

CALL OF FREEDOM

A NARRATIVE WRITTEN AND PERFORMED BY THE
PUPILS OF MRS. THELMA PATEL'S 6TH GRADE CLASS,
WOODMERE ELEMENTARY SCHOOL, WOODMERE, NEW YORK,
SCHOOL DISTRICT 14
ACCOMPANIMENT BY MRS. CINNABELLE MORRIS
FOLKWAYS RECORDS FC 7566



M
1996
C156
1962

MUSIC LP

SIDE I

- Song a. We Shall Overcome
- b. Oh, Mary
- c. No More Auction Block
- d. The Gettysburg Address
- e. Oh Freedom
- f. The ink is Black
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DESCRIPTIVE NOTES ARE INSIDE POCKET

CALL OF FREEDOM

COVER DESIGN BY RONALD CLYNE

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CALL OF FREEDOM

Narrative written and performed by the pupils of Mrs.
Thelma Patel's sixth grade class at the Woodmere
Elementary School, Woodmere, N.Y., School District
#14

SIDE I

Songs

- a. We Shall Overcome
- b. Oh Mary
- c. No More Auction Block
- d. The Gettysburg Address
- e. Oh Freedom
- f. The Ink Is Black
- g. We Shall Overcome

Piano Accompaniment - Mrs. Cinnabelle Morris

SIDE II

- Band 1: WE SHALL OVERCOME
Band 2: YANKEE DOODLE
Band 3: WEARING OF THE GREEN
Band 4: STAR SPANGLED BANNER
Band 5: HAPPINESS SONG (American Indian)
Band 6: FRENCH PARTISAN SONG (FFI)
Band 7: ISRAELI WAR OF INDEPENDENCE SONG
Band 8: ALGERIAN FREEDOM SONG (FLN)
Band 9: SOMALIAN FREEDOM SONG, Alankan
Band 10: SOMALIAN FREEDOM SONG, Dulkayaga
Band 11: ANGOLA FREEDOM SONG
Band 12: ANGOLA SOLDIERS SONG

compiled and edited by Moses Asch

A CALL TO FREEDOM

Man expresses himself concerning his relation with
oppression in several ways:

Many people are happy to accept any condition they
find themselves in as "long as they are left alone"
by their oppressors. These people usually like to
sing songs of the "love, moon, spoon" every-day
"pop" variety. We sometimes call these people
"vegetables."

There are people who oppose any form of physical
action against their oppressors. The Ghandi "non-
violence" movement in India helped gain Independence.
Here old "vedic" chants or religious hymns were sung
by these "passive resistance" people.*

Then there are people who believe in "militant
action"; that is that some positive act must
take place to show resentment of the oppression
and to right the wrongs. With these people a
new kind of song is born which stems from the
people. A good example is the "Marseilles" of
the French Revolution.

For many years most of the leaders of the Negro
people in America were split into two camps:

*The theory of this movement was first advocated
by the American naturalist Henry David Thoreau
in his essay on Civil Disobedience, written in
1848.

Those who believed in becoming part and parcel
of the action as a whole by being economically
absorbed through learning specific trades such
as tailors, mechanics etc., and the others who
thought that this could be accomplished only by
being accepted intellectually by raising the
educational levels. With this point of view such
great universities as Fisk and Howard were created.

After World War II and Korea the young Negroes
in the South decided that neither method was
just right for them. So they started a Sit-
In movement. That is passive resistance with
definite action. This movement got under way
in Nashville, Tenn. with people going to the
stores and demanding the right to be served,
along with their white neighbors. When they
were refused they marched to City Hall and
demanded this right from the authorities.
These young people made up a new kind of song
using religious hymns with new words.

The first side of this album illustrates in can-
tata form the use of various styles of these
musical expressions as interpreted by school
children in New York City.

The second side illustrates many forms of "CALL
TO FREEDOM" that are documentary: meaning that
they are still sung today as a reminder that
there never is a moment in history when man
can relinquish his right to self-expression.

- Moses Asch

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MUSIC LP

Preparing an assembly program is an assignment faced yearly by thousands of teachers in thousands of schools. The desperate search for a "new" approach, an "original" presentation, usually finds the instructor apprehensive. Mr. Gerald Glasser, principal of the Woodmere Elementary School, Woodmere, N.Y., accepted the offer made by Mrs. Thelma Patel to have her 27 sixth graders present a Lincoln's Day assembly program.

