

SONGS FROM THE DEPTHS OF HELL

SUNG IN GERMAN, POLISH, UKRAINIAN, YIDDISH

ALEKSANDER KULISIEWICZ

SURVIVOR OF SACHSENHAUSEN CONCENTRATION CAMP

ANNOTATED BY PETER WORTSMAN



M
1850
K96
1979

MUSIC LP

DRAWING BY GERTRUDE DEGENHARDT: "LULLABY FOR MY LITTLE SON IN THE CREMATORIUM" (MAINZ 1967)

COVER DESIGN BY RONALD CLYNE

FOLKWAYS RECORDS FSS 37700

SIDE I

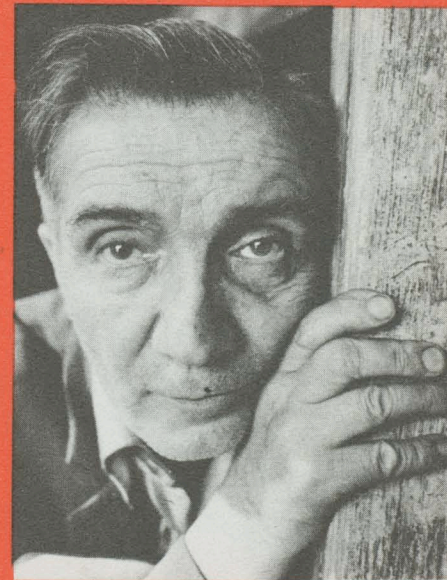
1. CHORAL Z PIEKLA DNA (Choral From the Depths of hell)
2. JUEDISCHER TODESSANG (Jewish Deathsong)
3. KOLYSANKA DLA SYNKA W KREMATORIUM
(Lullaby For My little Son In the Crematorium)
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9. LICHTENBURGER LAGERLIED
(Lichtenburger Camp Song)

Produced by Peter Wortsman

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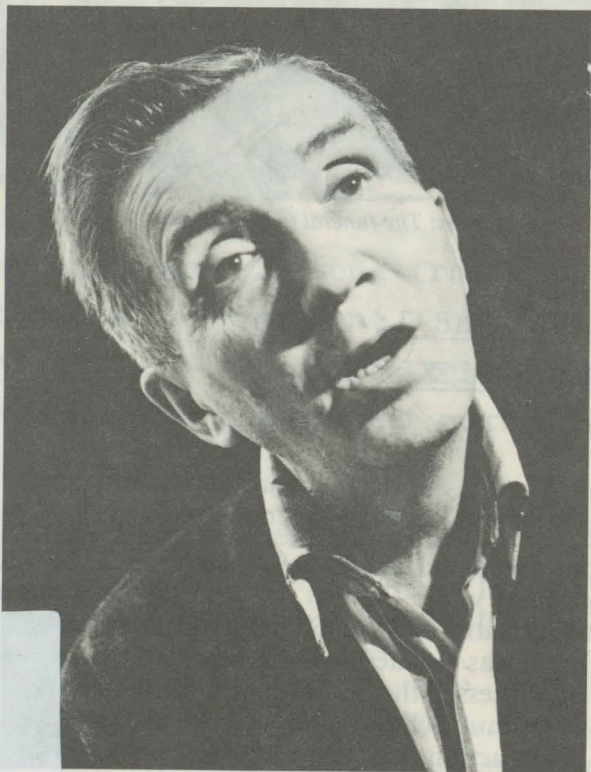
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DESCRIPTIVE NOTES ARE INSIDE POCKET

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SONGS FROM THE DEPTHS OF HELL



to me that we could stand to be reminded of what hell looks like.

—PW

Warsaw. A hotel room. A suitcase, a singer and myself. We break bread together. The dry, hard bread of affliction. Matzoh in Warsaw 1975.

Alex stutters German, "Lager-Deutsch," the language of Sachsenhausen, the Nazi concentration camp in which he spent almost six years. His sad, soft eyes have not forgotten what they saw. At 59, Aleksander Kulisiewicz, born in Krakow, Poland, is the oldest and perhaps sole surviving concentration camp singer. His songs—so many disembodied voices—are the only real survivors. Some of them he wrote; others he remembered, each with a face and a story. "Alex," someone whispers, "is there room in your head for my song too?"

"Now," Alex sighs, "I have to go back... *there*." He shuts his eyes. Silence. Then like a faraway echo, a deep voice floods the room. It moans in basso profundo a terrible-beautiful song. "Lullaby for My Little Son in the Crematorium." This is no lullaby to fall asleep on. This is Aaron Liebeskind's song. The young clockmaker from Bilgoraj, who watched in Treblinka while they killed his wife Edith, while they swung his little boy head first against a wall. The man who tried to sing his son awake. Who could not and turned grey overnight. Who fled Treblinka and, with a borrowed name, found his way to Berlin. Who was arrested again, sent to Sachsenhausen and on to Auschwitz. Who could not finally escape the gas.

I glance down at my tape-recorder. The spools are not turning. I look closer. They have not been turning. They have recorded nothing. I groan and feel sick in the stomach.

