

# HISTORY OF THE SOVIET UNION IN BALLAD & SONG

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HISTORY OF THE SOVIET UNION IN BALLAD & SONG

## HISTORY OF THE SOVIET UNION IN BALLAD & SONG

Volume One:  
Songs of the  
Revolution &  
the Civil War

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RUSSIAN CZAR'S STAMPS, SUR-CHARGE BY THE COMMUNISTS

We Renounce the Old World (Workers' Marseillaise)  
The Red Flag  
Varshavianka  
Baikal  
Boldly, Comrades, In Step  
Tortured to Death in Captivity  
The Internationale  
You Fell Victims  
We Are the Blacksmiths  
Shooting of the Communards  
For the Power of the Soviets  
The Hero Chapayev Roamed the Urals  
The Red Army is the Most Powerful of All  
Over the Hills & Dales  
The Engine

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# History of the Soviet Union

## Volume I

### Revolution and Civil War

#### Introduction and Notes

by Louis Menashe

In March, 1917 all the exposed, twitching nerves of Russian social life twitched at the same time to bring the autocracy down. Four of them stood out above the others. There was, first, the peasant movement, made up of masses just emerging into the consciousness of modern history after emancipation by Tsar Alexander II in 1861 had put two centuries of serfdom behind them. They had risen for land and freedom before in vastly powerful but also formless and impatient jacqueries. The Tsars might with a few well-placed thrusts -- here a leader caged, decapitated, drawn and quartered (as was the eighteenth-century Pugachev by Catherine the Great), there a whole village exiled in shackles to Siberia -- break the back of any such movement. Moreover, the Tsar, their "Little Father" still commanded the peasantry's respect. By 1917 that respect was dead. Years of unsatisfied land hunger, unrelieved indebtedness, famines, and the brutal government repressions of 1905-1906 finally saw to that.

Second was a small but trip-hammer powerful workers' movement. The Russian working-class was brought into being by the gradual transition of the economy from agrarian to industrial capitalist forms, especially after serf emancipation brought villagers into the cities to work. The transition repeated the ordeals of the western European proletariat: night work, long hours, short pay, exploited children, factory stores, arbitrary dismissals, no political representation, and too bad if you get hurt on the job. Workers responded with strikes (beginning on a large scale in the 1890's) and increased participation in illegal political activity. By the turn of the century a second revolutionary front had been opened up in Russian cities and factories. The workers' movement had the revolutionary advantage of high concentration, particularly in the new and old capitals of St. Petersburg and Moscow; organization was facilitated and directed assaults on the center of government could be made, much as the Paris citizenry had done in 1789 and after. In 1905 a general strike formed the heart of that year's "dress rehearsal" revolution which wrung limited political concessions from the autocracy.



Demonstration in Moscow on March 12 (25), 1917

Third was the opposition of the non-Russian minorities to the fiercely centralizing and Russian-izing patterns of the Tsarist Empire. The Empire had grown with amazing success through diplomacy, conquest, exploration and assimilation; from a small Medieval principality around Moscow it had become by the twentieth century a giant land mass stretching from Central Europe to the Pacific. Hundreds of different nationalities and religions were willy-nilly parts of that Empire; Tsarism came to be called the "prison house of peoples." Poles, Georgians, Armenians, Jews, Finns, Letts all demanded an end to cultural and social disabilities and even sought distinct nationhood. Nationality grievances swelled the ranks of the revolutionary movement. The Bolsheviks, for example, could number among their leaders in 1917 the Russian Lenin (Ulyanov), the Georgian Stalin (Dzhughashvili), the Jew Trotsky (Bronstein), and the Pole Dzerzhinsky.

Fourth was the revolutionary movement *per se*, personified in the form of often full-time revolutionaries whose parties had been in gestation for a century. The "revolutionary movement" is a convenient expression for a course of development by no means homogeneous or capable of being plotted on a straight line. It was composed of motley ideological and tactical programs and its progress by turns rose, dipped, turned right, left, veered in and out of everything from charity work to bomb-throwing terrorism. Nor did Tsarism head undeviatingly downwards. Several times it broke new ground, tried to stave off revolution from below by reforms from above. In the 1860's it freed 40,000,000 serfs, reformed the courts, army, finances, local administration; in 1905 it created a limited parliament (Duma). But each new effort and each new crisis showed how little it could catch up with and overtake its own past. And each new crisis imposed a unity on a revolutionary movement which, despite the differences within it, could come together in common opposition to Tsarism.

If objectively speaking what is called the Russian revolutionary movement of the nineteenth and early twentieth centuries turns out to be a multi-faceted, multi-colored agglomeration of tendencies and types, starts and halts, there was nevertheless an acute consciousness of revolutionary continuity, particularly among the revolutionaries themselves.



The songs heard here make this abundantly clear. Twentieth-century Bolsheviks sang the ballads of Populists (agrarian socialists) of the 1870's; Populists those of earlier generations. At Lenin's funeral in 1924 the Bolshoi Chorus intoned a hymn originally composed in 1876 to honor a fallen student revolutionary. (See *Tortured to Death in Captivity*, below.) The songs of 1905 filled the air again in 1917. Siberian exiles at the turn of the century might sing the same laments chanted by their predecessors of fifty years before. When a revolutionary journal was founded it helped to pick a name or a symbol with tradition-charged connotations. Alexander Herzen -- a gentryman and member of that "conscience-stricken" generation of the 1830's and 1840's, one of the first Russian socialists and emigre activists -- decorated his famous *Kolokol* (The Bell) with likenesses of the five hanged Decembrists. \* *Lenin's Iskra* (The Spark) got its title from a motto which originated with those same Decembrists. Throughout the whole revolutionary period there were dozens of *Kolokols*, *Iskras*, *Vpered*s (Forward), and *Pravdas* (The Truth). The Bolsheviks, for all the novelties they were to initiate, were part and parcel of that age-old revolutionary tradition. Ideologically, they fused strains of Marxism and Populism, both of which had competed in various stages of co-existence and mutual influence ever since the 1870's; their greatest contribution to revolutionary Marxism in fact consisted in combining the traditional peasants' with the young workers' movement. Tactically, they chose the tightly disciplined party approach of some of the earlier Populist groups as more suitable to the Russian circumstances than the more western European, "parliamentary" bent of the Mensheviks. It was over this issue that these two wings of the Russian Social Democratic Party had split in 1903 (and from which they derived their names -- from the Russian for majority, *bolshinstvo*, and minority, *menshinstvo*). In all this Lenin was chief architect and to drive the point further home it might be mentioned that Lenin's older brother was hanged in 1887 for taking part in an attempt on the life of Tsar Alexander III. All of this enhanced the Bolshevik appeal in November, 1917; the Provisional Government was from the first tarred with members associated with the old regime and not ordinarily linked in the public mind with traditions of popular revolution.

If the revolutionary movement was conscious of its own continuity it also felt a deep spiritual kinship with other movements and events beyond Russian borders; socialism, Marxism, the idea and practice of revolution were not after all Russian inventions. Again the ballads make the point. French revolutionary episodes had a particular impact on the Russians; 1789 was one obvious reason, 1871 and the Paris Commune, \*\* another.