Mrs. Patel has been a collector of American Folk songs for many years. She taught the children a large number of songs relating to slavery, freedom, and also a musical version of the Gettysburg Address. In class the children discussed what they felt about the songs, what "message" they found in them, and their meanings as they might apply today. This was related to stories they read in the daily newspapers about the Freedom Riders, segregation, etc. Finally, they knew, and could sing well, a large number of songs which they understood and to which they had an emotional response.

Now it was necessary to find or develop a dramatic medium for presenting this material to their fellow schoolmates. The parents of some of the children in the class had visited the classroom to explain and describe their work. Among the parents was Mr. Alvin Boretz, the television writer. The children sang the songs to Mr. Boretz and asked him for advice as to how they might best present this material. Mr. Boretz suggested that the cantata was a "natural". He explained the form of a cantata and recited examples of some that he admired.

For the next three weeks the children wrote the cantata in their classroom, step by step. Each child, in effect, wrote an entire cantata. Mrs. Patel read each selection to the class and the children pointed out those they admired most. A committee of eight children met with Mrs. Patel and narrowed down the selections to working size. This was brought back to the entire class for revision and further suggestions.

Mrs. Cinnabelle Morris, their music teacher, then notated each song as it was sung by the class. She worked tirelessly with them to improve their presentation. Mrs. Morris also acted as the accompanist.

The children were, and are proud of their cantata. Each child feels that he "owns" a special part of it. Every line of this cantata was written by the children in this class. The presentation was so successful that the children were invited to present it at the Hewlett - Woodmere Public Library Brotherhood program. Mrs. Walter Thompson, the library director, was so impressed she sent a tape recording of the cantata to Folkways Records.

The children who wrote this cantata are:

David Ackerman, Binnie Bain, Stephen Berman, Steven Berusch, Jennifer Boretz, Susan Coons, Lawrence Greenman, Barbara Gross, Lennie Heath, Ronnie Hoffman, Alice Jacobs, Jane Kessler, Stephen Klaver, George Kohlmiel, Barbara Kopter, Caryn Levine, Jonathan Lipman, Amy Lipper, Michael Paley, Susan Robertson, Dale Saffir, Gary Slomack, Richard Snyder, Robert Velotti, Ira Wasserman, Billy Winters, Terry Winters.

— Thelma Patel

SIDE I CALL OF FREEDOM

NARRATOR 1.

We've got a story

CHORUS 1.

Not old-not new

CHORUS 3.

A story for each and every one of YOU.

CHORUS 2.

A story of man
And his fellow man

CHORUS 3.

And the way they treat each other

CHORUS 2.

Sometimes like an enemy

CHORUS 1.

Sometimes like a brother.

NARRATOR 2.

For this is the story of what the whole world wants

CHORUS 3.

And it won't stop to want

CHORUS 1.

Until it gets it

ALL ----- F R E E D O M !

SOLO

Everyone is different in this land

SOLO

But we should all walk together hand in hand.

Sing

We shall overcome
We shall overcome
We shall overcome some day
For deep in my heart
I do believe
We shall overcome some day

We shall brothers be
We shall brothers be
We shall brothers be some day
For deep in my heart
I do believe
We shall overcome some day.

Hum

NARRATOR 1.

One hundred sixty years ago this song was sung and today its words are still heard throughout the south. For then as now the urge of freedom began to grow.

CHORUS 2.

The slaves working in the field
Used the Bible as his shield.
He heard of the Hebrew's exodus
And wanted to be free
Like the rest of us.

SOLO

Slave owners thought their slaves should have religion so they gave them bibles to study.

SOLO

Studying the Bible the slaves found that other peoples before them had to fight for freedom.

CHORUS 1.

They believed
One day the Lord would lead them
To their glorious, sought after, freedom.

SOLO

For a man can't reach the promised land
If he wears a chain on his hand.

NARRATOR 2.

So, their thoughts came to the present.
Abe Lincoln was now in Washington.

CHORUS 3.

Slaves worked hard every day
They tilled the soil
Without any pay.

CHORUS 1.

He was sometimes beaten
And sometimes sold

SOLO

No one to help him when he got old.

SOLO

The Hebrews fought a war and they became free
Why can't that happen to you and me?
We'll fight a war like the Hebrews fought
We're just a different color
And we won't be bought!

ALL SING

Oh, Mary!