Alex finishes his song. He looks from me to the machine. I am about to cry. He takes a deep breath and speaks without anger. "Don't think I sing for you or for myself. ...No!... I sing for Aaron Liebeskind." We fix the spools. He sings the song again from the beginning with even greater tenderness.

Alex accompanies himself on a guitar. Sometimes it plays sympathetic comrade to his lonely voice, sometimes a clown to mock the futility of his song, sometimes a rhythmic, ominous reminder of the end. It belonged to a Jewish musician, who took it with him on his last tour to destinations unknown. "You won't be needing this where you're going," an SS-guard snickered and relieved him of his burden. The same

(The following is reprinted in part from an article that appeared in *Sing Out! The Folk Song Magazine*, Volume 26, Number 3, 1977.)

Aleksander Kulisiewicz: A Singer From Hell

by Peter Wortsman

Songs of protest promise rousing emotion; sing "We Shall Overcome," and you can plug yourself right into the struggle. And so it should be. But the songs of raw survival are not so nice to listen to. I would like to introduce to you a singer whose songs describe the lowest pit this so-called civilization of our has ever dropped to: the Nazi concentration camp.

Alex Kulisiewicz, himself a survivor of Sachsenhausen concentration camp, and today, a resident of Krakow, Poland, has sung just about everywhere in east and west Europe, in Moscow and Tokyo. At a concert he gave in Turin, Italy in 1965, at which more than 60,000 people were present, a fire bomb was found and deactivated. It has been placed under the stage by Italian neo-fascists.

As the kind of oppression Alex sings about is still a living phenomenon in so many countries (South Africa, Argentina, Chile—the list is endless) it seems

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guard panicked as the allied armies approached. "Hold this!" he said to Alex. The guard disappeared and Alex held on to the guitar.

This guitar can conjure up a whole choir of voices. Such a choir did exist. The clandestine Jewish camp choir in Sachsenhausen, organized by the German-Jewish composer Rosebery d'Arguto. Alex was the only non-Jew present at the last rehearsal in 1942 of d'Arguto's "Jewish Deathsong." Suddenly SS-men burst into the barracks screaming, "Everybody out!", as Alex recalls in his rendition of the song. All 25 singers and their director were silenced in the gas chamber in Auschwitz.

During the six long years of his incarceration (1939-1945) Alex helped organize and himself performed in numerous illegal poetry readings and sings. When an informer denounced him to the authorities as a "nightingale" SS-doctors employed "scientific" means to try and shut him up. Three times they injected him with diphtheria bacilli to destroy his voice and three times comrades managed to smuggle in the antidote. Finally the doctors gave up. "Let the dog sing," they laughed.

Born behind barbed wire, in a world impressed with the doctrine of hate, these songs testify to the stubborn endurance of love. "To believe in love in a concentration camp, that was not easy," Alex recalls. "But we had to believe." So the eerie surreal vision of a song like "The Living Stones," composed in the quarry of the camp Mauthausen-Gusen, ends simply:

We are the living stones
Goddamned alive to hell
Though slaves we still must believe
In people, in people and love...

From a hospital bed after the war, Alex dictated some 716 typed pages of poems and songs that he had heard and memorized in Sachsenhausen. 54 of these songs are of his own composition. He has sung to large audiences all over Europe and Japan; and recorded eight albums, among them, in France (*Chants de la Deportation*, Paris: Chant du Monde, 1975), in Italy (*Il Canzoniere Internazionale Dei Ribelli*, Turin: Dischi Nuova Generazione, 1965), and in Germany (*Lieder aus der Hoelle*, Heidelberg: Da Camera Song, 1968).

"I could surely make a business of my songs," Alex tells me. "But that's just what I don't want. I sing to those few—especially the youth—who want a better world."

Underlying the sadness of these songs there is a great faith. In the words of a song written by an Italian woman prisoner of Ravensbrueck concentration camp:

Dei campi del dolore
Rinascera l'amore... domani
In these sad camps
Love will be reborn again... tomorrow



Leo Haas: *The funeral (KL Auschwitz 1942)*

SIDE I, Band 1:

CHORAŁ Z PIEKŁA DNA

(Choral From the Depths of Hell)

Polish—*Music:* Aleksander Kulisiewicz

Words: Leonard Krasnodębski

The young poet and journalist from Warsaw, Leonard Krasnodębski wrote the text of "Choral" in 1942 in the concentration camp Sachsenhausen (north of Berlin). He was a male nurse in the camp "hospital" where he witnessed the bestial experiments carried out by SS-Dr. Paul Schmitz, who tested the effects of new, quick-action poisonous gasses on prisoners. Krasnodębski, who had seen and knew far too much of the nature of these experiments, was forced by the SS to commit suicide in 1943. Kulisiewicz composed the melody in October 1944 to commemorate the German Jewish composer, Rosebery d'Arguto, who died in Auschwitz in 1943. Alex first performed the song for fellow patients in the camp "hospital." At the time he was temporarily blind.

Słyszcie nasz chorał z piekła dna!

