

FOLKWAYS FH 5437

SONGS OF THE SPANISH CIVIL WAR / FOLKWAYS FH 5437

SONGS OF THE SPANISH CIVIL WAR

With Woody Guthrie, Ernst Busch accompanied by chorus and orchestra,
Bart van der Schelling and the Exiles Chorus,
and the people of Catalonia, Seville and Asturias, Spain
Folkways Records FH 5437 Volume 2

Jarama
On the Jarama Front
Ballad of the XI Brigade
Hans Beimler, Comrade
The Thaelmann-Column

FROM "BEHIND THE BARBED WIRE" —
La Guardia Rossa, song of the Garibaldi Battalion
Wie Hinterm Draht, song of the Gurs Camp by E. Schmitt
La Joven Guardi, French song for the Spanish youth
Au Devant de la Vie (Shostakovitch)

FROM "SONGS WE REMEMBER"—
Santa Espina, recorded in Catalonia
Sevillanos, recorded in Seville
The Road to Aviles, recorded in Asturias

GUERNICA / PICASSO / 1937



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Volume 2

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A FEW REMARKS.....

...by way of introduction to this album, the second in the series: "SONGS OF THE SPANISH CIVIL WAR". Again we remind the reader that these are the songs the American volunteers heard and sang while fighting for the legally elected Spanish government - 1936 - 1939 - against the fascist rebellion led by Franco and supported by Nazi Germany and fascist Italy.

This volume brings together some unique and some disparate songs of varying genre. The songs of the Eleventh Brigade, sung in German, were recorded in the German Democratic Republic in 1961 and given as a gift to all participants in that country's celebration of the 25th Anniversary of the Spanish peoples' resistance to fascism: July 1936 - July 1961. The German Democratic Republic was the only country in the world to take this anniversary and make of it a national event to bring home to their own peoples the need to understand fascism and to continue to aid those fighting against it; on this occasion - the Spanish people.

Some listeners will recognize that two of these songs were originally sung in "six Songs for Democracy". The others in this series have not been heard before on records to the best of our knowledge.

The songs from "Behind the Barbed Wire" were originally recorded in 1938 for the benefit of the "Exiled Writers Committee" of the League of American Writers. This committee helped writers exiled by fascism from their homelands. The songs from "Songs We Remember" was issued in 1947. Both were on 78 rpm discs. Only a few thousand of each were made available to the public. Through the years there has been a constant request to see if we could make these songs available. The cooperation of Folkways Records has made this possible.

We dedicate this album to the fight against the McCarran Act. For those of you who do not know about this anti-democratic law presently on the statute books of the United States, we suggest you write us to learn more about it.

Should you be reading this dedication when the McCarran Act has been repealed or defeated - let it



Air raid, Spain, 1936

be known that the Americans who volunteered to fight for democracy and against fascism in Spain - considered it an honor to volunteer once again to fight for democracy by working to defeat the McCarran Act.

Moe Fishman
Executive Secretary

VETERANS OF THE ABRAHAM LINCOLN BRIGADE - 49 East 21 St. - N. Y. 10, N. Y.

PREFACE

Listen to the song of time - everybody listen to its marching sound:

The decades between 1918 and 1938 have left provocative memories, preserved in stirring songs that have been forged under fire in struggle. Now they burn more angrily than ever before and today we can grasp their full significance. Proof that they have always been true.

These songs sprang from the people's hearts. Their best poets created songs that were sung by all.

Wherever and whenever people got ready for struggle - struggle for freedom, struggle for life - these songs came to life.

"The peat-bog soldiers will go no more to the moor. The working-class will free the workers. You are all workers." The words spring from you yourselves; that is your music. Just listen to the songs!

Songs of revolt have been sung as long as peoples have existed. So many people who have starved and slaved have expressed their revolt in song. Even the Egyptian slaves, as they died on the pyramids, gasped a song of revolt with their last breath. But what is different today?