Oh, Mary don't you weep don't you mourn
Oh, Mary don't you weep don't you mourn
Pharaoh's army got drowned
Mary don't you weep don't you mourn.
If I could I surely would
Stand on the rock where Moses stood
Pharaoh's army got drowned - Mary don't you weep
don't you mourn.
Moses stood on the red sea shore
Smote that water with a 2 x 4

CHORUS

The Lord told Moses what to do
Lead those Hebrew children through

CHORUS

One of these nights about twelve o'clock
This old world's gonna reel and rock

CHORUS

NARRATOR 1.

When the slaves were sold, they were sold by auction-
on an auction block. The highest bidder would buy
the slave. Then they were taken to work in the
fields. If they didn't behave they were beaten.
Many slaves died from sickness, others starved, or
got too old.

CHORUS 1.

He was fearful of the lash

CHORUS 2.

His master thought of him as cash.

NARRATOR 2.

Can the Negro ever forget the dark pages of his past
when he was no more than a beast sold to the highest
bidder? He weeps for his black brothers.

CHORUS 3.

But promises his unborn children
That such pain and shame
He will never feel again!

NARRATOR 2.

A slave would never forget when he got split up
from his family to go to the auction block. He
will never forget the days standing in the block

being treated like a dog. He won't forget the
people who shuffled him around.

SOLO

Hold on there-just a minute. Don't be so free and
easy with all the talk. The South isn't all that
bad. We love our slaves and we treat them just
fine. You can't take away a man's property. It's
against the law. What's the constitution for?
Where do you get the right?

SOLO

From the most important right of all - the right
of every man to be free.

SOLO

Often there was a broken heart
When some person's family was torn apart.

CHORUS 1.

When the Civil War broke out
The Negro slave began to shout.

NARRATOR 1.

This time is remembered by everyone. Now began the
fight - brother against brother.

CHORUS 2.

The Civil War at last was won.
There was freedom now for everyone.

ALL SING

No more auction block for me
No more-no more
No more auction block for me
Many thousands gone

No more block of salt for me
No more-no more
No more block of salt for me
Many thousands gone

No more driver's lash for me
No more-no more
No more driver's lash for me
Many thousands gone

SOLO

In eighteen hundred and sixty three
On the battlefield of liberty
There stood a man-tall and grand
Who was known throughout the land.

NARRATOR 2.

Yes, tall, sweet and kind
He had seen the way the slaves were treated
So he spoke his mind
He told the South, as you know -

SOLO

That slavery is wrong
And freedom has to grow

SOLO

But you're forgetting something!
Many people up North don't agree
We up here - we're all free
Why should my sons die
For people we don't know
Or can't even see?

SOLO

Men didn't die in vain because it stopped slavery
And to stop slavery is wonderful! If one man
remains a slave then all men are slaves.

CHORUS 1.

Fighting a war the people feared
But over Lincoln's speech they cheered.

ALL SING

THE GETTYSBURG ADDRESS

Fourscore and seven years ago our fathers brought forth on this continent a new nation, conceived in liberty, and dedicated to the proposition that all men are created equal.

Now we are engaged in a great civil war, testing whether that nation, or any nation so conceived and so dedicated, can long endure.

We are met on a great battlefield of that war.

We have come to dedicate a portion of that field as a final resting place for those who here gave their lives that that nation might live. It is altogether fitting and proper that we should do this.

But, in a larger sense, we cannot dedicate, we cannot consecrate, we cannot hallow, this ground.

The brave men, living and dead, who struggled here have consecrated it, far above our poor power to add or detract. The world will little note, nor long remember, what we say here, but it can never forget what they did here.

It is for us the living, rather, to be dedicated here to the unfinished work which they who fought here have thus far so nobly advanced. It is rather for us to be here dedicated to the great task remaining before us. That from these honored dead we take increased devotion to that cause for which they gave the last full measure of devotion. That we here highly resolve that these dead shall not have died in vain. That this nation, under God, shall have a new birth of freedom and that government of the people, by the people, for the people, shall not perish from the earth.

NARRATOR 2.

When the war started the Negro thought

SOLO

Why shouldn't we be allowed to fight for freedom?
On this battlefield free men lie - some lived - some died.

CHORUS 3.

We want to bear arms against our masters. We shall either be free, with our families or be free with the Lord.

OH FREEDOM

ALL SING:

No more moanin' - no more moanin'
No more moanin' - over me
And before I'll be a slave
I'll be buried in my grave
And go home to my Lord and be free.