Finally, the ballads and songs illustrate another kind of continuity, a revolutionary continuity extending past the chronological boundaries of the Revolution itself. Soviets folklorists noticed a remarkable resurgence during the Second World War of ballads dating back to the revolution and Civil War. Often texts were modified and material added but the 1917 smack was always unmistakable: a striking instance of how Soviet Russia in moments of crisis reveals its revolutionary birthmark.

The Russian Revolution and the triumph of the Bolsheviks was more than just the story of 1917: more than just the story of a corrupt and moribund dynasty, or of a small revolutionary party led by an amazingly

astute and intrepid leader. These were some of the elements; but all revolutions are infinitely greater than even the sum of their parts. For one as tradition-busting, ground-breaking, and future-heralding as the Russian Revolution it is not a year, or a war, or a party that needs looking into but whole generations of social history and revolutionary development. The songs heard here tell us of those generations and of that development. Above all, they tell us of human lives; of hundreds and thousands of young and old lives spread over many decades; of lives given -- and lives taken -- to cut old Russia loose from the rotten moorings which had caused so much pain to her people.

\* The Decembrists are often called the first Russian revolutionaries and they more than any other group sent the revolutionary tradition into motion. They were aristocrats and officers devoted to the ideals of the American and French revolutions and whose experiences in the Tsarist armies abroad during the Napoleonic campaigns had revealed how socially and politically backward Russia was. They organized underground societies and attempted a seizure of state in December, 1825 (whence "Decembrists") upon the death of Tsar Alexander I. His successor, Nicholas I, a ruler of iron will, crushed the rebellion, dispersed the Decembrists to jail and exile and had five of their leaders hanged. Nicholas managed to keep Russian society in tow for the length of his thirty-year rule but there was no muffling the revolutionary tocsin once it had been sounded by the Decembrists.

\*\* The Commune was an insurrection led by working-class Paris in the wake of a stinging defeat inflicted on France by Bismarck's Prussia. The communards broke up the authority of the Versailles government, organized an administration based on short-term elected councillors receiving work-man's wages, disestablished the church, and made education free. Paris was at length starved into submission by Versailles troops and thousands of its defenders were summarily butchered, jailed and exiled. The insurrection had lasted only some 2 1/2 months and in its aftermath the French socialist movement was smashed for a generation to come, but like the Russian Decembrist failure it became a beacon light of hope and possibilities for all revolutionaries.

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I. Babel *Red Cavalry*

N. Chernyshevsky *What's To Be Done?*

D. Furmanov *Chapayev*

M. Gorky *Mother*

I. Turgenev *Virgin Soil*

M. Sholokhov *The Don Novels; Tales of the Don*





WE RENOUNCE THE OLD WORLD  
("The Workers' Marseillaise")

(Otrechemsya ot Starovo Mira)  
("Rabochaya Marselyeza")

Rouget de Lisle composed his stirring march for the French Army of the Rhine at Strasbourg in 1792 during the first year of a long series of wars between revolutionary France and monarchical Europe. The song was popularized by some five hundred volunteers marching to Paris from their native Marseilles (whence the name) and eventually made its way across the many European frontiers traversed by the revolutionary French armies. It became a battle-hymn for all European revolutionaries of the period; the Russian Decembrists knew it but, as we should expect from high-born Russians for whom French was virtually a mother tongue, sang it in the original. Attempts to have it reach wider Russian circles began with the printing of a translation entitled A Song of Protest in an illegal publication in 1863. This did not catch on but a new text dubbed The Workers' Marseillaise by the famous Populist Peter Lavrov (1823-1900) spread quickly among Russian workers during the last two decades of the nineteenth century and was on thousands of lips in 1905. The version heard here is an energetic variant of the Rouget de Lisle melody but kinship with the original is apparent.

Lavrov printed his text in his own London newspaper Vpered (Forward) founded in 1873. Publishing and popularizing a revolutionary song illustrates one kind of activity carried on by the Russian press abroad. There were basically three ways to get around the censor in Tsarist Russia: publishing legally but using "Aesopian" language, i.e., clothing the political message in innocuous form and trusting the reader to get the between-the-lines point; organizing underground presses; setting up shop abroad and smuggling the literature into Russia. The success of Herzen's Kolokol (The Bell) published in London and Geneva -- it was so influential that Tsar Alexander II is said to have consulted it often to keep abreast of government abuses and opposition thought -- established the precedent for publishing abroad. Hundreds of such publications emanated from London, Geneva, Munich, Leipzig, Zurich and schooled whole generations of revolutionaries. Perhaps the most famous Marxist organ of this type was Lenin's Iskra (The Spark) begun in 1900 and taking its name from a phrase used by the Decembrists: "the spark shall kindle a flame..."

We renounce the old world,  
We shake its dust off our feet.  
The golden idols are hateful to us,  
We despise the czarist court.

We go to our imprisoned brothers,  
To the hungry people we'll go.  
We'll deal damnation to the scoundrels ) 2  
And summon the people to struggle. )

CHORUS:

Arise, revolt, toiling masses!  
Arise 'gainst the foe, ye hungry folk!  
Ring out the call of the peoples' vengeance!  
Forward, forward, forward, forward, forward!

And behind the bloody dawn  
Will rise the sun of truth and brotherly love,  
Though we've bought for a terrible price -  
Our blood - the happiness of the earth.

And the hour of freedom will come,  
Evil and lies will perish forever,  
And all the people will unite as one ) 2  
In a free society of holy labor. )

Отречемся от старого мира,  
Отряхнем его прах с наших ног.  
Нам враждебны златые кумиры,  
Ненавистен нам царский чертог.

Мы пойдем к нашим страждущим братьям,  
Мы к голодному люду пойдем,  
С ним пошлем мы злодеям проклятья, } 2х  
На борьбу мы его позовем.

Примеч: Вставай, поднимайся, рабочий народ!  
Вставай на врага, люд голодный!  
Раздайся, клич мести народной!  
Вперед, вперед, вперед, вперед, вперед!

И взойдет за кровавой зарею  
Солнце правды и братской любви,  
Хоть купили мы страшной ценою -  
Кровью нашою -- счастье земли.

И настанет година свободы,  
Сгинет зло, сгинет ложь навсегда,  
И сольются в одно все народы  
В вольном царстве святого труда. } 2х



SIDE I, Band 2:

THE RED FLAG  
(Krasnoye Znamya)

The red banner as a mark of revolutionary defiance seems to have been first flung aloft in modern European history during the bloody Peasants' War of 1524-1525 in Southwest Germany. There the peasants of Swabia and Franconia took a cue from the religious revolt of Martin Luther to organize mass uprisings directed against social and economic disabilities imposed by the feudal nobility. In Russian revolutionary history the red flag first appeared in like circumstances, during peasant revolts of the seventeenth century and again in uprisings of the 1860's. As a specifically urban, republican symbol the red flag was associated with several episodes in French revolutionary history, most notably with the insurrection of the Paris Commune in 1871. That event clinched the unmistakably "red", i.e.,



socialist and working-class connotations of the flag. Russian students were already speaking and writing of "the red banner of socialism" in the 1860's and in 1876 during a famous demonstration before the Kazan Cathedral in St. Petersburg (now Leningrad) a young worker unfurled a red flag inscribed with the motto "Land and Liberty" -- the most pressing issues of the day and also the name of one of nineteenth-century Russia's most important revolutionary groups. Raising the red banner became a high point of public demonstrations in Russia and the authorities usually responded to it like the proverbial bull maddened by the matador's red cloak. Gorky has some vivid pages on such scenes in his novel Mother.