The new thing is confidence in the rightness of the people. The conviction that the people alone have a firm place on this earth. Their good sense when the people no longer ask: Whose street is this street? Whose world is this world? --- Our street. And our world.

No more the highways built by intimidated people under the whip of slave-drivers. That is finished. There are too many of you for a return to that; count yourselves; see your totality and be impressed with your solidarity. We are all workers. All!

The song of time has your tune. The same angry storm that beats in your body and soul fills the songs. Recognize it when you hear these fiery songs broadcast on records of the German freedom station.

Make the song of the times yours! Live up to its challenge! Fight! Hit out!

— Heinrich Mann

Egon Erwin Kisch

Paris 1939.

No court of appeals can alter a judgement spoken by the poet; the name of those he has declared guilty will not be recorded in song: the people praise only he who fights for the cause of the people, the cause eternal.

They may shoot thousands of men and throw many thousands more into concentration-camps, the songs live on. In spite of Franco's brutal terror, the Spanish peasants and the Spanish workers will continue to sing their songs of struggle and those of the International Brigades, although they are now all forbidden.

French workers, while they are working, start to sing the ballad of the Czech Eleventh Brigade. In German concentration camps Czech Vets from the Spanish war sing the Dombros hymn of their Polish comrades right under the eyes of their unsuspecting jailers.

Could the international songs of the Spanish war of liberation which had so wonderfully united the fighters and established contact and understanding between them, ever be forgotten?

Soldiers would sit together who did not know each other. Sometimes, they were all new recruits, other times wounded soldiers, directly from the front, a third time soldiers from a passing truck who had to wait for a shattered bridge to be built again, and finally men, already tried in battle, ready for new action. A question was being asked, the answer was a shrug, meaning "I don't understand". Calls were drowned in the general hubbub. Then someone put a mouth organ to his lips.

After the first notes a variety of voices and languages are carried by the same rhythm and soon a single melody is heard. They do not only sing, they also listen. From one corner there comes the song of the Serbian Partisans; and at once a Serbian trio distinguishes itself from the general chaos of languages; and then you can hear a Polish quartet near by. Just so, two country men find each other near a door; they don't speak to each other yet, but they sing and smile at each other: "I am a Swede, like you. Night-quarters and the march after will be easier.

And around the private kinship of two countrymen, a kinship between all men develops: together they all sing the same tune.

There is not one knapsack without the "Canciones de la Guerra", the book in which there are so many songs and still more languages.

These "Canciones" link as in a ring, the songs of one nation peoples together with the songs of all the nation's peoples; telling the story of one individual or the story of all time; stories about the sufferings of slaves and their longing for freedom.

When Paul Robeson, the American Negro singer, when Ernst Busch, his white brother, sang at the front or in an army-hospital, on a quickly improvised platform, the chorus was sung by all voices in many languages.

The Brigade of the Twenty Nations when they met the Spanish Fascists, would roar out to them in twenty languages, the Riego march song or the playful "Mamita Mia". And before Guadalupe Mussolini's drafted soldiers could hear the "Bandiera Rossa" or the "Garibaldi"-song both of which were forbidden at home.

And against Franco's German Nazis roared the songs of the battalions which carried the names of Ernst Thaelman, wasting away in prison at Hans Beimler, killed in battle, and of the executed Edgard Andre. Freedom is their companion, and the battalion, well tried in battle, fights in her name.

The Germans of the International Brigades also knew a song that came from home, the only beautiful song from Nazi Germany, the only true German folksong: "The Peat Soldiers". In the camps below the Pyrenees, the chorus of this song about the Germans in concentration camps is now repeated by many hundreds of Spanish combatants. Winter is not over yet, but the harder time moves on, the nearer the last verse of the Peat Soldiers comes to its fulfillment.

— Egon Erwin Kisch

(This is the translation from the book we published "Heart of Spain" and is more accurate a translation - Moe Fishman)

GOODBYE, BROTHERS, TILL OUR SPEEDY REUNION

It is hard to say a few words in farewell to the heroes of the International Brigades, both because of what they are and what they represent.