I know you're gonna miss me
I know you're gonna miss me
I know you're gonna miss me after a while
And before I'll be a slave
I'll be buried in my grave
Take my place with those who loved and fought before.

Oh Freedom
Oh Freedom
Oh Freedom over me
And before I'll be a slave
I'll be buried in my grave
And go home to my Lord and be free.

NARRATOR 1.

The world is made up of black and white - the earth, the people, a piano, day and night.

SOLO

Because your outside is different does it mean your feelings are?

NARRATOR 2.

This is a nation under the laws of God. It shall not be torn apart.

CHORUS 2

Together - many creeds of children go to school
It was made an official rule.

ALL SING

The ink is black
The paper is white
Together we learn to read and write - to read and write
And now a child can understand
This is the law throughout the land - throughout the land
(repeat first 2 lines)

The slate is black
The chalk is white
Together we learn to read and write - to read and write
And now at last we plainly see
The alphabet of liberty - liberty.
(repeat lines 1 and 2)

A child is black
A child is white
The whole world looks upon the sight
Such a beautiful sight
And now at last the whole world knows
This is the way that freedom grows - freedom grows
(repeat lines 1 and 2)

The world is black
The world is white
It turns by day and then by night
It turns by night
It turns so each and everyone
Can take his station in the sun - in the sun
(repeat lines 1 and 2)

NARRATOR 1.

Now you can see
That freedom
Really is a key
To liberty

NARRATOR 2.

The right to ride on a bus
Just like the rest of us

ALL SING

We shall overcome

SOLO

Yes, we shall!

SOLO

And we have!

SOLO

But today there is still much to be done
And much to be won

CHORUS 1

Now here is something we have today

CHORUS 2.

It's something we are proud to say

CHORUS 3.

It's something we are proud to say

ALL F R E E D O M ! ! !

— The End —

Song introductions by Moses Asch

Band 1: WE SHALL OVERCOME

This version of "We Shall Overcome" was recorded during a meeting in Nashville, Tenn. with the audience participating at the time that the Sit-In movement started.

We shall overcome, we shall overcome,
We shall overcome someday.
Oh, deep in my heart, I do believe,
We shall overcome someday.

The truth will make us free, the truth will make us
free
The truth will make us free someday,
Oh, deep in my heart, I do believe,
We shall overcome someday.

We'll walk hand in hand, we'll walk hand in hand,
We'll walk hand in hand someday.
Oh, deep in my heart, I do believe,
We shall overcome someday.

We are not afraid, we are not afraid,
We are not afraid today.
Oh, deep in my heart, I do believe,
We shall overcome someday.

The truth shall make us free, the truth shall make
us free,
The truth shall make us free someday.
Oh, deep in my heart, I do believe,
We shall overcome someday.

Band 2: YANKEE DOODLE

Many years before our Revolution with England, "Yankee Doodle" was sung. This song uses satire, a form of expression that makes fun or ridicules people or situations. "Yankee Doodle" pokes fun at the snobs who came over from Europe during the "colonial frontier" period and wore their silks and powdered wigs. It is still widely sung with new verses which are made up whenever people want to show resentment or protest conditions that they are not in accord with.

Father and I went down to camp,
Along with Captain Gooding;
There we see the men and boys,
As thick as hasty pudding.

CHORUS:

Yankee Doodle keep it up,
Yankee doodle dandy;
Mind the music and the step,
And with the girls be handy.

And there we see a thousand men,
As rich as 'Squire David;
And what they wasted every day,
I wish it could be sav-ed.

(CHORUS)

And there we see a swamping gun,
Large as a log of maple,
Upon a duced little cart,
A load for father's cattle.

(CHORUS)

And every time they shoot it off,
It takes a horn of powder;
It makes a noise like father's gun,
Only a nation louder.

(CHORUS)

I see a little barrel too,
The heads were made of leather,
They knocked upon't with little clubs,
And called the folks together.

(CHORUS)

And there was Captain Washington,
And gentlefolks about him;
They say he's grown so tarnal proud,
He will not ride without 'em.

(CHORUS)

The flaming ribbons in their hats,
They looked so tearing fine, ah,
I wanted plaguily to get,
To give to my Jemima.

(CHORUS)

I see another snarl of men,
A digging graves, they told me,
So tarnal long, so tarnal deep,
They 'tended they should hold me.

(CHORUS)

It scar'd me so, I hook'd it off,
Nor stopp'd, as I remember;
Nor turn'd about 'till I got home
Lock'd up in mother's chamber.

