





**DESCRIPTIVE NOTES** inside pocket.

# **SONGS OF THE SPANISH CIVIL WAR, Vol. 1**

## **SONGS OF THE LINCOLN BRIGADE | SIX SONGS FOR DEMOCRACY**

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**If You Want To Write To Me  
Cookhouse / Quartermaster Song  
The Fifth Regiment / Jarama Valley  
The Young Man From Alacala / Long  
Live The Fifteenth Brigade**

**Hans Beimler  
The Thaelmann Column / The Peat-  
Bog Soldiers / Song Of The Interna-  
tional Brigades / Song Of The United  
Front / The Four Generals**

DESIGN: INTERDESIGN



# Songs of the Spanish Civil War

## SONGS OF THE LINCOLN BATTALION

sung by Pete Seeger, with Tom Glazer,  
Baldwin Hawes, Bess Hawes

SIDE I

FH5436 A

SONGS OF THE LINCOLN BATTALION  
sung by Pete Seeger and group

- Band 1: JARAMA VALLEY  
(Tom Glazer and Group)  
a. COOKHOUSE  
b. THE YOUNG MAN FROM ALCAIA  
Band 3: QUARTERMASTER SONG  
Band 4: VIVA LA QUINCE BRIGADA  
(Long Live the 15th Brigade)  
Band 5: EL QUINTO REGIMIENTO  
(The Fifth Regiment)  
Band 6: SI ME QUIERES ESCRIBIR  
(If You Want To Write To Me)

## SIX SONGS FOR DEMOCRACY

sung by Ernst Busch and Chorus

SIDE II

FH5436 B

SIX SONGS FOR DEMOCRACY  
sung by Ernst Busch and Chorus

- Band 1: LOS CUATRO GENERALES  
(The Four Generals)  
Band 2: DIE THAELMANN-KOLONNE  
(The Thaelmann Column)  
Band 3: HANS BEIMLER  
Band 4: DAS LIED VON DER EINHEITSFRONT  
(Song of the United Front)  
Band 5: LIED DER INTERNATIONALEN BRIGADEN  
(Song of the International Brigader)  
Band 6: DIE MOORSOLDATEN  
(The Peat-Bog Soldiers)

- AUTHORIZED RECORDING -

AN ENTIRE GENERATION has matured since the Spanish war "ended" in March 1939 with the overthrow of the democratically elected Republic by the combined power of Nazi Germany and fascist Italy - and the calculated indifference of the world's democracies. Historians now agree that what is still called the Spanish Civil War was in reality the opening battle of World War II. For it was in Spain that the Axis tested its new weapons and developed the strategy and tactics that nearly conquered the western world in the titanic struggle that began six months after the betrayal of Madrid.

Outraged by the world-wide threat to democracy that was obvious the day Italian bombers appeared in Spanish skies (July 1936), men from 57 nations came to Spain as volunteers for the Republic. They were young, and not so young; they were workers and intellectuals, students and professional men, Communists and Catholics, men of no religious or political persuasion whatsoever - and most of them died there. But the war they waged beside their Spanish comrades remains an imperishable legend of human heroism and sacrifice. And again - historians agree that if fascism had been crushed in Spain the peoples of the world would have been spared the holocaust of 1939-1945.

THE APPEARANCE of this spontaneously-gathered volunteer army was unprecedented in military (or political) history and it prefigured the international solidarity developed in the greater struggle that followed, and which remains the aim of the United Nations to this day.





FROM THE USA, 3,200 young men went to Spain - the first time in American history mass volunteering for a "foreign" war ever took place. About 1,600 came back alive. Almost all who were able-bodied wore uniforms again in 1941, serving in every branch of American arms including the merchant marine. Four hundred more perished in the continuing anti-fascist war; others have died since of natural causes and the attrition of the years. Between 900 and 1,000 still live and their dedication to the restoration of Spanish democracy burns as fiercely today as it did when they left Spain in 1939. That dedication has been manifested (through their organization, the Veterans of the Abraham Lincoln Brigade in New York, and through their individual activities) as follows:

Till World War II (and since), they fought in every way to bring aid to Spanish refugees in French concentration camps, and to win their release from these camps.