A feeling of sorrow, an infinite grief catches our throats... sorrow for those who are going away, for the soldiers of the highest ideal of human redemption, exiles from their countries, persecuted by the tyrants of all peoples... grief for those who will stay here forever, mingling with the Spanish soil or in the very depths of our hearts, bathed in the light of our gratitude.

You came to us from all peoples, from all races. You came like brothers of ours, like sons of undying Spain; and in the hardest days of the war, when the capital of the Spanish Republic was threatened, it was you, gallant comrades of the International Brigades, who helped to save the city with your fighting enthusiasm, your heroism and your spirit of sacrifice.

In deathless verses Jarama and Guadalajara, Brunete and Belchite, Levante and the Ebro sing the courage, the sacrifice, the daring, the discipline of the men of the International Brigades.

For the first time in the history of the peoples' struggles, there has been the spectacle, breathtaking in its grandeur, of the formation of International Brigades to help to save a threatened country's freedom and independence, the freedom and independence of our Spanish land.

Communists, Socialists, Anarchists, Republicans - men of different views and different religions, yet all of them fired with a deep love for liberty and justice. And they came and offered themselves to us unconditionally.

They gave us everything: their youth or their maturity; their science or their experience; their blood and their lives; their hopes and aspirations - and they asked us for nothing at all. That is to say, they did want a post in the struggle, they did aspire to the honor of dying for us...

Banners of Spain! Salute these many heroes! Lower Spain's banners in honor of so many martyrs!...

Mothers! Women! When the years pass by and the wounds of the war are being stanchied; when the cloudy memory of the sorrowful, bloody days returns in a present of freedom, peace and well-being; when the feelings of rancor are dying away and when pride in a free country is felt equally by all Spaniards, then speak to your children. Tell them of these men of the International Brigades.

Tell them how, coming over seas and mountains, crossing frontiers bristling with bayonets, watched

for by raving dogs thirsting to tear at their flesh, these men reached our country as crusaders for freedom, to fight and die for Spain's liberty and independence which were threatened by German and Italian fascism. They gave up everything: their loves, their countries, children, and they came and told us: "We are here. Your cause, Spain's cause, is ours - it is the cause of all advanced and progressive mankind."

Today they are going away. Many of them, thousands of them, are staying here with the Spanish earth for their shroud and all Spaniards remember them with the deepest feeling.

Comrades of the International Brigade: Political reasons, reasons of State, the welfare of that same cause for which you offered your blood with boundless generosity, are sending you back, some of you to your own countries and others to forced exile. You can go proudly. You are history. You are legend. You are the heroic example of democracy's solidarity and universality, in face of the shameful "accommodating" spirit of those who interpret democratic principles with their eyes on hoards of wealth or the industrial shares which they want to preserve from any risk.

We shall not forget you, and when the olive tree of peace puts forth its leaves again, entwined with the laurels of the Spanish Republic's victory - come back!

Come back to us. With us those of you who have no country will find one, those of you who have to live deprived of friendship will find friends, and all of you will find the love and gratitude of the whole Spanish people who, now and in the future, will cry out with all their hearts:

LONG LIVE THE HEROES OF THE INTERNATIONAL BRIGADES!

Dolores Ibarruri (La Passionaria)

Farewell speech to the International Brigades, Barcelona, September 1938

Franz Dahlem
Commissar of the International Brigade
Minister for Higher Education in Cabinet of German Democratic Republic

As always happens when veterans of the Spanish War of Liberation gather, the songs we sang in Spain comes first on our program. It was therefore quite natural that these songs should also receive first place when we prepared the program for the 25th Anniversary of the outbreak of that struggle - July 18, 1937 - July 18, 1961. And, of course, the songs had to be sung exactly the same as they had been rehearsed and recorded by our comrades under Ernst Busch.