Niech naszym katom w uszach gra

Chorał! chorał! z piekła dna

Niech naszym katom, niech naszym katom
Gra

Słyszcie nasz chorał

Słyszcie nasz chorał z piekła dna!

Attention! Attention!

Tu ludzie giną, tu ludzie są!

Tu ludzie są

CHORAL FROM THE DEPTHS OF HELL

Hear our choral from the depths
of hell!
May it keep our killers from ever
sleeping well

Choral! choral! song from hell
Keep our killers from ever sleeping
Well

Hear our choral!

Hear our choral! song from hell
Attention! Attention!

We're people dying, yes, people here
We're people here

SIDE I, Band 2: JUEDISCHER TODESSANG (Jewish Deathsong)

German—*Music:* Melody of a Yiddish folksong,
"Zehn Brueder"

Words: Rosebery d'Arguto
(Martin Rozenberg)

In September 1939 the Jewish composer and choral conductor from Berlin, Rosebery d'Arguto (born Martin Rozenberg) was sent to the concentration camp Sachsenhausen (just north of Berlin). In 1940 he organized a clandestine, four-voice camp chorus which consisted of 25 to 30 prisoners. When in October 1942 the Jews in Sachsenhausen found out that they were soon to be "transferred" to Auschwitz-Birkenau, d'Arguto composed his terrible "Jewish Deathsong," based on the tune of an old Yiddish folksong, "Ten Brothers." He intentionally wrote the lyrics in German so that other prisoners could understand the accusation that his song embodied. At the end of October 1942, 454 Jewish prisoners, among them d'Arguto and his whole chorus, were sent to Auschwitz-Birkenau. The composer was killed in 1943.

Bom bom bom bom...bom bom bom bom
Bom bom bom bom...bom...bom...bom
Li-lay, li-lay...li-lay
La-la-la-la-la-la
Li-lay, li-lay...li-lay
Bom bom bom bom...bom bom bom bom
Bom bom bom bom...bom...bom

Zehn Brueder waren wir gewesen
Haben wir gehandelt mit Wein
Einer ist gestorben
Sing wir geblieben neun
Oy-yoy!...Oy...yoy!

Yidl mit der Fiedel
Moysche mit dem Bass
Singt mir mal ein Liedel
Muessen wir ins Ga-a-s!
Yidl mit der Fiedel
Moysche mit dem Bass
Singt mir mal ein Liedel
Liedel...

Muessen wir ins Gas!

Ins Gas!

Ins Ga-a-s!!

Bom bom bom bom...bom bom bom bom

Ein Bruder bin ich nur geblieben
Mit wem soll ich nun weinen?
Die and'ren sind ermordet!
Denkt ihr an alle neun?!
Oy-yoy!...Oy...yoy!

Yidl mit der Fiedel
Moysche mit dem Bass
Hoert mein letztes Liedel
Ich muss auch ins Ga-a-s!
Yidl mit der Fiedel
Moysche mit dem Bass
Hoert mein letztes Liedel

...Zehn Brueder waren wir gewesen
Wir haben keinem weh getan
Weh getan
Li-lay, li-lay...li-lay

JEWISH DEATHSONG

Bom bom bom bom...bom bom bom bom
 Bom bom bom bom...bom...bom...bom
 Li-lay, li-lay...li-lay
 La-la-la-la-la-la
 Li-lay, li-lay...li-lay
 Bom bom bom bom...bom bom bom bom
 Bom bom bom bom...bom...bom

Ten brothers were we together
 All of us merchants of wine
 One brother died one day
 Now we're only nine
 Oy-yoy!...Oy...yoy!

Yidl with your fiddle
 Moyshe with your bass
 Play oh sing a little
 We're bound for the gas!
 For the gas!
 For the ga-a-s!!

Repeat

Bom bom bom bom...bom bom bom bom

One brother now alone I remain
 With whom shall I whine?
 Nine brothers murdered all
 Remember all nine?!
 Oy-yoy!...Oy...yoy!

Yidl with your fiddle
 Moyshe with your bass
 The last, I'll sing a little
 Now I'm bound for the ga-a-s!
 Yidl with your fiddle
 Moyshe with your bass
 The last, I'll sing a little

...Ten brothers were we together
 We never hurt another soul
 Li-lay, li-lay...li-lay



Karol Konieczny: "Jewish political prisoner" (Buchenwald 1944).

SIDE I, Band 3:

KOŁYSANKA DLA SYNKA W KREMATORIUM

(Lullaby For My Little Son
 In the Crematorium)

Yiddish original, in Polish translation—

Music: From a threnody by Aleksander Wertyński
 Words: Aaron Liebeskind

Aaron Liebeskind, a young clockmaker from Bilgoraj, Poland, was forced to witness the murder of his wife Edith and of his little son in 1942 in the extermination camp, Treblinka (located at Małkinia Górna, on the Bug River in Poland). He begged the foreman of the crematorium to let him stay the night watching over his son's body. Aaron knelt beside his boy's body and composed the words of this lullaby in his mind. During the night the twenty-four year old man turned grey. He managed miraculously to escape from Treblinka, but was captured again and sent to Sachsenhausen, where he met and made friends with Alex Kulisiewicz. Aaron told Alex his story and sang him his song in Yiddish, which Alex immediately

translated into Polish. The melody is that of a popular threnody, well known in Eastern Poland, composed by the famous Russian song writer Alexander Wertyński (1889-1957). In Sachsenhausen, Liebeskind sang with a deep, basso profundo voice in Rosebery d'Arguto's illegal camp chorus. Aaron Liebeskind was among those Jewish prisoners who in 1942 were transported to Auschwitz-Birkenau. He died there in 1942 or 1943. In commemoration of his friend's tragedy, Kulisiewicz sang the "Lullaby" in Polish until the end of his stay in Sachsenhausen (April 1945).