In World War II they fought, individually and as an organization, to win combat assignments - a role that was at first denied them by American reaction.

Since World War II they fought to clear their reputation as patriot Americans from the unjust stigma of "subversion" which the Subversive Activities Control Board attempted to fasten upon them.

They are presently involved in cooperation with other organizations to win amnesty for the thousands of anti-fascist prisoners still in Franco jails.

Unlike International Brigade veterans in Europe - who were leaders in every underground organization opposed to fascism (in France, Germany, Italy) and whose role

in Spain and the underground won recognition from grateful governments, the American veterans have yet to win official sanction for their contributions to the struggle for a broader democracy at home and abroad, but this recognition has not been denied by the American people, who have honored them in many ways.

Typical of those who live (and those who died) are: Joe Hecht, who survived two years of frontline action in Spain to fall in Germany (1945) when he attacked a Nazi machine-gun by himself to save the men of his platoon (earning a posthumous Silver Star); Robert Thompson, captain in Spain, sergeant in the AUS, who won field promotion to a captaincy and the Distinguished Service Medal in the Pacific; Herman Botcher (refugee from Nazi Germany and soldado in Spain) who became the legendary "one-man army" of Buna and, like Thompson, won his captain's bars and a field decoration - only to fall on Leyte on New Year's Eve, 1945-6; Milton Wolff, last commander of the Lincolns (at 24), who served under Gen. Joseph Stillwell in Burma and with the Office of Strategic Services in the liberation of Italy (Legion of Merit).

THE SONGS you will hear on this album were born of the Spanish war - either directly out of the immediate struggle or by transplantation from the native lands of the Volunteers for liberty. In his introduction to the first American recording of Six Songs for Democracy (New York, 1940), Paul Robeson wrote: "I was there in the course of that struggle and my faith in man - in the eventual attainment of his freedom - was strengthened a thousand fold. This album helps sustain that faith."

-Alvah Bessie  
San Francisco, February 1961

SIX SONGS FOR DEMOCRACY was originally recorded in Spain in June 1938 during an air-raid on Barcelona (one of the records bore a sticker reading: 'The defective impression of this record is due to interruptions of electric current during an air raid.') The soloist is the great German working class tenor Ernst Busch, who still lives and is a successful actor (as well as singer) in Germany. He was backed by a chorus of members of the Thaelmann Battalion (11th I.B.)

UNITED FRONT SONG is sung by Busch in four languages. The music is by Hans Eisler, the lyrics by the late great German dramatist, Bertolt Brecht. (Cf. Peoples Song Book, NY: Boni & Gaer, 1948, for complete English lyrics.)

SONG OF THE INTERNATIONAL BRIGADE. Music by Espinosa/Palacio, lyrics, Erich Weinert, himself a composer. (Cf. Canciones de las Brigadas Internacionales, Barcelona, June 1938. ed. Ernst Busch).

HANS BEIMLER derives from an old Swabian folk tune of indeterminate age to which, in 1827, Friedrich Silcher wrote words that begin, "Ich hatt' einen Kameraden..." The present lyric is by Ernst Busch and celebrates the life and death of the German anti-Nazi who gave it its title, one of the first volunteers for the Thaelmann Battalion (see below). Beimler had been a deputy in the Bavarian Diet, was sent to Dachau by the Nazis in 1933 and was one of the few who escaped from this notorious concentration camp. He was killed at Madrid in December, 1936. (Cf. also, Sing Out, Vol. 6, N. 3, 1956, p. 21).





DIE THAELMANNKOLONNE (Thaelmann Battalion). The Thaelmanns (German anti-Nazi volunteers) were part of the 11th Brigade. An internationally famous song, it is rumored that the music was written by German composer Paul Dessau under the pseudonym, Peter Daniel. Text by Karl Ernst. The Thaelmanns, together with the French (XIV Brigade), saved Madrid in November 1936. (Cf. also, Peoples Song Book, p. 44).

DIE MOORSOLDATEN (The Peat-Bog Soldiers). A true folk song, in that its music and lyrics are anonymous, came out of the Nazi concentration camps before the Spanish war and has become world famous. Some of the sentiments expressed are in double-talk which fooled the Nazis for awhile - after which the song was forbidden on pain of death. (Cf. also, Peoples Song Book, p. 58).