So we went to Ernst - and from the original recordings these songs of the past magically re-created

an atmosphere of readiness for combat hatred for the fascists and love and longing for the distant homeland. As always happens, we were very much moved. So we decided then and there to present our comrades of the International Brigades who were coming to Berlin to be present at the 25th Anniversary with a souvenir album of some of these songs.

But which songs should we choose?

There was the song of the Edgar Andre Battalion with Erich Weinert's powerful lyrics:

"Freedom is our companion,
In its cause we came,
This battle-scarred battalion,
'Edgar Andre' it's name."

There was the "Thaelmann Column". Ernst Busch brought us this song from Paul Dessau early in 1937 from Paris and sang it to the Thaelmann volunteers in Valencia. The immediate reaction was: "This is it". Our preparedness for combat, our love for our homeland and our comrades has found expression in this beautiful harmony between words and music. The stirring words and catchy tune of "Thaelmann-Column" which became a folk-song in Spain as well as in the German Democratic Republic later, made us select this song.

We also had to include the "Ballad of the Eleventh Brigade" which was the favorite marching song of the battalion with its ringing chorus:

"Those were the days of the Eleventh Brigade
And their banner of freedom,
Brigada Internacional
Forever our badge of honor."

The Beimler song could not be left out either. The old song of soldiers "I had a good comrade" was known to all the German volunteers since their school days. Whenever we marched to or from the front, especially when we had to mourn our losses, this song of the 'good comrade' could be heard again and again, mingling with working class and folk songs. As we were driving to Madrid one day, coming from headquarters of the International Brigade in Albacete, Heiner Rau said: "If we could only give this song greater meaning!" Ernst Busch, who had remained strangely quiet during the entire ride, suddenly turned to us shortly before we arrived in Madrid and yelled: "I've got it! One man, and one man only, can give this song extraordinary meaning. Listen to this:

"The foe won't be forgiven
You remain with us the living
Hans Beimler, Com - er - ad."

Three songs having been chosen, we selected as the fourth the melancholy yet so proud and prophetic song about the victorious battle on the Jarama River, "Where so many of our brothers fell".

More than 50% of the German anti-fascists who volunteered to fight in Spain were Communists, amongst whom were a great number of writers. They had exchanged their pens for rifles and machine-guns and

were fighting at the front as soldiers, commissars or commanders. Two men did not do so - Erich Weinert and Ernst Busch. But their stirring songs set to music and sung by the volunteers under the direction of Ernst Busch were no less effective weapons, since they expressed so well the fighting spirit that permeated our soldiers. The importance of these songs was not recognized at first. A well-known commander on his first meeting with Ernst Busch remarked: "How can we get messed up with singers in Spain; we need soldiers". Yet a few years ago, when the same commander ran into Ernst Busch after so many years had elapsed, he admitted: "The weapons for Spain's liberation have been silent these long 20 years, but the songs of Spain continue to fight." Yes, and they will continue to live, bringing comfort with their conviction in a victorious future:

"And one day then, when the hour has come
That all spectres are banished from the earth;
Then the world will be our Jarama Front,
As in the February days."

The soldiers of the anti-Japanese war in China sent a flag to the detachment of Chinese volunteers who were fighting in Spain at the time. On this flag they had painted the following poem:

"Here as the dawn rises on the waters
Is our war.
There as the sun sets on the waters
Is your war...."

"Over the many thousands of miles
We cannot give you our hands.
But by you, as by us,
The fate and dignity of humanity
Is being drawn in blood."

SIDE I

Band 1: Jarama

There's A valley in Spain called Jarama
It's a place that we all know so well
It was there that we fought the fascists
We saw a peaceful valley go to Hell.

Chorus:

From this valley you know we are going
But don't hasten to bid us adieu
Even though we lost the battle in Jarama
We'll set this valley free.

We were men of the Lincoln Brigade
We are proud of the fight that we made
We know that you people of the valley
Will remember our Lincoln Brigade. (Cho.)