(CHORUS)

Band 3: WEARING OF THE GREEN

In order to show a resentment against authority or in order to show that one is on any one side in a controversy, people often turn to wearing a symbol or associate some design with Scotland, for example, is that although the bagpipe originally came from Europe or the Middle East to the British Isles, people in Scotland used this kind of music to show their national expression and played it on all occasions so that it became associated with Scotland. Another method the Scots used to show this national feeling was the use of the plaid or tartan design. In ancient Sparta the stocking hat became the emblem of freedom. This symbol is seen in very early pictures of the American colonial period; usually representing the new world. The French in their Revolution also used the stocking hat. In the 14th century the German peasants, in their fights with the landed gentry, used a picture of a red rooster. In modern day Ireland (Eire) the resentment against English authority was wearing of a green colored article, sometimes a hat, other times a ribbon. This song was sung in the Irish Rebellion of 1798.

Oh, Paddy dear and did you hear the news that's
going round?
The shamrock is forbid by law to grow on Irish
ground;
Saint Patrick's Day no more we'll keep, his color
can't be seen,
For there's a cruel law agin' the wearin' o' the
green.

I met with Napper Tandy, and he tuk me by the
hand,
And said he, "How's poor ould Ireland, and how
does she stand?"
She's the most distressful country that ever yet
was seen;
They're hangin' men and women there for wearin'
o' the green.

And if the color we must wear is England's cruel
red,
'Twill serve but to remind us of the blood that
she had shed;
Then pull the Shamrock from your hat and cast it
on the sod,
But, never fear, 'twill take root there, tho'
under foot 'tis trod.
When laws can stop the blades of grass from
growing as they grow,
And when the leaves in summertime their color dare
not show,
Then I will change the color I wear in my caubeen;
But till that day, please God, I'll stick to
wearin' o' the green.

Band 4: THE STAR-SPANGLED BANNER

Sometimes a song catches on because it depicts an act of courage against overwhelming odds. Fort McHenry was besieged on all sides by a large British force during the War of 1812 and with its surrender during the War of 1812 and with its surrender New York and the whole North East would fall to the British. The enemy knew no mercy, even the White House was burned. It was truly a "scorched earth" policy. However, the fort held out and the song was written during the bombardment to the tune of a British drinking song by Francis Scottkey. The version recorded here is from the original tune.

Oh, say can you see by the dawn's early light
What so proudly we hailed at the twilight's last
gleaming,
Whose broad stripes and bright stars through the
perilous fight,
O'er the ramparts we watched were so gallantly
streaming.
And the rockets red glare, the bombs bursting
in air,
Gave proof through the night that our flag was
still there.
Oh, say, does that star-spangled banner yet
wave,
O'er the land of the free and the home of the
brave.

Oh, thus be it ever, when freemen shall stand
Between their loved home and the war's
desolation,
Blessed with victory and peace, may the
Heaven-rescued land
Praise the power that hath made and preserved
us a nation
Then conquer we must, when our cause it is
just,
And this be our motto, "In God is our trust."
And the star-spangled banner in triumph shall
wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the
brave.

Band 5: HAPPINESS SONG (American Indian)

The American Indian was mistreated and prosecuted from the earliest time of the colonization. When the

settlers in the Southeast wanted more land during the days before the Civil War they just appropriated the land and marched the Indians under guard westward toward "Indian Territory". On one of these marches the term "death march" came to be as the soldiers killed off any stragglers. This "Song of Happiness" was originally sung by Navajo women to bolster the moral of the men who were confined to a stockade by troops during the days of Kit Carson in 1864. The song says, "Don't forget the happy days that were and do not despair for the future for surely these days will come back."

ECHOES OF AN OLD DISHONOR

The American Indian is still being punished for his ancient crime of being here when the white man arrived and needed his land. Helen Hunt Jackson's "Century of Dishonor" is more than eighty years old. We hear Custer's last battle on the Little Big Horn described as a "massacre"; but nobody says very much about incidents in which Indian women and children were butchered; and some of the descendants of our sturdy pioneers in the Dakotas still regard the Sioux and Cheyenne as aliens and inferiors.

This is the picture that emerges from a series of articles appearing in The Times this week. We can tolerate the Indian in the pages of James Fenimore Cooper, but we seize his land when it is valuable to us, we break our promises to him, and if he becomes disillusioned and takes to drink, we regard this act as proof that he is not as good as we are.

