the peat-bog soldiers,
We're marching with our spades to the bog.

But for us there is no complaining,
Winter will in time be past.
One day we shall cry rejoicing:
Homeland dear, you're mine at last!

Then will the peat-bog soldiers
March no more with their spades to the bog.

This song was written by an unnamed prisoner in the Börgermoor concentration camp (in the northwest corner of Germany, near the Dutch frontier) in 1933. The prisoners sang the last stanza with such emphasis that the Nazis finally forbade the song. It was first published in 1935 in *Die Moorsoldaten* ("The Peat-Bog-Soldiers"), by Wolfgang Langhoff, the story of thirteen months' imprisonment in the Börgermoor camp. This is the standard English version of the song.