The song The Red Flag has Polish and French revolutionary roots: it was written in 1881 by the Polish poet B. Chervinsky to a melody like that of the French Communards' song of 1871. It made its way into Russia via Polish workers towards the end of the nineteenth century and became very popular during the 1905 Revolution. Various Russian translations of the Chervinsky poem existed, among them one by an old Bolshevik and revolutionary associate of Lenin, G.M. Krizhizhanovsky; the folk version bears partial resemblance to the Krizhizhanovsky text.

With tears the boundless world is flooded  
All our life is hard labor,  
But the inevitable day will come -  
Inexorably terrible judgement!

#### CHORUS:

Spread far, our song, speed far and wide!  
O'er the earth our flag is waving  
And it carries the battle cry - thunder of  
vengeance.

It sows the seed of the future  
Brightly it burns and turns flaming red:  
It is our blood which burns with fire,  
It is the blood of the workers in it.

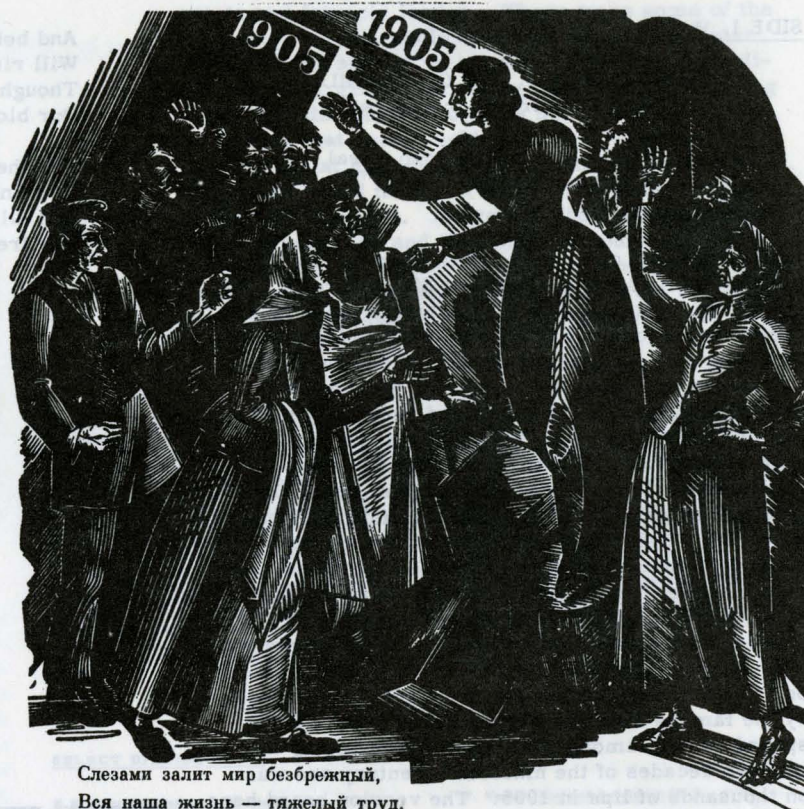
Bolder, friends! Let's all go together.  
Hand in hand with a single thought!  
Who is to say to storm: "Stand still"?  
Whose power on earth is so strong?

Down with tyrants! Off with fetters!  
No more oppression, slavish chains.  
We will show the earth a new road,  
Labor shall be the world's master.

#### SIDE I, Band 3:

#### VARSHAVIANKA

Here is another folk-song example, among the most popular as well, of communication between the Polish and Russian revolutionary movements. Poland led a tortured national existence after her period of greatness under the Jagiello dynasty (1386-1572). A weak and unstable governmental system coupled with the growth of powerful and rapacious neighbors on her borders made her the classic victim-state of Europe. Three successive territorial grabs in 1772, 1793, and 1795 executed jointly by Prussia, Austria, and Russia wiped Poland off the European map. After a brief renewal under



Слезамі залит мир безбрежний,  
Вся наша жизнь -- тяжелый труд,  
Но день настанет неизбежный,  
Неумолимо грозный суд! (2 раза)

*Прпев:* Лейся вдаль, наш напев, мчись кругом!

Над миром наше знамя роет  
И несет клич борьбы, мести гром,  
Семя грядущего сеет,  
Оно горит и ярко рдеет:  
То наша кровь горит огнем,  
То кровь работников на нем.

Смелей, друзья! Идем все вместе,  
Рука с рукой и мысль одна!

Кто скажет буре: стой на месте?

Чья власть на свете так сильна? (2 раза)

*Прпев.*

Долой тиранов! Прочь оковы!

Не пужно гнета, рабских пут!

Мы путь земле укажем новый,

Владыкой мира будет труд!

*Прпев.*

SAKHNORSKAYA. Woman in the 1905 Revolution

Napoleonic auspices Poland became in 1815 a semi-independent kingdom under the Russian Romanov dynasty with other of her territories remaining in Prussian and Austrian hands. The nationalist fervor of early nineteenth-century Europe found the Poles willing hosts and in 1830 took place the first of a series of Polish risings for independence. The failure of these insurrections, often crushed mercilessly by the Tsars, led to waves of Polish emigration to Western Europe and the Americas. Paris soon became the leading center of Polish emigres and it was there that the Varshavianka (from the French for "Warsaw-Song" -- "Warsovienne") first became popular in the form of the March of the Zouaves (Polish conscripts in the French army -- from the Algerian units of that name).



The Polish poet V. Svetsitsky wrote a revolutionary text for the march in 1883 and it was later picked up by Russian groups. The Russian version, which differs both thematically and textually from the Polish original, belongs to the old Bolshevik G. M. Krizhizhanovsky mentioned elsewhere (see *The Red Flag*). He adapted the *Varshavianka* while doing a stint in a Moscow prison; it became popular with political prisoners there who sang it in protest against the abuses of their jailers.

Hostile storm winds are raging around us,  
Dark forces fiercely assail us.  
In violent fight we are locked with the foe,  
Unpredictable fates still await us.  
But we shall raise up proudly and boldly  
The battle emblem of the working man's cause,  
The emblem of the great fight, fight of the people  
For a better world, for sacred liberty!

#### CHORUS:

On to battle,  
Sacred and just,  
March, march onward  
Working people!

We despise the tyrants' crowns,  
The chains of the suffering people we revere.  
With the blood of the people the thrones are  
covered,  
The blood of the enemy now shall be shed.  
Merciless vengeance upon all our foes,  
Upon all parasites of the toiling masses.  
Vengeance and death to all the Czar-plutocrats.  
The triumphant hour of victory is near.