In the old happy hunting grounds of South Dakota, Indian witnesses before a Senate subcommittee complained of "two systems of justice, one system for Indians, one for non-Indians." Indian men, and even Indian women and children, are sometimes subject to police abuse, according to the testimony. Indian reservations such as the one at Pine Ridge, S.D., are left without adequate highway policing. Indians who leave the reservation may find themselves, like those who live in the so-called "Sioux Addition" outside of Rapid City, S.D., in tumble-down shacks without running water, sanitation or electricity. Indians trying to get into the life of the white community are discriminated against. The Indians are charged with being "shiftless." Who could be ambitious and hopeful under such circumstances? A nineteenth-century Indian fighter, Gen. Nelson Miles, called the Sioux the "noblemen of the plains." It is not the stock that has deteriorated, but the circumstances of their lives.

There are not very many of them, although the number is slowly increasing. Such voluntary organizations as the Association on American Indian Affairs are doing much to awaken the public conscience; but still, after all these generations, justice has not yet been done.

N.Y. Times
June 16, 1962

Band 6: FRENCH PARTISAN SONG (FFI)

World War II produced two songs that are associated with it. One is "Lil, Marlene"; first introduced by the Germans, this song became the essence of nostalgia that brought memories of home and security. It caught the fancy of the Allied troops in Africa and so became the favorite war song for both sides. The other, the "Song of the Partisans," became the recognition cry of the FFI, the French

underground Resistance movement, during the Nazi occupation of France. As a reminder of this, you can hear the march of the Nazi troops in the background.

Take your weapons from the straw.
Take your loads of dynamite
The enemy soon will know the price of tears.
Everyone knows his orders
If one man falls another will take his place
"Liberte" is listening to us.

Band 7: ISRAELI WAR OF INDEPENDENCE SONG

After World War II Palestine became the state of Israel, but its right to self determination did not become a fact until after the War of Independence. The mixture of many cultures with the same aspiration gave this young nation a character of its own. British-trained while living in Arabic atmosphere gave its people a new dimension. Here, for the first time a mixture of European and Middle Eastern music in song expressed itself.

THE FINJAN (KETTLE)

A Palmach folk song from the War of independence.

A cool wind blows;
We'll add some wood to the fire,
And so in arms of purple
It will go up in flame like a sacrifice.
The fire crackles; a song it shouts
The Finjan goes around and around.

The flames murmur to the kindling;
Our faces are red in the fire.
If we receive strength
From every branch in the garden,
Each tree and each board,
We'll then sing quietly

We'll remember the Finjan; how to it
The comrades came from battle;
How Muske the Gingi grumbled:
"No one will return here again."
In tears without end
It goes around in sorrow,
The Finjan goes around and around.

Years will pass and generations,
Borders, bridges, and bonfires.
No stranger will ever fathom
The real flavor of the song that was sung.
Paratrooper and reservist
Are there remembered
In the eternal song of the Finjan.

Band 8: ALGERIAN FREEDOM SONG (FLN)

Algeria, a country over 100 years under French domination made its first steps to Independence soon after the end of World War II. Since much of the French economy depended on Algeria, the French people, fearing the loss of their standard of living, resented this move. The garrison was enlarged and a call to volunteer was made of the million Europeans residing in Algiers. The Algerian Nationalists formed the F.L.N. action group whose leaders blamed the French government for permitting the use of arms. Since then there were many people killed on both sides.

NOSTRA ALGERIA

OUR ALGERIA

Algeria, fatherland,
we resolved to break the chains which wrap
up you
and to live as masters, in spite of the
aggressors.
We will uproot forever from your ground
oppression and oppressors.

Hello, hello, mountains of our country;
you are our blockades and our support;
on your heights we have put the symbol of
the fight;
from your slopes we have started the attack
against the invaders.

In the valleys we have overwhelmed the enemy
in spite of his aeroplanes which darken the
sky;
and his tanks, in the plan, couldn't help him;
then we withdrew at breakneck speed, in shreds.

Our epopee has demonstrated to the world
that we fight as lions.
The "Aures" testifies that, at the end of
fightings
we have overwhelmed the aggressors.

To our martyrs, we promise we'll continue to
fight
till the day, when victory will ring.
Be sure, brothers, that we will get
the fruits of the battle, with a smile on our
lips.