Krematorium czarne, głuche
Bramy piekieł, trupów stos
Śliskie, sztywne ciała wloke
Osiwiałem w jedną noc
Oto synek leży, snyek mój
Małe piastki w usta wgryzł
Jakżeż ciebie w ogień wrzucę tu!
Złote włoski śliczne twe

Lulaj, lulaj -- synku mój
Lulaj, lulaj -- synku mój
Lulaj, lulaj -- synku mój
Synku mój

Podłe słońce, czemu milczysz?
Wszak widziałem wszystko tu
Głowkę jego roztrzaskali
O kamienny, zimny mur
Patrzą w niebo ciche oczka twe
I zastygłe krzyczą łązy
Synku! Wszędzie, wszędzie twoja krew!
A przeżyłeś latka -- trzy

Lulaj, lulaj -- synku mój
Lulaj, lulaj -- synku mój
Lulaj, lulaj -- synku mój
Synku mój

LULLABY FOR MY LITTLE SON IN THE CREMATORIUM

Crematorium black and silent
Gates of hell, corpses piled high
I drag stiff, slippery corpses
While the sun smiles in the sky
Here he lies, my only little boy
Tiny fists pressed in his mouth
How can I cast you into the flames?
With your shining golden hair

Lulay, lulay -- little one
Lulay, lulay -- only son
Lulay, lulay -- my own boy...
Oy...oy...oy

Oh you sun, you watched in silence
While you smiled and shined above
Saw them smash my baby's skull
On the cold stone wall
Now little eyes look calmly at the sky
Cold tears, I hear them crying
Oh my boy, your blood is everywhere
Three years old -- your golden hair

Lulay, lulay -- little one
Lulay, lulay -- only son
Lulay, lulay -- my own boy...
Oy...oy...oy

SIDE I, Band 4: HEKATOMBA 1941 (Hecatomb 1941)

Russian original, in Polish translation—
Music: Ukrainian folk melody
Words: Alekszej Sazonow

In the years 1941-1942 over 18,000 Soviet prisoners of war were murdered in the concentration camp, Sachsenhausen (north of Berlin). One of them was the seventeen year old volunteer soldier, auto mechanic, from the town of Gorki, Alekszej Sazonow. He was detailed to work in the SS-shoe factory, where Alex Kulisiewicz met him. Toward the end of November 1941 the air was filled with the smell of the burnt

corpses of Sazonow's comrades. The shoe factory barracks were located not far from the execution site. The young Russian knew that his turn was near. He wrote this song the night before he was dragged off to isolation and from there to his death. Camp doctor, prisoner Stanisław Kelles-Krauz, at great personal risk, wrote down the original Russian text on shreds of paper bags. Several days after Sazonow's death, Alex translated the song in to Polish.

Żal, żal...żal mój płynie
Krematorium czarne dymi
Ból, ból -- ból straszliwy
Ogień czeka mnie!

Hej! Hej! Hej! bradiagi
Jam przed śmiercią siny, nagi
Dym, dym...dym plugawy
Zdusi łkanie, krzyk
Błagam ciebie, matulenko
Bym nie zdychał pomalunku
Dym, dym...niechaj zdławi
Was, germańskie psy!

HECATOMB 1941

Cry, cry...hear my crying
Crematorium black and smoking
Pain, pain -- awful pain
And the fire waits for me!

Heh! Heh! Heh my brothers
Naked, death waits with wounds
all covered
Smoke, smoke...filthy smoke
Dulls my screams, my cries it
chokes
Mother dearest, now I beg you
Let my death not drag on endless
Smoke, smoke...let the smoke
Choke the German dogs

SIDE I, Band 5: DZIESIEĆ MILIONÓW

(Ten Million)

Polish—*Music:* unknown

Words: unknown

This song was written as an illegal concentration camp hymn toward the end of 1944. Neither the camp in which it was written nor the author are known. At the time there were already many more than ten million men, women and children in camps all over Europe.

Dziesięć milionów! Dziesięć milionów!

Dokoła kolczasty drut

Za drutem zagani, za drutem skazani

Skazani na niewolę i na głód

Więźniowie Polacy, Rosjanie, Słowacy

Francuzi, Hiszpanie i Grek

Nad taczka schyleni, nad młotem zgarbieni

czekają na hasło i na zew

By powstać tłumem, uderzyć piorunem

Z niewoli w potęgę wzrósć

Do trumny niemieckiej, do trumny zbójeckiej

Ostatni wbijemy gwóźdź!