LOS CUATRO GENERALES (The Four Generals) derives from an old Spanish folk-song, Los Cuatro muleros. The four generals were Franco, Mola, Varela and Quilepo de Llano who expected to capture Madrid in the first months of the war - and never did. This was the origin of the notorious Franco boast that he had four columns driving on Madrid and a "fifth column" inside the city. (Cf. also, Peoples Song Book, p. 43).

SONGS OF THE LINCOLN BRIGADE was first recorded in New York (Asch, 1942, 78 rpm) and utilized as soloist the finest living American ballad singer, Pete Seeger. Backing him were Bess Lomax, Baldwin Hawes, Tom Glazer and a chorus of American veterans. The Lincolns formed the 57th battalion of the XV International Brigade, which also comprised the British, Canadian, and originally, the Irish and later Spanish and Cubans. The first Americans arrived in Spain in January 1937 and their baptism of fire came only one month later in the Jarama Valley, on Feb. 23.

JARAMA VALLEY is, of course, a front-line parody of a tune that had long since achieved folk status in the USA: The Red River Valley, which was itself a parody of an earlier NY song called In the Bright Mohawk Valley. Jarama was one of the few instances of World War I type trench warfare during the Spanish war and in the second attack the Lincolns made (Feb. 27 with 500 men), 127 were killed and 200 wounded, but in the years that followed the fascists never cut the Madrid-Valencia highway, which was their primary objective.

COOK HOUSE is another song that came out of Jarama and the many months the Lincolns held that position. The men thought it "original" but older Americans could have told them it was a composite of at least two pre-existing songs, one an old ditty that begins: "There is a boarding house, far, far away," which expresses the same sentiments. Also involved are the tunes for Old Soldiers Never Die and a 19th century song called Yip-Ay-Addie-I-Ay now better known as Popeye's Theme Song ("I'm Popeye, the Sailor Man"). Unfortunately, the lyrics were cleaned up for the original recording.



QUARTERMASTER SONG similarly expresses the soldier's perennial griping about his food, but goes into detail and is a fine example of front-line irony and self-satire. The original is an old British army song called The Quartermaster's Store (Cf. Pocket Song Book, London, Workers' Music Association, Ltd., 1949, p. 60).

QUINTO REGIMIENTO (Fifth Regiment). The Fifth Regiment was formed by the Spanish Communist Party in July, 1936, the first month of Franco's rebellion, and by December was the backbone of the defense of Madrid with 70,000 men. Other political parties (Socialist, Anarchist, Republican) also recruited their own membership but these early, purely political units were broken up and reorganized in 1937 and put under unified command. (Cf. Lift Every Voice, ed. Irwin Silber, NY, People's Artists, Inc., 1953). This song is also a melodic composite, the first part being an Andalusian folk-song, El Vito, the second, beginning with "Venga jaleo..." derives from a tune called El Contrabandista. The words of course, are new and were

supplied at the time and place, but the composite may have been known in Spain earlier, with an older set of lyrics.

LA QUINCE BRIGADE (15th Brigade), more frequently known by its haunting refrain, "Ay, Manuela", derives from an old Spanish folk song. (Cf. People's Song Book, supra, p. 42). Like Quinto Regimiento and Spanish Marching Song (below) it was most frequently sung on the march.

SPANISH MARCHING SONG ("Si me quieres escribir") was probably composed during the war but could have been an earlier folktune. It is obviously saturated with the national character of Spanish and, specifically, Andalusian music. (Cf. Sing Out, supra, Vol. 6, No. 3, 1956, p. 20.) One of the most moving songs of the war, it has been popular in the USA for years and was most recently recorded by The Limelickers in their album of the same title (Elektra, 1960). The action refers to the great battle fought around Gandesa (Aragon) in 1938.

## SONGS OF THE LINCOLN BATTALION

The record album, "Songs of the Lincoln Battalion," was issued in 1940 by Asch Records. The following text is reprinted from the booklet accompanying that album.