Вихри враждебные веют над нами,  
Темные силы нас злобно гнетут,  
В бой роковой мы вступили с врагами,  
Нас еще судьбы безвестные ждут.  
Но мы подыдем гордо и смело  
Знамя борьбы за рабочее дело,  
Знамя великой борьбы всех народов  
За лучший мир, за святую свободу!

Припев: На бой кровавый,  
Святой и правый,  
Марш, марш вперед. } (2 раза)  
Рабочий народ!

Нам ненавистны тиранов короны,  
Цени народа-страдальца мы чтим,  
Кровью народной залиты троны  
Кровью мы наших врагов обогрим.  
Месть беспощадная всем супостатам,  
Всем паразитам трудящихся масс,  
Мщенье и смерть всем царям-плутократам,  
Близок победы торжественный час!



#### SIDE I, Band 4:

#### BAIKAL

The Tsars began sending convicts into Siberia very soon after its conquest and exploration in the late sixteenth century. To this sparsely-populated region of enormous size (almost 1/3 Asia), giant plains, mighty rivers, deep lakes and bitter, bitter winter cold were sent convicts who had been punished by physical mutilation. Later, exiling to Siberia became a device for colonizing what came to be recognized as a promising part of the Russian Empire; criminals were simply banished there with their whole families. The discovery of rich mineral resources and the need for labor to work them kept the exile system in full swing during the late eighteenth century. Convicts from Russian prisons were transported there en masse; a landlord might commit a serf (often for the slightest offenses) to Siberia, and an officer could do the same with a recruit. Transportation was conducted under savage conditions: prisoners were marched in manacles over vast distances with little rest and food and at their destinations they were worked within inches of their lives. The nineteenth century made Siberia famous as the land of the political exile as well. A catalogue of Siberian political exiles would read like a partial who's who of Russian intellectual and revolutionary history -- the Decembrists, Chernyshevsky, Dostoyevsky (who left a record of his experience in *Notes from The House of The Dead*), Breshkovskaya (the "little grandmother of the Russian Revolution"), Lenin, Stalin, Trotsky all did time in Siberia. These "politicals" were generally allowed to live apart from criminal offenders and spent their time in remote Siberian towns under close police supervision. Some used the enforced leisure to get some work done; Lenin, for example, researched and wrote his *Development of Capitalism in Russia* in Siberian exile. For others the loneliness and gloomy surroundings produced taut nerves, depressions, and even suicides. The American reporter George Kennan (uncle of the contemporary diplomat) investigated the Siberian exile system in 1885-1886 and wrote an account which shocked the world.

Escapes from Siberia were especially hard before the days of the railroad. The thoughts of a man who might have such an escape were described in a poem by the Siberian writer and ethnographer D. P. Davidov in 1858. His text was modified and adapted to a melody of folk origin and became the very popular *Baikal* heard here. Lake Baikal, near the Siberian city of Irkutsk, is the third largest lake in the Soviet Union and the deepest in the world. The Shilka and Barguzin are Siberian rivers; the latter flows into Baikal and its name is also a local expression for "fair winds on the river." Akatuy and Nerchinsk were mining centers for convicts.



Long have I dragged clanking chains,  
Long have I tramped in the Akatuya Mountains.  
An old friend helped me to escape,                     ) 2  
I feel new life, sensing freedom.                     )

I walked by night and through the day,  
Passing towns I was watchful and wary.  
The womenfolks gave me bread to eat,        )  
The fellows gave me tobacco.                ) 2

Glorious sea - sacred Baikal.  
My glorious sail - a tattered coat.  
Hey "Barguzin", bestir the waters,  
I hear the rumble of a storm.

Славное море — священный Байкал,  
Славный корабль — омулёвая бочка.  
Эй, баргузин, пошевеляй вал, } (2 раза)  
Молодцу плыть недалечко.

Долго я звонкие цепи носил,  
Долго бродил я в горах Акутая.  
Старый товарищ бежать пособил,  
Ожил я, волю почувя. } (2 раза)

Шилка и Нерчилик не страшны теперь,  
Горная стража меня не поймала,  
В дебрях не тронул прожорливый зверь, } (2 раза)  
Пуля стрелка миновала.

Шел я и в ночь и средь белого дня,  
Вкруг городов озираясь зорко,  
Хлебом кормили крестьянки меня,  
Парши снабжали махоркой. } (2 раза)

Славное море — священный Байкал,  
Славный мой парус — халат дыроватый.

Эй, баргузин, пощевеливай вал, } (2 раза)  
Слышатся бури раскаты.



Solitary confinement cell in the Peter and Paul Fortress, St. Petersburg (drawing by a Decembrist):

**BOLDLY, COMRADES, IN STEP**  
(Smelo Tovarishchi, V'Nogu)

Sometimes one of the more agreeable side-effects of a revolutionary's incarceration was the appearance of a new song for militant voices. Boldly, Comrades, In Step was one such product, set to a traditional tune by L. P. Radin in 1897 during a period of solitary confinement in a Moscow prison. This lusty spirit-lifter is said to have been a great favorite of Lenin's and its phrases were often used in Bolshevik proclamations. Certainly the song's sentiments, its title especially, were accurate expressions of Lenin's revolutionary ideals: boldness, discipline, and unity.

Boldly, comrades, keep in step!  
Our spirits will strengthen in struggle.  
To the realm of freedom a road )  
With our might we'll build for ourselves. ) 2

We all have come from the people,  
Children of the toiling folk.  
"Fraternal union and freedom" - )  
That is our battle ensign. ) 2

Long have they kept us in shackles,  
Long has hunger ravaged us.  
Days of darkness have passed away,        ) 2  
The hour of liberation has struck.        )

With sacred belief in our task,  
And with tightly closing ranks  
We bravely go forth into battle  
Against the cursed yoke of need.

With a mighty hand we'll cast down  
Age-old fetters forever,  
And raise high over the land )  
The red banner of labor. ) 2

Смело, товарищи, в ногу!

Духом укрепнем в борьбе,  
В царство свободы дорогу }  
Грудью проложим себе. }

Вышли мы все из народа,  
Дети семьи трудовой.  
«Братский союз и свобода» —  
Вот наш девиз боевой.

Долго в цепях нас держали,  
Долго нас голод томил,  
Черные дни миновали,  
Час искупленья пробил.

С верой святой в наше дело,  
Дружно сомкнувши ряды,  
В битву мы выступим смело  
С игом проклятой нужды.

Свергнем могучей рукою  
Гнет вековой навсегда  
И водрузим над землею  
Красное знамя труда!