TEN MILLION

Ten million people! Ten million souls!

Surrounded by sharp barbed wire

Behind wire hunted, behind wire sentenced

Sentenced all to slavery and hunger

From Poland the prisoners, from Russia,
Slovakia

Frenchmen and Spaniards and Greeks

Bent over wheelbarrows, and holding their
hammers

All ready to rise up and fight

Together we'll rise up and strike out
like thunder

Together a people, not slaves

Together we'll hammer the nails in
their coffin

And drop German devils in their graves



Leo Haas: Every day (KL Auschwitz 1942)

CONCENTRATION CAMP

The camp's a dirty, dirty dog
Well known its devlish fame
Why should any living courpse be proud
Sam jacket, each man shits equal

Diplomas just ain't worth the time here
And bishops must mop up the slime here
And if you're a lord or a general, dear
(Ha ha! ha ha ha!....)

There's nowhere to socially climb here
(Hm...hm...hm...)

And bishops must mop up the slime here
(Yes, yes, my dear!)

Yumpa, didida, didida, didida

Yumpa, didida, jum-pa!

And if you're a lord or a general

Your title ain't worth a dime here

SIDE II, Band 1: SZYMON OHM

Polish—*Music:* Yiddish folkmelody

Words: Leszek N. (surname unknown)

Near the end of 1939, Leszek N. (surname unknown), the son of a rich Warsaw manufacturer, who before the war hated Jews, fell in love with a Jewish girl named Rachel, from Warsaw's poorest district, Nalewki. When in 1940 all Jews were rounded up and herded into the ghetto, the young Pole, without his father's knowledge, obtained false Aryan identity papers for Rachel and her family. As the result of treachery, he was denounced and sent to the concentration camp, Sachsenhausen. Leszek had a deep, rich baritone voice. He often sang for friends a song based upon the Yiddish folksong, "Simon Ohm," which he had learned before his captivity. In April 1943, when word spread about the tragic Warsaw Ghetto uprising, Leszek in despair wrote the second stanza to the song. In March 1945, he and a small group of fellow prisoners were forced to dig out unexploded Allied bombs that had been dropped on Berlin's Lichterfeld district. He was killed when one of the bombs exploded.

Na Nalewkach mieszkał Szymon Ohm

Stary, siwy -- handel trzymał on

Co dzień w synagodze wielbił Jahwe srodze

A trefnego nie jadł wcale on

Co dzień w synagodze wielbił Jahwe srodze

A trefnego nie jadł wcale on

SIDE I, Band 6: KONZENTRAK

Polish—*Music:* Jan Stefani

Words: Aleksander Kulisiewicz

In the Nazi concentration camps many aristocrats, generals, bishops and high officials of church and state were among the prisoners. This satire was written in 1942 in the camp Sachsenhausen (north of Berlin). The song was first performed at an illegal get-together, to which formerly prominent individuals (now, like all other prisoners, dressed in camp jacket) were invited—among them the Dutch general Eugen van Strick.

Konzentrak wredny, wredny pies

Diabelska jego sława

Ach, na cóż trupom pański gest

W pasiaku wszystko chała!

Dyplomu tu nie trzeba

I biskup scheisshaus zamiata

Czyś ciura czy generał

(Cha cha! cha cha cha!....)

Nie będziesz pępkiem świata

(Hm...hm...hm...)

I biskup scheisshaus zamiata

I ja też zamiattam!

Jumpa, didida, didida, didida

Jumpa, didida, jum-pa!

Czyś ciura -- czy generał

Nie będziesz pępkiem świata!

A raz się zlitował dobry Bóg
 Zesłał mu córeczkę w jego próg
 Na imię Rachele o tak cudnym ciele
 Ze się ubiegało chłopców stu
 I śpiewali
 Rachele, ty moje bombele
 Wybieraj z nas jednego póki czas!
 Bo usta twe jak mak
 Dla chłopców mają smak
 I na Nalewkach wyśpiewują
 Oj-laj, laj laj
 Laj laj, laj laj
 Oj-laj, laj laj
 Laj laj...laj...
 Aż pewnego razu nastał czas
 Na Nalewkach wojna, wojna -- wrzask!
 Trwoga -- rajwach -- trwoga!
 Getto, głód, pożoga!
 Rachele umiera, słodki ptak
 Joj...meczyje
 Rachele, ty moje bombele
 Bombele moje!
 Przecióreczko ma
 Twe usta tak jak mak
 Dla chłopcow miały smak
 I milcza, milcza -- ach!