You will never find peace with the fascists
You'll never find friends such as we
So remember that valley of Jarama
And the people that will set that valley free. (Cho.)

All this world is like this valley called Jarama
So green and so bright and so fair
No fascists can dwell in our valley
Nor breathe in our freedom's air.

Band 2: On The Jarama Front

On the Jarama Front
February 1937

All comrades in trenches
Now sing with us,
And silence all other music.
We are singing the song of Jarama front
Where numberless brothers have fallen.
With tanks and with planes they attacked our ranks
We had only courage and rifles.
Though many men perished, the legions of hate
Were shattered by our brave onslaught. (attack)

The grenades came flying and tore in all our ranks
So many bloody breaches.
We shielded the roadways, we guarded Madrid,
We held the Arganda bridgehead.

In Jarama's valley now poppies bloom
They blossom before our trenches
With a blood-red carpet they cover the land
Where the best of our brothers are buried.

Ah! but later for ever and everywhere
When working men gather together,
They will sing Jarama's defiant song,
And all hearts will be roused to give battle.

And one day then, when the hour has come
That all spectres are banished from the earth;
Then the world will be our Jarama front,
As in the February days!

Band 3: Ballad of the XI Brigade

Erich Weinert

Always in world history, when freedom engaged
tyranny, when right engaged wrong, the mood of
people rebelling was most clearly and most beautifully mirrored in their songs. The poets, who were on the side of the people, wrote these songs; and where there were no poets, the people wrote them themselves.

In the war of the Spanish people against their enemies, innumerable songs were composed. Their language was not Spanish alone; for the soldiers of the International Brigades contributed songs in their own languages which became alive and popular in the army and amongst the general population.

Ernst Busch transcribed some of the best and most popular songs of the Eleventh International Brigade and had them put on records under the most difficult conditions.

Those who hear them should remember that these records were not made in the quietude of peaceful conditions. How often were the recording session or the actual pressing of the records interrupted while Franco's bombs fell on Barcelona breaking the electric current. However, precisely because of this, the songs which originated in



Ernst Busch with comrades from the 11th Brigade.

the heat and fire of battle have retained their special flavor.

We hope, that wherever they are heard in the world, they will again kindle something of the spirit of struggle and revive the fire out of which they were born.

Barcelona, July 1938

Ballad of the XI. Brigade

For us in Spain, everything got worse
And we fell back step by step,
So all the fascists cried aloud
Ah! ours will be the town Madrid!
Then they came to us from all the world,
(Also) those with red stars on their hats.
In Manzanares they put an end
To Franco's overbearing pride.

CHORUS:

Those were the days of Brigade E-le-ven
And their banner of freedom.
Brigada Internacional
Brigada Internacional
Is their proud badge of honor,
Is their proud badge of honor.

At Guadalajara, in the month of March,
In cold and raging storms,
Even stout hearts then were afraid,
Torija's tower trembled too.
Garibaldi from his grave stood up
With Andre and Dombrowsky near.
They sent Il Duce running off,
He had no time for looking back.

CHORUS:

And should it be that we for seven years
Still must remain at war;
Even this war must end one day,
We shall see Germany again.
And we shall sing our Passeremo,
Entering through German gates.

Band 4: Hans Beimler, Comrade

Spoken:

How can we ever forget the land
Where the best of us were left behind
The land that bound us in brotherhood
In war, in love, in hate.

From the lands in which we lived so lightly,
We left without tears or regrets
But this land for which we hoped and trembled,
We shall love and cherish till we die.

Before Madrid on barr-i-cades
In the hour of greatest need
With the Internat'nal Brigaders
His heart with hatred burning
Stood Hans, the Commissar:

He had to leave his home-land
While in freedoms cause he fought
On Spain's torn and bloody soil
For the rights of those who toil
Died Hans, the Commissar:

A bullet came a flying
From his homeland meant for him
The shot was well directed
The sight was well corrected
A German gun for war:

On this I give my wo - rd
Liberty will triumph yet
The foe won't be forgiven
You remain with us the living
Hans Beimler, Com - er - ad:

Spoken:

Fell before Madrid in the fight for freedom
December, 1936.