**TORTURED TO DEATH IN PRISON**  
(Zamuchen Tyazheloi Nevolei)

Students don't make revolutions but they are prime sowers at revolutionary seedtime and often they are the first casualties of revolution. The story of Russian nineteenth-century Populism reads like a chronicle of early Christian martyrdom. Some have explained it as reflecting the religious, messianic strain in the Russian character. But the same behavior is observable among many young people in the contemporary world, in the American Negro movement or in the activities of countless students in Africa, Asia, and Latin America: the same pain felt at the spectacle of oppression, the same incredible self-sacrifice for liberation, the same willingness to suffer social ostracism, jail, exile, torture, and even death. Tales were legion of young Russian lives snuffed out in their prime because they dared obey their consciences. In a famous incident of the 1870's the young Vera Zasulich (later one of the first Russian Marxists) took a shot at the Governor of St. Petersburg, General Trepov, to avenge the death of Emelyanov, a young prisoner held for taking part in a demonstration. Trepov had ordered Emelyanov flogged when he refused to doff his cap in a prison review; Emelyanov went mad from the ordeal and died a few years later. Another notorious case involved the student Chernyshev who expired from torture in jail in 1876. The text of Tortured to Death in Captivity, heard here, was written that year by G. A. Machtet (1852-1901) and dedicated to Chernyshev. It was set to a melody of unknown origin and became a traditional song of mourning among all ranks of Russian revolutionaries.

You were tortured to death in prison,  
You died a noble death...  
In the struggle for the peoples' rights ) 2  
You laid your head down honorably. ) 2

Our foe was not around to jeer at you...  
Around you were your own...  
We ourselves, countrymen, closed ) 2  
Your eagle eyes. ) 2

It was not sorrow that choked our souls,  
No tears glistened in our eyes  
When we bid farewell to you ) 2  
And buried you in the earth. ) 2

No! It was only rage that choked us,  
We strove for battle with the foe  
And mercilessly to avenge you ) 2  
We have sworn over your grave. ) 2

Замучен тяжелой неволей,  
Ты славную смертью почил...  
В борьбе за народное дело  
Ты голову честно сложил...

Наш враг над тобой не глумился..  
Кругом тебя были свои...  
Мы сами, родимый, закрыли  
Орлиные очи твои... (2 раза)

Не горе нам душу давило,  
Не слезы блистали в очах,  
Когда мы, прощаясь с тобой,  
Землей засыпали твой прах.

Нет! Злоба нас только душила,  
Мы к битве с врагами рвались  
И мстить за тебя беспощадно  
Над прахом твоим покаялись...

**WE ARE THE BLACKSMITHS**  
(Mi Kuznetsi)

In December, 1905, after government concessions and repressions had taken the starch out of mass opposition, a group of Moscow workers and revolutionaries made a last-ditch effort to keep the revolution alive with an armed rising. The attempt failed and Tsarist troops struck the movement down with great severity. F. S. Shkulev (1867-1930), a worker-poet, was at the Moscow street barricades during those days and his We Are the Blacksmiths was one man's response to the events. His text was first published in the Bolshevik newspaper Neva Star (Nevskaya Zvezda) in 1912; the source of the melody is unknown. The version heard here is slightly different from the Shkulev original, having undergone many changes in the course of much singing during World War I and after the revolution.

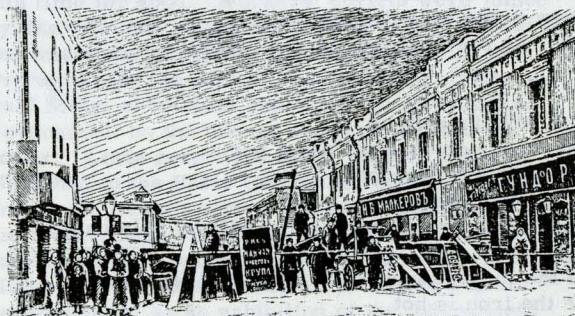
We are the blacksmiths, young is our spirit,  
Forging the keys to happiness.  
Rise on high, our mighty hammer,  
Into the steel harder strike,  
Strike, strike!

We forge a bright road for the people,  
We forge happiness for our land...  
And for our long-desired freedom  
We have struggled and will die,  
Will die, will die!

We are the smiths of the workers' lands,  
All we want is a better life.  
Not in vain do we give our strength,  
Not in vain with hammer we strike,  
We strike, we strike!

And after very hammer blow  
The darkness fades, oppression weakens.  
And in the cities throughout the world  
The tortured people arise,  
Arise, arise!

Мы кузнецы, и дух наш молод,	Мы кузнецы страны рабочей,
Куюм мы счастья ключи.	Мы только лучшего хотим,
Вздвигайся выше, наш тяжкий молот,	И ведь недаром мы тратим силы,
В стальную грудь сильней стучи,	Недаром молотом стучим,
Стучи, стучи!	Стучим, стучим!
Мы светлый путь куюм народу,	И после каждого удара
Мы счастье родине куюм...	Редает тьма, слабеет гнет
И за желанную свободу	И в городах земного шара
Мы все боролсь и умрем,	Народ измученный встает,
Умрем, умрем!	Встает, встает!



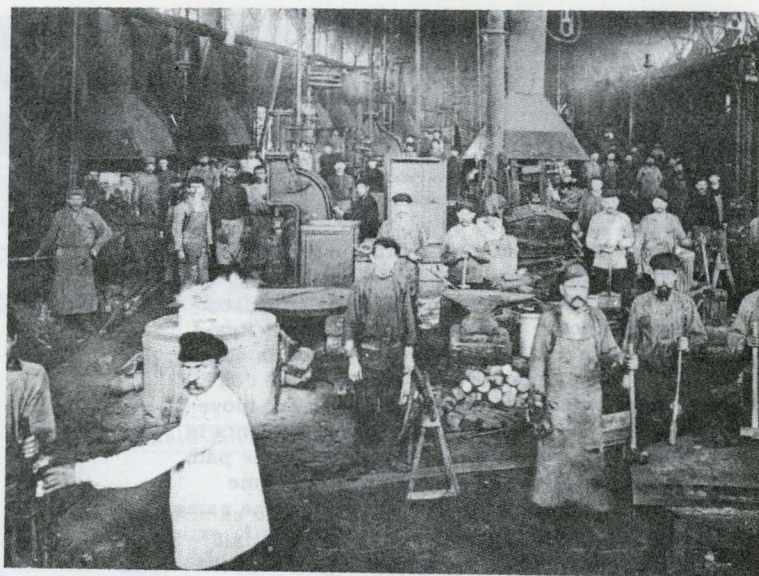


THE INTERNATIONALE  
(Internatsional)

It is difficult to find a more apt musical summary of the revolutionary chapters in late nineteenth - and twentieth-century Europe than this stately hymn of the working-class movement. The text was written in hiding during the aftermath of the Paris Commune by the French poet and revolutionary Eugene Pottier (1816-1887) and was first published in his collection of revolutionary songs in 1887. Pierre Degeyter (1848-1932), a French lathe-operator and composer, wrote the melody in 1888 and in the same year it was introduced at a rally in Lisle. Instantaneously it spread among northern French and Belgian workers and by the turn of the century had become a staple at all meetings of the Second International (the successor to the First International Workingmen's Association, 1864-1876, among whose founders had been Karl Marx). The Internationale was banned in Tsarist Russia but in 1902 translation by A. Ya. Kots (1873-1943) was circulated in illegal journals and in hectographed form. The Russian version corresponds to the 1st, 2nd, and 6th verses of the French original and it became the Soviet national anthem after the Bolshevik revolution. One textual revision was made in the chorus to mark the Bolshevik triumph: "It will be the last..." became "This is our last and decisive battle..." In line with the more nationalist temper generated by the Second World War, the Internationale was dropped as the Soviet anthem but retained as the official hymn of the Communist Party. Probably the most electrifying performance of the Internationale came after the All-Russian Congress of Soviets had unanimously approved Lenin's proclamation for peace on November 8, 1917, a day after the Bolsheviks had assumed power. Here is an eye-witness description of those delirious moments by the American writer John Reed: "Suddenly, by common impulse, we found ourselves on our feet, mumbling together into the smooth lifting unison of the Internationale. A grizzled old soldier was sobbing like a child. Alexandra Killontai / an old Bolshevik revolutionary / rapidly winked the tears back. The immense sound rolled through the hall, burst windows and doors and seared into the quiet sky. 'The war is ended! The war is ended!' said a young workman near me, his face shining..."