SHIMON OHM

In Nalewki lived one Shimon Ohm
 Old and grey, he ran a small shop of
 his own
 Every day in synagogue this humble
 man gave praise to God
 Of forbidden food he tasted none
 Every day in synagogue this humble
 man gave praise to God
 Of forbidden food he tasted none
 One day God showed pity on old
 Shimon Ohm
 Gave to him a daughter, blessing on
 his home
 And her name was Rachele, pale beauty
 Rachele
 All the boys they pined for her alone
 And singing
 Rachele, oh you my heart's delight
 Pick one of us as long as there is time
 Your lips so poppy red
 Their taste desire fed
 And in Nalewki the boys keep singing
 Oy-lay, lay lay
 Lay lay, lay lay
 Oy-lay, lay lay...lay lay...lay...
 Then one day time turned its face around
 In Nalewki war shrieked--oh the sound!
 Terror -- howling -- terror!
 Ghetto, hunger, fire!
 Rachele, she died, my fallen dove
 My beloved
 Rachele, oh you my heart's delight
 My sweet beloved
 Broken winged dove
 Your lips still poppy red
 Their taste that is now dead
 And no more singing -- ach!



Mieczysław Koscielniak: Returning from the work
 (KL Auschwitz 1942)

SIDE II, Band 2: DAS TODESTANGO

(The Deathtango)

German—*Music:* From a "Plegiara-tango" by
Eduardo Bianco

Words: unknown

Jews waiting to be selected for death at the Nazi extermination camp in Lemberg (in Polish, Lwow—then part of Eastern Poland, today part of the Soviet Ukraine) were forced on order of SS-Lieutenant Stephan Rokita, to listen while a well-known fiddler by the name of Schatz played this "hit" tango. Former prisoner Anna Muzyczna remembered and later wrote down the words. Only the last verse was changed.

Hoerst du wie die Geige schluchzend
spielt?

Blutig klingen ihre Toene

Hoerst du wie dein Herz sein Ende
fuehlt?

Das Todestango spielt

Hab' kein' Angst, mein Lieb'

Sand wird deine Leiche decken

Sternenkerze dient als Brenner

Und als Polster dient dir nur ein
Stein

Doch gluecklich wirst du sein so
ganz allein

Schuesse fallen, Kugeln knallen

Segregieren! Gift! Nur spielen

Und der Tod packt dich in Hand

D'rum sei fertig und bereit

THE DEATHTANGO

Hear it, how the fiddle sobbing
plays?

Bloody notes of sweet string music

Hear it, how your heartbeat fades
away?

And so deathtango plays

Have no fear, my dear

Sand will cover up your body

Bright star candles be your
nightlight

And your pillow be a single stone

But happy will you be so all alone

Shots are falling, bullets flying

Separation! Poison! Keep playing

And if death grabs for your hand

Just be ready, death's a friend

SIDE II, Band 3: HYMNE

(Hymn)

International hymn—

Music: First three verses derive from the famous song "Die Moorsoldaten" (The Peatbog Soldiers) written by Rudi Goguel in 1933. Music to the fourth verse taken from Hanns Eisler's musical revision of the same song, written in 1935.

Words: First verse by Johann Esser and Wolfgang Langhoff in 1933. Second, third and fourth verses by Aleksander Kulisiewicz. Last two lines taken from the song "Sul Suolo Desolato" written by Maria Montuoro, an Italian prisoner in the concentration camp, Ravensbrueck (50 miles north of Berlin).

At the end of 1944 in the concentration camp Sachsenhausen, an attempt was made by prisoners to write an international concentration camp hymn. The song mentions the names of many camps and was intended to show how vast was the scheme and scope of the SS system of slavery.



Partisans of Polish Underground Army.

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!

Sachsenhausen, Stutthof, Dachau
Ponad wami boży gniew
Choćbym sto lat nawet żył
Mocny, straszny jest mój śpiew
Pójdziemy, niewolnicy
Rycerze w ból zakuci
Na bój!

Hej, Treblinka, Auschwitz, Gusen
Serca w górę, w górę pięść!
Niech na druty idą tchórze
Nam nie wolno śmierci chcieć!

I dla nas, niewolnicy
To samo słońce świeci
Co dzień

Bergen-Belsen, Ebensee
Hlavu vzhůru, vzhůru pěst!
Liberté, liberté chérie
My pajdiom domoj, o yes!
Dei campi del dolore
Rinascera l'amore...domani



Roll call.



HYMN

Whatsoever the eye falls on
Marsh and wasteland everywhere
No bird greets us with its song
Hump-backed oaks with branches bare

We are the Marshland soldiers
Marching with our spades

To the marsh!

Sachsenhausen, Stutthof, Dachau

May God's curse on you come down

Should I rot for a hundred years yet

Still my mighty song resounds

Once as slaves we marched here

Now knights all armed with sadness

To war!

Heh! Treblinka, Auschwitz, Gusen!

Hearts held high, and high the fist!

Barbed wire death the coward chooses

Live! now live, death is no rest

And though we are but poor slaves

The same sun shines above us

Each day

Bergen Belsen, Ebensee

Head held high, and high the fist!

Liberty, oh sweet liberty

We'll soon go home I swear, oh yes!