Music: Paul Dessau

Band 5: The Thaelmann-Column

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.

CHORUS:

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

We'll not yield a foot to Franco's Fascists,
Even though the bullets fall like hail,
With us stand comrades, they are fearless,
And for us there can be no retreat.

(CHORUS)

Beat the drums. Bayonets at ready.
Forward march. Victory's our reward.
With our freedom banner. Smash their columns.
Forward march, Thaelmann Ba-tal-lion.

SIDE II

SONGS WE REMEMBER

There are many ways of remembering. Some remember with long cherished dreams that come and go like vagrant visions. Others remember with the sudden tugging of the heart and a longing for the miracle of repetition.

We who fought in Spain as members of the Abraham Lincoln Brigade, remember differently. We remember a land so new to our eyes, that grew so deep into our hearts. We remember a land where the hope of freedom mingled with the soft fragrance of the orange blossoms and the smell of gunpowder. We remember a land whose speech was so strange on our tongues and yet speech did not matter when one spoke the word comrade.

We remember other things. The days when the red of our comrades' blood was a flood on the land; when the bridges lay sprawled over the water like fractured bones; when the flames leaped to the skies. We remember an old man in Barcelona who stood hurling stones at the bombing fascist planes; a young newsboy from Madrid who pleaded for just one chance to pull the trigger while the gun was facing the enemy.

We remember a parade in Barcelona. The long avenue that stretched to the shattered port, strewn with flowers, crowded with the people of Barcelona who wept as the men of the Brigade passed in farewell review.

And still, there are other things that sit softly on the mind, demanding to be recalled. There was a promise that we made. And this, above all, we remember. A promise that would hold sacred the dream and the hope that sent us across the sea, to scale the mountains and to join those whose hatred of fascism, was even greater than their vast love of life.

This promise, we remember. We remember it with a tenderness for our comrades who lie beneath the earth of Spain. We remember it with a tenderness for our comrades whose hopes are now the roots of a thousand wild flowers; whose dreams race the earth like the fresh spring rain.

We also remember with a great anger. A great anger for those who walk the earth of Spain carrying above their heads the banner of the twisted cross and the falange. Their day is drawing to a close. Listen hard, and you will hear the wind that blows from Madrid and Barcelona.



The wind speaks courage. The wind speaks, the hope unforgotten, the dream and the promise of a forever freedom.

Listen and with the wind you will hear the songs of a free Spain. The songs we remember.

May in Seville is a time for joy and celebration. Then, the free people of the province come to dance and offer a gentle prayer for their beloved city. And when they danced, since time immemorial, the music of the SEVILLANOS would ring out with throbbing guitar, runaway castenets and the lilting flamenco voice, SEVILLANOS, subtitled "CRUZ DE MAYO" describes in song, the dance of the peasant girls who bring their country flowers to bedeck the crosses of the city. When the crosses have been laden with garlands, the remaining flowers are placed crosswise on the ground and the dancers form a moving pattern about them as they swing into the climax of SEVILLANOS. #2

The Asturians are a brave and noble people. We will not forget the Asturian miners, the Dinameteros who went to meet the fascist tanks with a song on their lips and a stick of dynamite in their hands. We will not forget the heroic mountain men who hurled rocks at the tanks when there were no more bullets. In this ancient folk-song, "THE ROAD TO AVILES," the Asturian muleteer and his companions sing aloud with the cattle bells and then listen as the voice of the mountain calls back to them that the night is serene and tranquil ... and peace lies softly about. #3

Perhaps the song that lingers most sharply with us, is the Catalan National Sardana, "SANTA ESPINA." It is a song that retraces the centuries to those first days of Catalonian revolt for autonomy. In Catalonia, we remember, when the Santa Espina called out, the people would stop and stand to listen as if a voice were calling. They stood still as the call of the ancient flute sounded out. And when the song was over, someone might whisper, "that is the music of our earth . . . the beloved SANTA ESPINA. #1

These then are the songs we remember. SONGS OF FREE SPAIN. Today, these ancient melodies are songs in exile but soon, soon these songs will rise strong over the land of Spain, and we will know as the music sounds out, that the songs have come home and freedom is over the land of Spain . . . Salud Companeros . . . the day draws near.