Arise, ye by a curse downtrodden,  
The earth's hungry and enslaved!  
Our outraged soul cries out  
And is ready to fight to the death.  
The world of violence we will destroy  
Down to its core, and then  
Our new world we will build up,  
He who has been naught, he shall be all.

No one will liberate us  
Neither God nor the czar nor a hero.  
We will achieve freedom  
With our own hand.  
In order to throw off oppression with an able hand,  
And to retake what is our own,  
Stoke the furnace and strike the forge fearlessly  
While the iron is hot.



CHORUS:

This is our final  
And decisive battle,  
With the International  
The human race will arise.

Only we, the workers of the world's  
Great army of labor  
Have the right to rule the land.  
But the parasites - never.  
And if a great thunderbolt will strike  
Over the pack of hounds and executioners,  
For us, evermore, the sun  
Will shine with the fire of its rays.

Вставай, проклятем заклейменный,  
Весь мир голодных и рабов!  
Кипит наш разум возмущенный  
И в смертный бой вести готов.  
Весь мир насилия мы разрушим  
До основания, а затем  
Мы наш, мы новый мир построим,  
Кто был ничем, тот станет всем.

Это есть наш последний  
И решительный бой,  
С Интернационалом  
Воспрянет род людской!

Никто не даст нам избавленья —  
Ни бог, ни царь и ни герой,  
Добьемся мы освобожденья  
Своею собственной рукой.  
Чтоб свергнуть гнет рукой умелой,  
Отвоевать свое добро,  
Вздувайте горн и куйте смело,  
Пока железо горячо.

Это есть наш последний  
И решительный бой,  
С Интернационалом  
Воспрянет род людской!

Лишь мы, работники всемирной  
Великой армии труда,  
Владеть землей имеем право,  
Но паразиты — никогда.  
И если гром великий грянет  
Над сворой псов и палачей,  
Для нас все так же солнце станет  
Сиять огнем своих лучей.

Это есть наш последний  
И решительный бой,  
С Интернационалом  
Воспрянет род людской!





SIDE II, Band 2:

YOU FELL VICTIMS

(Vi Zhertvoiu Pali)

You Fell Victims was another traditional funeral hymn of the revolutionary movement; it was the march intoned by delegates at that same 1917 congress attended by John Reed, described above. "And when [the singing of the Internationale] was over," writes Reed, "as we stood there in a kind of awkward hush, some one in the back of the room shouted, 'Comrades! Let us remember those who have died for liberty!' So we began to sing the Funeral March, that slow, melancholy and yet triumphant chant, so Russian and so moving... The Funeral March seemed the very soul of those dark masses whose delegates sat in this hall, building from their obscure visions a new Russia -- and perhaps more."



You fell victims in the fated struggle  
For your boundless love for the people.  
You sacrificed all that you could for them,  
For their lives, their honor, their freedom.

But the hour will strike, the people will rise,  
Great mighty and free.  
Farewell then, brothers, you have passed honorably  
On your valorous and noble road.

Вы жертвою пали в борьбе роковой  
Любви беззаветной к народ...  
Вы отдали все, что могли, за него,  
За жизнь его, честь и свободу.

Again and again you languished in damp prisons.  
Again and again the foe-executioners  
Passed their merciless sentence upon you -  
And you marched, clanging your shackles.

Порой изнывали вы в тюрьмах сырых.  
Свой суд беспощадный над вами  
Враги-палачи уже давно изрекли,  
И шли вы, гремя кандалами.

And the despot is feasting in his luxurious palace,  
His conscious drowning in wine.  
But for a long time the terrible letters on the wall  
Are being written by the hand of fate.

А деспот тирует в роскошном дворце,  
Тревогу вином заливая,—  
Но грозные буквы давно на стене  
Чертит уж рука роковая.

Падет произвол, и восстанет народ,  
Великий, могучий, свободный!  
Прощайте же, братья, вы честно прошли  
Свой доблестный путь благородный.



SIDE II, Band 3:

FOR THE POWER OF THE SOVIETS

("Listen Workers, The War Has Begun")

(Za Vlast Sovietov)

("Slushai Rabochii, Voina Nachalsya")

Soviet is the Russian word for council. The first "Soviet of Workers' Deputies" was the spontaneous creation of workers on strike in St. Petersburg during the revolution of 1905. The idea was picked up in nearly all major industrial centers but the movement faded with the ebbing of the revolution and as the government cracked down on its leaders.

In 1917 they sprang up again with elemental force, this time for good. Workers' soviets were joined by like councils among the peasantry and soldiers and this chain of popular organizations with the Petrograd (as the capital was re-named during the war) Soviet at its head contested the Provisional Government on the uneasy see-saw of political power. Lenin responded to the soviets much as Marx had to the Paris Commune, seeing them as organs (in Lenin's words) "founded exclusively by the revolutionary strata of the population... founded outside all laws and regulations in an entirely revolutionary way as a product of primitive popular creativeness, as an exhibition of the independent action of the people." In the Fall of 1917 the Bol-



sheviks popularized the slogan "All Power to the Soviets!" And it was only after they commanded majorities in both the Petrograd and Moscow Soviets that they pressed ahead to topple the Provisional Government on November 7: the Second, "Bolshevik" Revolution of 1917.

For the Power of the Soviets is a Red Army song of the Civil War and like so many products of the period is a re-working of an older melody (The Fragrant Blossoms of the White Acacia). The new marching rhythm had already appeared in the earlier First World War revision, Listen Grandfathers, The War Has Begun.

Listen workers,  
The war has begun,  
Leave your work,  
Prepare to march.

Слушай, рабочие,  
Война началась,  
Бросай свое дело,  
В поход собирайся.

#### CHORUS:

Bravely to battle we will go  
For the power of the Soviets.  
And as one we will die  
In battle for this.

Привес: Смело мы в бой пойдем  
За власть Советов  
И, как один, умрем  
В борьбе за это.

(Repeat)

Shells are bursting,  
Guns are rattling,  
But the red soldiers  
Are not afraid of them.

Рвутся снаряды,  
Трещат пулеметы,  
Но их не боятся  
Красные роты.

Привес.