In camps of our despairing

Love will be there again...tomorrow

SIDE II, Band 4: GRAUE KOLONNEN

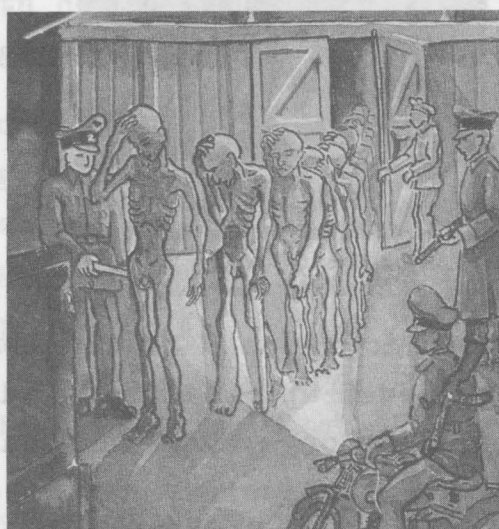
German—*Music:* Melody of the German song,
"Wilde Gesellen"

Words: unknown prisoner

This song comes from one of several concentration camps for political prisoners located in a marshy region of Germany. Such camps existed before the start of World War II.

Graue Kolonnen ziehen ins Moor
Arbeiterreih'n ohne Ende
Posten zur Seite, Posten davor
Posten am Zugesende
Geht auch der Tod uns taeglich zur
Seit'
Geht es auch drueber und drunter
Braust auch der Wind durch finstere
Heid'
Uns geht die Sonne nicht unter!

Graue Kolonnen ziehen ins Moor
Arbeiterreih'n ohne Ende
Posten zur Seite, Posten davor
Posten am Zugesende
Doch strahlt uns im Osten ein
Morgenrot
Aufleuchtend hell, wie ein Wunder
Kuendet uns allen ein Ende der Not
Uns geht die Sonne nicht unter!



Waldemar Nowakowski: The cast way of Jews
(KL Auschwitz-Birkenau 1942)

GREY COLUMNS

Long grey columns march into the
moor
Workers on lines without ending
Guards to the side, guards stand
before
Guards where our pathway is bending
And if our death stands daily by side
And if there's too much to bare now
And if the wind roars on far and wide
The sun in our sky won't go down now!
Long grey columns march into the
moor
Workers on lines without ending
Guards to the side, guards stand
before
Guards where our pathway is bending
And still the dawn breaks bright in
the east
Daylight bursts out like a wonder
Signals an end, from our woe a
release
The sun in our sky won't go under!

SIDE II, Band 5:

STOI NOCKA

(A concentration camp love song)

Polish—*Music:* Polish folkmelody

Words: Zofia Karpińska

Zofia Karpińska, a beloved camp poet, wrote the words to this love song in 1943 in the extermination camp, Majdanek (near Lublin, in Eastern Poland).

Stoinocka, czas ucieka, kwitną bzy
Kwitną bzy
A za siódma góra, rzeka jesteś ty
Jesteś ty
Stoinocka, czas ucieka -- wojna trwa
Wojna trwa
Za drutami, za drutami czekam ja
Czekam ja

A ode mnie, ach do ciebie długo tak
 Długo tak
 Nie doleci, nie dofrunie żaden ptak
 Żaden ptak
 Stoi nocka, czas ucieka -- wojna trwa
 Wojna trwa
 Za drutami, za drutami zdycham ja
 Zdycham ja

OUTSIDE STANDS (a concentration camp
 love song)

Outside stands a night so fearful,
 and time flies
 And time flies
 There beyond the seventh mountain,
 there you lie
 There you lie
 Outside stands a night so fearful --
 and the war
 Still the war
 Here behind the wire I'm waiting
 Here I wait
 And my heart it hunger for you, and
 it cries
 And it cries
 Here to us behind the wire, no bird
 flies
 No bird flies
 Outside stands a night so fearful--
 and the war
 Still the war
 Here behind the wire I'm dying, here
 I die
 Here I die

SIDE II, Band 6:

IM WALDE VON SACHSENHAUSEN

(In the Forest of Sachsenhausen)

German—*Music:* Russian folk melody

Words: unknown prisoner

The song dates back to 1936. In 1942, when Russian

prisoners of war began arriving at the concentration camp, Sachsenhausen, the song was partially translated into Russian and many more verses were added.

Im Walde von Sachsenhausen
 Ein Barackenlager steht
 Hier warten einige Tausend
 Dass die Schutzhaft zu Ende geht
 Hier warten einige Tausend
 Dass die Schutzhaft zu Ende geht
 Wir sind schon lange gefangen
 Waren erst im festen Bau
 In uns allen lebt das Verlangen
 Nach Hause zu Kindern und Frau
 In uns allen lebt das Verlangen
 Nach Hause zu Kindern und Frau

IN THE FOREST OF SACHSENHAUSEN

In the forest of Sachsenhausen
 A camp of jail barracks stands
 Here wait some several thousand
 For their sentence to come to an end
 Here wait some several thousand
 For their sentence to come to an end



Stefan Horski: Every day work
 (KL Sachsenhausen 1942)

We've been imprisoned a long long time
 We were locked up, numbered and filed
 Now each man longs and each man pines
 For his home, his wife and his child
 Now each man longs and each man pines
 For his home, his wife and his child

SIDE II, Band 7: BERGEN-BELSEN MOJE

Polish—*Music:* Slovakian folkmelody

Words: unknown prisoner

The song was sung in 1945 in the extermination camp Bergen-Belsen (near Hannover, Germany). It was mumbled as a litany by half dead prisoners. Softly they repeated the refrain.