Milton Robertson

Band 1: Santa Espina
Recorded in Catalonia, Spain 193- (?)

Band 2: Sevillanos
Recorded in Seville, Spain 193- (?)

Band 3: The Road To Aviles
Recorded in Asturias, Spain 193- (?)

"BEHIND THE BARBED WIRE"

It happens almost invariably in the history of the world that during periods of historical change, periods in which masses of people are involved in democratic ferment, great art and great literature are produced.

The case for music is once again beautifully and dramatically illustrated in these six songs from the concentration camps of France.

In the camps are men from all over the world who came to fight beside the Spanish people against international Fascism. Behind the barbed wire, their spirit and courage are unbroken.

They sing songs of defiance. Some they brought with them from their own countries, others are old Spanish folk songs with new words and a new tempo for marching. The title song, "Wir Hinterm Draht," was actually composed in the concentration camp of Gurs.

To hear these is to experience once again the musical and emotional thrill I first had on listening to the songs of Spain as sung by the returning American boys of the Abraham Lincoln Battalion of the International Brigades.

Many of the songs come under the heading of great music in the sense that any true art is that which lives in the minds and hearts of the people. And the conditions under which these songs are being sung in the camps are again producing universal music.

When recording them here, every effort was made to preserve the simplicity and power of their original setting, to sing them as they were and are being sung behind the barbed wire. Thus, the beautiful "Els Segadors" is sung by Bart van der Schelling entirely unaccompanied. And the only accompaniment to the Italian anti-Fascist song, "La Guardia Rossa," also "Das Thälmann-Bataillon," is the sound of marching feet.

A simple piano chordal accompaniment close to the feel of marching feet was used in the Dmitri Shostakovitch mass song of the new Russia, "Au Devant de la Vie," now sung in many languages, and here sung in French by Mr. van der Schelling.

The same holds true with the most significant song of the collection, "Wir Hinterm Draht." This song was composed by Eberhard Schmitt, a veteran of the Thälmann Battalion, in the misery and the horror of Gurs. It reflects in the verses the gray, sad mood of the camps, and in the chorus breathes defiance and spirit unbroken. While wounded and in Spain, Eberhard Schmitt and Bart van der Schelling were in the same hospital for a time at Murcia. The fate of Eberhard Schmitt is unknown. His song, lovingly inscribed in the camp book, *Lagerstimme*,* was smuggled out to a friend and former comrade here.

One of the many youth songs of Spain was "La Joven Guardia." It was the youth of Spain that fought with unsparing courage. Dying by thousands of hunger, cold and lack of care in the camps, they sang "La Joven Guardia."



Bartholomeus van der Schelling

Born, May 19, 1892, Rotterdam, Holland.

Arrived in Spain, February, 1937.

Served at Jarama front. Seriously wounded at the battle of Brunete. Six months hospital. Wounded again at Teruel front.

Then served at the Aragon front, the Ebro. Declared to be inutile total* in August, 1938.

*Wholly useless for military service because of wounds.

Band 4: La Guardia Rossa

"THE RED GUARD"

Translated by Henry F. Mins, Jr.

Strange is the soldier who comes from the east
Marching on foot, not in nobleman's saddle
Sunburned, with fingers in callouses creased
He is the proudest of warriors all.

He has no plumes and no ornaments fickle
But on his cap and in his heart he wears
The emblem that stands for labor and freedom.
For freedom and labor it stands!

'Tis the Red Guard brave
That marches wave on wave
And rescues from its grave
Enslaved humanity.