(CHORUS)

Now we see  
The White lines.  
With them we shall  
Fight to the death.

Вот показались  
Белые цепи,  
С ними мы будем  
Биться до смерти.

Привес.

(CHORUS)

Eternal memory  
To the fallen heroes.  
Eternal glory  
To the living!

Вечная память  
Павшим героям,  
Вечная слава  
Тем, кто живет!

Привес.

#### SIDE II, Band 4:

#### THE RED ARMY IS THE MOST POWERFUL OF ALL (Krasnaya Armiya Vsech Silnei)

All revolutions generate their armed guards -- revolutionary fighting corps in which round-the-clock dedication and idealism compensate for deficiencies in rounds of ammunition. Thus American Minutemen, Bolivar's irregulars, Garibaldi's Thousand, Fidel Castro's barbudos, Cromwell's Ironsides, the French "people in arms," and the Russian Red Army. The old Tsarist army melted away under the impact of the two revolutions of 1917 and left the new Soviet regime woefully naked to the threat of German invasion, foreign intervention, and the coalescing forces of counter-revolution. As in France of 1792 the cry "the fatherland is in danger" rang out to summon the masses to defend the revolution in the first months of 1918. The creation of the Red Army was formally decreed in January of that year. At its core were the famous Red Guards, armed detachments of workers who had played an important role earlier as the citizens' militia of the revolution. The new officers' corps stemmed in part from those top



ranks of the old army who came out for the Soviets and from fresh cadres trained in newly-organized special military schools. Mass strength came from peasants and workers who saw their old landlords and bosses arrayed on the side of the White armies. Bolsheviks serving in the ranks, acting as trouble-shooting political commissars, or directly in charge of military operations gave the shaping army considerable organizational and disciplinary backbone. The Red Army cut its teeth in the Civil War; twenty years later they were sharp enough to chew up Hitler's vaunted divisions.

The Red Army Is The Most Powerful of All is generally recognized as the most famous battle-song of the Civil War. The "black baron" was General Baron P.N. Wrangel, head of the Crimean White Army defeated by a daring Red operation across the icy Straits of Perekop in 1920. The taiga is the dense evergreen forest of northern Russia.

The White army and the black baron  
Are preparing a Czar's throne for us.  
But from the Taiga to British Seas  
The Red army is the most powerful of all.

#### CHORUS:

So let the Red army  
Grasp powerfully  
Its bayonet with calloused hand.  
And we all must  
Resolutely  
Go forth to the final deadly battle.

(Repeat)

Red army, forward march!  
The revolutionary war council calls us to battle.  
For from the Taiga to the British Seas  
The Red army is the most powerful of all.

Привес: Так пусть же Красная  
Сжимает властно  
Свой штык мозолистой рукой,  
И все должны мы  
Неудержимо  
Идти в последний смертный бой!

Белая армия, черный барон  
Снова готовят нам царский трон.  
Но от тайги до британских морей  
Красная Армия всех сильнее.

Красная Армия, марш вперед!  
Реввоенсовет нас в бой зовет.  
Ведь от тайги до британских морей  
Красная Армия всех сильнее.

Привес.



### THE SHOOTING OF THE COMMUNARDS (Rasstrel Kommunarov)

For sheer ferocity and blood-letting there is no war like civil war. Outsiders could hardly have inflicted more terror than Germans did on Germans in the Thirty Years War, Frenchmen on Frenchmen in the sixteenth-century religious wars (and again in 1848 and 1871 when workers were drowned in blood), Spaniards on Spaniards in the late 1930's, and Americans on Americans in our own Civil War. The Russian Civil War was no exception as this ballad from that period shows. Neither side gave any quarter and expected none. Who would expend more violence, the peasant to keep his land or the landlord to get it back? In the context of Russian history the point here was that for the first time a revolution put a government behind the peasant which gave him writ to return violence with violence. The fierce summary justice of the White officer in this ballad is reminiscent of practices established earlier by the Tsar's Prime Minister P. A. Stolypin (1906-1911) to stamp out revolutionary fires in the countryside. Field courts-martial were set up which tried and hanged insurrectionists on the spot; the public dubbed these little affairs "Stolypin's Necktie Parties" and did not easily forget them. Fighters on the Bolshevik side were often called communards -- another reminder of the Russian revolutionary links to the Paris workers of 1871.

Under repeated bursts of rattling grenades  
The detachment of communards fought on,  
Beneath the onslaught of the White mercenaries  
Into brutal justice they fell.

The grey-haired general went out to meet them,  
A merciless tribunal he announced;  
He himself sentenced all communards  
To a painful execution.

"We ourselves dug our grave,  
A deep pit was prepared,  
Before it we stand --  
Shoot straight and true!

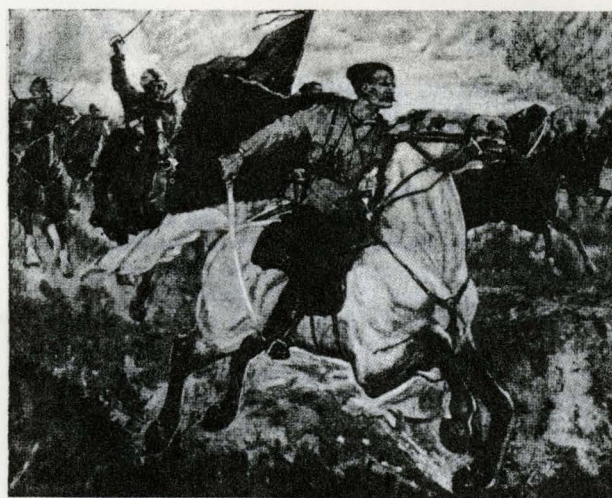
"Shoot true; get ready, don't be afraid,  
Let an end be put to our bondage!  
Long live free Soviet Russia!  
Long live workers' freedom!"

Под частым разрывом гренад  
Отряд коммунаров сражался,  
Под пушечным боем белых солдат  
В расправу жестоку попался.

Настрочу на каменной садовой генерал,  
Он суд объявил беспристрастный,  
И всех коммунаров он сам приговорил  
К смертельной, мучительной казни.

«Мы сами копали могилу свою,  
Готово глубокое ямя,  
Вперед не стоим мы на совете краю,  
Стреляйте верно и прямо!»

Стреляйте верно, готовьтесь, не трусь,  
Пусть кончится наше пленение!  
Да здравствует, свободная Советская Русь!  
Да здравствует, рабочая воля!»



### SIDE II, Band 6:

### THE HERO CHAPAYEV ROAMED THE URALS (Gulyal Po Uralu Chapayev-Geroi)

The courageous and resourceful Vassily Ivanovich Chapayev -- one of the great authentic folk heroes of the Civil War -- came from the Chuvash region of the Volga of a poor peasant family. He worked as an itinerant carpenter before seeing action in the Tsarist army during the First World War. After the Revolution he returned to the Volga and joined the Bolsheviks. His military exploits for the Red Army barely covered a period of two years but they were the stuff legends are spun of. As commander of the 25th (Chapayev) Division he spearheaded action along the Volga and in the Urals (the belt of low-lying mountains forming the eastern boundary of European Russia) against the White forces of Admiral Kolchak, the Allied-backed head of anti-Soviet operations on the eastern front of the Civil War. Chapayev died in battle on the Ural River in 1919 at the age of 32. The famous novel bearing his name was written by Chapayev's political commissar D. Furmanov and was converted into a popular Soviet film.