THESE are the songs of men who left home and safety behind them in 1937 to fight Fascism four years before it was fashionable. Against the majority of that time, they insisted that America's emblem was indeed an eagle and not an ostrich. It may be a long time before popular history gives them their due and proper honor; but free men everywhere who recognized them then and judge them now, will welcome these tangible memoranda of their brave struggle.

The songs of the ABRAHAM LINCOLN BRIGADE, like the men who sang them first, have color and fire and guts. With the possible exception of assorted Francophiles and a newspaper editor or two, I don't know anybody to whom these songs of Democracy shouldn't appeal.

NORMAN CORWIN



# The Lincoln Battalion

Notes by ALBERT PRAGO

JARAMA VALLEY—February 1937. The first guns fired by Americans in World War II. That was the locale and time when the men who formed the original Abraham Lincoln Battalion helped fight the fascists to a standstill. The thirty-two-hundred Americans who volunteered to aid Republican Spain had not only "color, fire and guts," but also the understanding that the war in Spain, begun July 18, 1936, was the beginning of this War for National Liberation. Fascism or democracy had to die; they could not live together. More than fifteen hundred Americans gave their lives in Spain that democracy might live.

Americans may be justifiably proud of the record of the Lincoln Battalion. The Battalion participated, always as picked shock troops, in every major campaign in Spain from Jarama in February 1937 to the Ebro in September 1938 when all the International Brigades were dissolved. More than half the survivors had been wounded at least once. They left the battlefields of Spain to fight fascism on other fronts.

Some six hundred Lincoln Vets are in the armed forces of the United States; approximately three

hundred serve in the merchant marine; and most of the rest form part of America's army of production.

Based on the experiences of the heroes of Spain, the morale officers of the United States Army are using a study called "FEAR IN BATTLE" published by the U. S. Infantry Journal.

More than sixty Lincolneers are commissioned officers; more than a score have been cited for bravery in action. Two of the outstanding heroes of the war in the Pacific are Captain Herman Bottcher and Sergeant Bob Thompson, both awarded the D.S.C., the Purple Heart with clusters and other decorations. The Veterans have suffered their share in casualties at sea, men killed, missing and wounded in every theater of action of the global war.

The Lincoln Veterans are continuing to serve in the glorious tradition they created in fire and steel on the blood-drenched soil of Spain.

The great heart of Abraham Lincoln never stopped beating. It lives on in the hearts of all brave fighters for freedom the world over.

## JARAMA VALLEY

There's a valley in Spain called Jarama  
It's a place that we all know so well  
It was there that we gave of our manhood  
Where so many of our brave comrades fell.

We are proud of the Lincoln Battalion  
And the fight for Madrid that it made  
There we fought like true sons of the people  
As part of the Fifteenth Brigade.

Now we're far from that valley of sorrow  
But its memory we ne'er will forget—  
So before we conclude this reunion  
Let us stand to our glorious dead.

## COOKHOUSE

There is a sweet cookhouse not far away,  
Where we get sweet damn all three times a day,  
Ham and eggs we never see,  
Damn all sugar in our tea,  
And we are gradually fading away.

Old soldiers never die, never die, never die,  
Old soldiers never die, they just fade away.

## THE YOUNG MAN FROM ALCALA

A Spaniard who hails from Alcala,  
When angered would shout mucha mala,  
He tossed a grenade at a Moorish Brigade,  
And blew all those fascists to Allah,  
Yippee ai attee ai ay.

O the Lincoln Battalion by cracky,  
A bunch of brave bozos though wacky,  
They held down the line for months at a time,  
'Gainst Franco Il Duce's lackey,  
Yippee ai attee ai ay.

'Twas there on the plains of Brunete,  
'Midst a hail of steel and confetti,  
With our planes and our bombs we would  
smash Franco's ranks,  
Got sick on Italian spaghetti,  
Yippee ai attee ai ay.

O the Lincoln boys fought at Jarama,  
They made the fascisti cry mama,  
They were holding the line for months at a time,  
And for sport they would play with a bomba,  
Yippee ai attee ai ay.

A codger from old Albacete,  
Took on 16 goats or a betta,  
When asked how he felt, he just hitched up his belt,  
And said, "I can't tell just as yetta."  
Yippee ai attee ai ay.