Stand up and shout, brave men
glory to our mountains! Glory to our country!
Glory to our dead men! Glory to our flag!
Glory to the blood, the blood of people who
could oppose!

Text and music by anonym. /choir of fighters:
original recording.

It is the first song of the moudjahiddin
(fighters) of A.L.N. / It was composed in
the Wilaya of Aures; that is in western
departments.

Band 9-10: SOMALIAN FREEDOM SONGS

ALANKAA

words by Ismail Ahmed

(Blue; Blue Flag)

music by Abdullah Kershi

English (meaning only)

Chorus: (sung first and
after each of the verses)

CHORUS

Every nation's flag has a color (2 x)
And ours is like the sky,
Without clouds; please love it.

You, like the white stars, have
helped us.

You are alone to our country
like the first baby.
Be famous, like the bright sun.

(CHORUS)

Our body on the day you were born
Was cleansed and purified.
May God not turn you back (Amen)

(CHORUS)

What our five parts have
missed before
You have returned to us and
assisted us.
It is a wonderful change to see
you flying.

(CHORUS)

Somali

Qoloba 'alankeedue waa aynoo
Innaga keennu waa 'irkoo kale.
Aan 'aadna lahayn e 'aashaga,ey.

Hiddigyay 'adi w aad na
'illbinisee.
'arrado keligaa adaw
daha, 'hradee.
'ad 'eedda sideeda 'aan noqo.

'ashadaad dalataad 'alooshayadii
Sidii 'ulaygii 'idaad marisee.
Allow haku 'eelin 'awayo daha.

Shanteena 'ududood 'adkii
Ka maqnaa
Adaw 'eliyoo na 'aawimayoo.
Waa 'alaf 'emriga isku
Keen sismay.

DULKAYAGA words by Ismail Ahmed

music by Abdullah Kershi

Note:

The entire first verse is repeated. In the other
verses each couplet is repeated.

English (meaning only)

For our own Land; for our own Land,
We will die
For our own Land.

For pure blood and
Against defenders
We will die
For our own Land.

Youth and babies,
We are all ready.
We will die
For our own Land.

For it we have been born,
And now we have the courage.
Badness and difficulties
We will not accept
For our own Land.

Not all agree with the many,
For some are like the dumb,
And some are like the deaf.
We will die
For our own Land.

Somali

Dulkayaga, dulkayaga,
Waw dimanaynaa,
Dulkayaga, dulkayaga, dulkayaga.

Diig inan ku shubo
Aan dagar ku galo
Waa ku daaranoo waw dimanaynaa
Dulkayaga, dulkayaga, dulkayaga.

Dalliniyo dallaan,
Waw wada dannoo.
Waw dimanaynaa
Dulkayaga, dulkayaga, dulkayaga.

Waw dalannayoo,
Dibtiyo humaa.
Waa ku daaranoo
Waannu diirranoo
Dulkayaga, dulkayaga, dulkayaga.

Kaan ku daadannini,
Waa doohanyoo,
Waa degala, yay.
Waa ku daadannoo; waw dimanaynaa
Dulkayaga, dulkayaga, dulkayaga.

Bands 11-12: ANGOLA SONGS

13th Song

We are going to fight (twice)
We are going to fight till our death
Christians, come on! come on!
Get ready now!
For our suffering surpassed
Because of our malfactors

CHORUS

We are going to fight (twice)
Till our death.
Soldiers let us go
Don't be sad
Even we are importuned by a crafty devil
Don't be shy
As the situation is now serious
We have to win.

7th Song

I want to be a soldier (twice)
I want to be a soldier ...
In order to learn how to walk
In order to learn how to fight.
Freedom! Freedom!

Angola #13

Se tu nwana, se tu nwana
Se tu nwana ya mu fwa
A landi a Yisu nwiza, nwiza
Se nu tomi kiatamam
e mpaso zame zaluta
Muna wau twakalama

Ref.

Se tu nwana, etc
Se tu nwana ya ma fwa

A mekera mwamu
Ke nu mom nkemila ko

Tuenda Tuenda koko nswalie
Ke numoni nkunda ko

Tuenda etc
kamu ka ko nu Nelezo

Lnbeni a ngangu u tu kwenre
ke tu zowalalako
L nkeka nkeka wam ikwenre
Enza yai tu binga yo

Querro, quero, quero ser soldado
Quer ser soldado, ia, ia,
Quer ser soldado, ia, ia,
Aprendi a marchar
Aprendi a lular