Soldiers of the Chapayev Division made up this song built around their leader's legendary pre-battle cry, "Forward comrades, not one step back!" The melody is reminiscent of some old Russian army songs.

The Hero Chapayev roamed the Urals,  
Like a falcon he, with his regiment,  
eagerly awaited the fight. (2)

Forward, comrades, not one step back:  
The Chapayevites have learned to die  
bravely. (2)

The bayonets flashed, we thundered,  
"Hurrah"  
And deserting the trenches the cadets went  
running. (2)

Гулял по Уралу Чапаев-герой, }  
(Repeat verse 1) Он соколом рвался с полками на бой. }  
Вперед вы, товарищи, не смейте отступать:  
Чапаевцы смело привыкли умирать.  
Блеснули штыки, мы гринули «ура!» }  
И, бросив окопы, бежали юнкера. }  
Гулял по Уралу Чапаев-герой, }  
Он соколом рвался с полками на бой. }



OVER THE DALES AND HILLS  
(Po Dolinam i Po Bzgoryam)

These words of S. Parfenov tell of a heroic postlude to the Civil War. The scene is the littoral (primorye) in the Russian Far East where White Armies with strong support from the Japanese intervention continued to conduct operations against the Far Eastern Republic, a newly-created state with close ties to the Soviets. Partisan bands of the Amur River and armed forces of the Republic mounted an anti-White offensive to clear the area and in February, 1922 prepared to assault the fortress of Volochayevsk, a seemingly impregnable stronghold built by the Japanese. The location was ideal for defense; it was surrounded by rivers and hills and a plain covered with deep snow had to be crossed to reach it. Machine-gun emplacements and barbed wire supplemented natural protection. On February 10, amid biting winds and a below-zero frost, revolutionary units unleashed a series of attacks; two days later the fortress was in their hands. The following autumn the last White emplacement at Spassk was seized and on October 25, 1922 revolutionary troops ended the campaign by occupying the important port-city of Vladivostok on the Pacific. Atamans (from the German for captain, hauptmann) were military chieftans, generally among the Cossacks.

Over the dales and over the hills  
The division marched forward  
To take Primorye by force -  
The stronghold of the White Army.

Our banners took on the color  
Of the crimson of fresh wounds.  
Onward marched the fearless squadrons - )  
The Amur Partisans. ) 2

The glory of those days will never grow silent,  
And will never be dimmed.  
The Partisan divisions  
Were liberating cities.

And like a legend,  
Like beckoning lights,  
Will remain the stormy nights at Spassk  
And the days at Volochayevsk.

They destroyed the Atamans,  
They scattered their leaders.  
And on the shores of the Pacific Ocean  
They ended their campaign.

По долинам и по холмам  
Шла дивизия вперед.  
Чтобы с боем взять Приморье -  
Безой армии оплот.

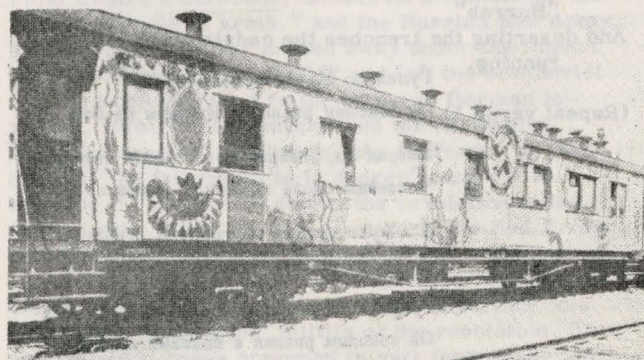
Намечался знамена  
Кумачом последних ран  
Шли лозы эскадроны  
Примурских партизан

Этих лет не смолкнет слава,  
Не померкнет никогда.  
Партизанские отряды  
Занимали города.

И останутся, как сказка,  
Как маячили огни.  
Штурмовые ночи Спасска,  
Волочаевские дни.

Разгромили атаманов,  
Разогнали воевод  
И на Тихом океане  
Свой закончили поход

) 2



THE ENGINE  
(Parovoz)

The Engine probably originated with Komsomol members working at a Kiev railroad shop during the Civil War. The Soviet writer N. A. Ostrovsky (1904-1936) happened to be working there at the time but whatever the source, the song has become a Komsomol favorite. The Komsomol (Communist League of Youth) was created immediately after the revolution as a kind of junior guard and training school of the Communist Party, open to young people from their teens to their twenties. Younger members of the League did important scouting and intelligence-gathering services during the Civil War (there was a 1926 film on this called The Little Red Devils) and in the Second World War the league was to do duty as a chief organizer of partisan activity. Textually, The Engine is related to the Civil War but its message carried into much of later Soviet life as well. The job of putting a country jolted by war, revolution, and civil war back together again, not to speak of reconstructing society on principles never before practiced in the world required an operation-bootstrap, always-ready-to-mobilize temperament. With guts, native talent, sweat and blood the Soviet people were able to compensate for the scant resources in capital, managerial skills, technicians, teachers, scientists and all the other sophisticated apparatus of an advanced industrial society. They did it in a crisis, battleground atmosphere; that's why we hear so much of work "brigades," "fronts," "shock-troops," and the like in Soviet life. In all this -- literacy campaigns, health and sanitation programs, collectivization of agriculture, the Five-Year plans for industrialization -- Komsomol members were among the energetic stokers who kept the Russian engine going.

We are all, of those who set out  
Against the White divisions.  
Those who abandoned our machines  
To go to the barricades.

CHORUS:  
Our engine, fly forward!  
At our commune all is at a standstill.  
There is no other road for us,  
A rifle is now in our hands.

In our ranks are children, sons,  
Marching beside their fathers.  
We'll send our grenades into the foe,  
The sole retribution for our sorrows.

(CHORUS)

In our workshops  
We forge, we plane, we cut,  
With ever-busy hands  
We love our factory labor.

(CHORUS)

We will set up our engines  
For any task that's needed.  
And when we are trained for the front,  
We'll go as one to battle.

Мы все из тех, кто выступал  
На белые отряды,  
Кто паровозы оставлял,  
Идя на баррикады.

Привес. Наш паровоз, вперед лети!  
В Коммуне остановка.  
Иного нет у нас пути,  
В руках у нас винтовка.

Среди нас есть дети, сыновья  
В рядах с отцами вместе,  
В врага пошлем мы свой снаряд.  
Горя одной местию.

Привес.

И в недрах наших мастерских  
Куем, строгаем, рубим,  
Не покладая рук своих:  
Мы труд фабричный любим.

Привес.

Наш паровоз мы пустим в ход,  
Такой, какой нам нужно.  
И пусть создается только фронт,  
Пойдем врагов бить дружно.

From the recordings of LeRoy Wolins

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