## QUARTERMASTER SONG

There is cheese, cheese, that brings you to your knees,  
In the store, in the store,  
There is cheese, cheese, that brings you to your knees,  
In the quartermaster's store.

There is tea, tea, but not for you and me,  
In the store, in the store,  
There is tea, tea, but not for you and me,  
In the quartermaster's store.

There are rats, rats, in bowlder hats and spats,  
In the store, in the store,  
There are rats, rats, in bowlder hats and spats,  
In the quartermaster's store.

There are beans, beans, that make you fill your jeans,  
In the store, in the store,  
There are beans, beans, that make you fill your jeans,  
In the quartermaster's store.

There's a chief, chief, who never brings us beef,  
In the store, in the store,  
There's a chief, chief, who never brings us beef,  
In the quartermaster's store.

## VIVA LA QUINCE BRIGADA

Viva la quince brigada  
Rumbala, rumbala, rúm-ba-la  
(Repeat)

Que se ha cubierta de gloria  
Ay Mañuela, ay Mañuela!  
(Repeat)

Luchamos contra los moros.  
Rumbala, rumbala, rúm-ba-la  
(Repeat)

Mercenarios y fascistas  
Ay Mañuela, ay Mañuela!  
(Repeat)

Solo es nuestro deseo  
Rumbala, rumbala, rúm-ba-la  
(Repeat)

Acabar con el fascismo  
Ay Mañuela, ay Mañuela!  
(Repeat)

En los frentes de Jarama  
Rumbala, rumbala, rúm-ba-la  
(Repeat)

No tenemos ni aviones  
Ni tanques, ni cañones, ay Mañuela!  
(Repeat)

Ya salimos de España  
Rumbala, rumbala, rúm-ba-la  
(Repeat)

Para luchar en otros frentes  
Ay Mañuela, ay Mañuela!  
(Repeat)

## LONG LIVE THE FIFTEENTH BRIGADE

Long live our Fifteenth Brigade, boys  
Rumbala, rumbala, rum-ba-la  
(Repeat)

\* For her name is grand and glorious  
Ay Manuela, Ay Manuela!  
(Repeat)

'Gainst the Moors we aim our rifles  
Rumbala, rumbala, rum-ba-la  
(Repeat)

Death to the hirelings of the Fascists  
Ay Manuela, Ay Manuela!  
(Repeat)

We have only one desire  
Rumbala, rumbala, rum-ba-la  
(Repeat)

Forever end the Fascist terror  
Ay Manuela, Ay Manuela!  
(Repeat)

At Jarama we are standing  
Rumbala, rumbala, rum-ba-la  
(Repeat)

And we have no planes above us,  
Not a tank, nor any cannons, Ay Manuela!  
(Repeat)

We have left the Spanish trenches  
Rumbala, rumbala, rum-ba-la  
(Repeat)

To fight the Fascists where we find them  
Ay Manuela, Ay Manuela!  
(Repeat)



## EL QUINTO REGIMIENTO

El diez y ocho día de julio  
En el patio de un convento,  
El pueblo madrileño  
Fundó el Quinto Regimiento.

Chorus:

Venga, jaleo, jaleo—  
Sueño de una ametralladora,  
Y Franco se va paseo—  
Y Franco se va paseo.  
Con Lister y Campesino,  
Con Galán y Modesto,  
Con el comandante Carlos,  
No hay miliciano con miedo.

(Repeat Chorus)

Son los cuatro batallones  
Que Madrid están defendiendo;  
Se va lo mejor de España,  
La flor mas roja del pueblo.

(Repeat Chorus)

Con el quinto, quinto, quinto,  
Con el Quinto Regimiento,  
Madre, yo me voy al frente  
Porque quiero entrar en fuego.

(Repeat Chorus)

## THE FIFTH REGIMENT

On the eighteenth of July  
In a lovely Spanish patio,  
Madrid's anti-fascist heroes  
Formed the Quinto Regimiento.

Chorus:

Come and be happy, be happy  
(Or Venga, jaleo, jaleo)  
Hear that avenging machine gun  
It will be the end of Franco!  
It will be the end of Franco!  
With Lister and Campesino,  
With Galán and with Modesto,  
With the great commander Carlos,  
There is none who fears the battle.