While the people are tranquil asleep
In countryside and the cities far away
No longer fearful of the vampires
Who used to bleed them night and day.

For the Red Guard brave
Has put it in its grave
Under the epic wave
Of all humanity.

Band 5: Wie Hinterm Draht

BEHIND THE BARBED WIRE

By EBERHARD SCHMITT

Translated by Leonard E. Mins

Song of the Gurs Concentration Camp

Gray are the barracks, gray the enclosures,
Fourfold surround us the wire barbs.
Gray are the days here, gray are the faces,
Sentries change guard through the day and night.

Behind the wire, our courage is unbroken;
We yield to no one! We're not broken reeds!
Jail or internment, we're masters of our lives,
Nothing counts with us but deeds!
For where Germany's and Austria's sons may be,
One goal they cling to: Liberty!
Behind the wire, our courage is unbroken,
Even though sometimes . . .

Through the long nights we're plagued by the
question:
What may the future yet hold in store?
And we think often of wife, friends, and children,
And taking the road back to Spain once more.

Behind the wire, our courage is unbroken;
We yield to no one! We're not broken reeds!
Jail or internment, we're masters of our lives,
Nothing counts with us but deeds!
For where Germany's and Austria's sons may be,
One goal they cling to: Liberty!
Behind the wire, our courage is unbroken,
Even though sometimes . . .

Chilled by the rain in unheated barracks,
Filth and the swamp embitter our lives.
But we all know that there'll come a day,
When these wire fences will be torn down.

Behind the wire, our courage is unbroken;
We yield to no one! We're not broken reeds!
Jail or internment, we're masters of our lives,
Nothing counts with us but deeds!
For where Germany's and Austria's sons may be,
One goal they cling to: Liberty!
Behind the wire, our courage is unbroken,
Nothing counts with us but deeds!

Band 6: La Joven Guardia

"THE YOUTHFUL GUARDSMEN"

Words by Montehus and Aragon

Translated by Seymour A. Copstein

Music by Saint-Gilles

We are the young Frenchmen,
We are the future's children;
We are tired of suffering.

Give us vict'ry, or give us death.
The cause we're fighting for is noble:
To free all men from slav'ry's chains.
Maybe the streets will run with your life blood,
With the blood of youth on the march.

On your guard, men!
On your guard, men!
Swill-fed and bloated bourgeois with your wealth!
We're the youthful guardsmen,
We're the youthful guardsmen.
Give them no quarter or peace!
Quarter nor peace!
Now the ultimate conflict's beginning,
The revenge for the ones who starved for bread.
Revolution is ours for the winning;
It is war to the end against the thieves.
On your guard, men!
On your guard, men!
We're the youthful guardsmen.

Oh, children of mis'ry,
Revolt is forced upon us.
We'll avenge our dead parents,
Whom the brigands always oppressed.
We want no longer to be hungry,
For those who work should also eat;
Tomorrow we'll take over the factories,
For we're not just cattle, but men.

Band 7: Au Devant de la Vie

"TOWARD THE NEW LIFE"

Translated by Nancy Head

Music by Shostakovich

The voice of the city is sleepless,
The factories thunder and beat.
How bitter the wind, and relentless,
That echoes our shuffling feet.

Yet, comrades, face the wind,
Salute the rising sun!
Our country turns towards the dawn,
New life's begun!

Then, for the wind has the breath of the morning,
Meet it with banners unfurled.
Let joy be your clarion, comrade,
We'll march to the dawn of the world.

Yet, comrades, face the wind,
Salute the rising sun!
Our country turns towards the dawn,
New life's begun!

Salute to the soldiers of freedom,
To comrades, whose burdens we share.
Divide with the sorrow and gladness,
Our labor, our plans and our care.

Yet, comrades, face the wind,
Salute the rising sun!
Our country turns towards the dawn,
New life's begun!

Triumphant, and singing in triumph,
Advances the army of youth,
And this is the new generation
Reborn in the battle for truth!