(Repeat Chorus)

In the four heroic battalions  
Madrid so bravely defending  
Fighting in Spain's fiercest battles  
Are the bravest of every village.

(Repeat Chorus)

With the quinto, quinto, quinto  
With the Quinto Regimiento  
For the front, madre, I'm leaving  
For I, too, would kill the Fascists.

(Repeat Chorus)

## SI ME QUIERES ESCRIBIR

Si me quieres escribir  
Ya sabes mi paradero:  
(Repeat)

En el frente de Gadesa  
Primera línea de fuego.  
(Repeat)

Si tu quieres comer bien  
Barato y de buena forma,  
(Repeat)

En el frente de Gadesa  
Allí tienen una fonda.  
(Repeat)

En la entrada de la fonda  
Hay un moro Mojame  
(Repeat)

Que te dice: "Pasa, pasa  
Que quieres para comer?"  
(Repeat)

El primer plato que dan  
Son granadas rompedoras;  
(Repeat)

El segundo de metralla  
Para recordar memorias.  
(Repeat)

Si me quieres escribir . . .  
(Repeat first stanza)

## IF YOU WANT TO WRITE TO ME

If you want to write to me.  
You know where you can always find me  
(Repeat)

On the wide front of Gadesa  
In the midst of every battle.  
(Repeat)

If you want to eat your fill  
Good food and not too many pesos  
(Repeat)

On that bloody battlefield  
Stands an inn where you are welcome.  
(Repeat)

At the entrance of this inn there  
Waits a Moor by name Mohammed  
(Repeat)

Who warmly greets you: "Hurry, hurry  
Rare and spicy food awaits you."  
(Repeat)

The first dish which they serve  
Is hot grenades in quick succession  
(Repeat)

Followed by a burst of shrapnel  
Makes a meal you'll all remember.  
(Repeat)

If you want to write to me . . .  
(Repeat first stanza)

Spanish and Translations by Al Prago

The record album, "Six Songs for Democracy," was issued in 1940 by Keynote Records. The following text is reprinted from the booklet accompanying that album.

# 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 prachvollsten 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 zahllose 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  
/: serán 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 Knechtschaft :/  
mamita mia  
/: die werden wir brechen :/

## 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 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.
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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.
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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.
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\* 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.

## THE THAELMANN COLUMN

TEXT: Karl Ernst

MUSIK: 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.

## 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,  
Drum wird ihn kein anderer befrei'n,  
Es kann die Befreiung der Arbeiter  
Nur das Werk der Arbeiter sein.  
Drum links, zwei-drei! Drum links, zwei-drei!  
Wo dein Platz, Genosse, ist!  
Reih' dich ein in die Arbeitereinheitsfront,  
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 fern'n 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! :/

## 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.

## 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.

## 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.



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## SONGS OF THE SPANISH CIVIL WAR

Vol. 1

SIDE 1

FH 5436 A

### SONGS OF THE LINCOLN BATTALION sung by Pete Seeger and Group

- Band 1. JARAMA VALLEY  
(Tom Glazer and Group)
- Band 2. a. COOKHOUSE  
b. THE YOUNG MAN FROM ALCALA
- Band 3. QUARTERMASTER SONG
- Band 4. VIVA LA QUINCE BRIGADA  
(Long Live the 15th Brigade)
- Band 5. EL QUINTO REGIMIENTO  
(The Fifth Regiment)
- Band 6. SI ME QUIERES ESCRIBIR  
(If You Want To Write To Me)



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## SONGS OF THE SPANISH CIVIL WAR

Vol. 1

SIDE 2

FH 5436 B

### SIX SONGS FOR DEMOCRACY sung by Ernst Busch and Chorus

- Band 1. LOS CUATRO GENERALES  
(The Four Generals)
- Band 2. DIE THAELMANN-KOLONNE  
(The Thaelmann Column)
- Band 3. HANS BEIMLER  
(Song of the United Front)
- Band 4. DAS LIED VON DER EINHEITSFRONT  
(Song of the International Brigades)
- Band 5. LIED DER INTERNATIONALEN BRIGADEN  
(Song of the International Brigades)
- Band 6. DIE MOORSOLDATEN  
(The Peat-Bog Soldiers)