Cóžem ci zawiniť

Bergen-Belsen moje

Płakać nie mam siły

Bergen-Belsen moje

Śmierć, psiajucha, czeka

Bergen-Belsen moje

Dobij mnie, nie zwlekaj!

Bergen-Belsen moje

Nad namiotem słońce

Bergen-Belsen moje

Gasnę ja w gorące

Bergen-Belsen moje

BERGEN-BELSEN MINE

What did I do to you

Bergen-Belsen mine

No more strength for crying

Bergen-Belsen mine

Cursed death awaits me

Bergen-Belsen mine

Death do your job quickly

Bergen-Belsen mine

On our tent the sun shines

Bergen-Belsen mine

Fever death takes its time

Bergen-Belsen mine

SIDE II, Band 8:

HEIL, SACHSENHAUSEN!

Polish—*Music:* Melody of the Yiddish hit tune,
"Heh, Madagascar!"

Words: Aleksander Kulisiewicz

This was a camp satire written to poke fun at the Nazi theory of "Rassenschande" (Race defilement), according to which a German Aryan was not to defile

the purity of his/her race by having sex with a non-Aryan. The term "Kulturkampf" refers to the Nazi concept of the war of the cultures or the races. This song was dedicated to Elisabeth Zahn, a young German woman who smuggled letters from a Polish prisoner, Jan Kobiela, to his family. Elsa loved Jan and the song was written during a relatively happy time for them. But the end of the story is a tragic one. Elsa was caught smuggling letters. Her father was sent to a concentration camp and she committed suicide in the prison at Oranienburg (near Berlin).

Jestem sobie na wpół dziki

Bloeder Haeftling, cham

Und warum denn do Afryki?

Tu kolonie mam!

Kupili cie, chłopie

Kupili z gnatami

Krew ci z mordy kapie

Alles scheiss-egal

Aj, Sachsenhausen!

Kolonia gwarna, parna

Germania richtig dzika

Heil, Sachsenhausen!

Giry tycie jak bambusik

Trupy śmierdza...fuj!...nagusy!

Heil! Es lebe Kulturkampf!

Maedchen sobie zafunduję

Polaczysko ja

Gibt's denn so was?...wy bestyje!

Śliczne oczka ma

Az tej maedchen-matki

I z durnego tatki

Będą kindchen w kratki

Schwarz und weiss und rot

Heil, Sachsenhausen!

Błogosławiony raju

Wszak wielbi ciebie ludzkość

Heil, Sachsenhausen!

A jak byde jutro zdychał

Lewą nóżką ci zafikam

Heil!...Es lebe Kulturkampf!



Mieczysław Koscielnisk: *The appraisal (counting of the prisoners; KL Auschwitz 1942)*

HEIL, SACHSENHAUSEN!

I am a wild savage, you see
One dumb prisoner
Why then sail off to Africa?
Here's my colony
Here a man is sold as
Slave -- lock, stock, and barrel
They even own my crap here
Own my bones 'n' marrow

Heil, Sachsenhausen!
Colony hot and stinking
Germany, it's the real thing
Heil, Sachsenhausen!
Our legs are thin as bamboo
The corpses stink and so do you
Heil! and long live Kulturkampf

I wish I had a German girl
Me, a poor old Pole
But is she real?...you SS-beasts or
Just a sweet ideal?
She, sweet girl and mother
Me, the dumb old father
Our kids in striped clothes covered
Black and white and red

Heil, Sachsenhausen!

Heaven of my dreams, ah yes!
Haven bless-ed by all mankind
Heil, Sachsenhausen!
And if I should croak tomorrow
Dance, now dance, no time for sorrow
Heil!...and long live Kulturkampf

SIDE II, Band 9:

LICHTENBURGER LAGERLIED

(Lichtenburger Camp Song)

German—*Music:* unknown

Words: unknown

A song of farewell to a camp, as sung by a few of the lucky ones who made it home again.

Lichtenburger Lager
Wir verlassen dich
Eltern, Frau und Kinder
Werden freuen sich
Wenn wir wieder weilen
Ganz in ihrer Naeh
Holdari, faldara!
Holdari, faldara!
Lichtenburg, leb wohl, adieu!

Keiner kam freiwillig
 Jemals zu dir hin
 Wann blueht uns die Freiheit
 Das war unser Sinn
 Solche lange Trennung
 Tut uns allen weh
 Holdari, faldara!
 Holdari, faldara!
 Lichtenburg, leb wohl, adieu!

Wenn aus deinen Mauern
 Froh hinaus wir ziehen
 Sagt von uns wohl keiner
 Dir, "Auf Wiedersehen!"
 Denn von dir das Scheiden
 Tut uns niemals weh!
 Holdari, faldara!
 Holdari, faldara!
 Lichtenburg, leb wohl, adieu!

LICHTENBURGER CAMP SONG

Lichtenburger Camp, boys
 We are leaving you
 Parents, wife, and children
 Happy when we do
 Live again together

At each other's side
 Holdari, faldara!
 Holdari, faldara!
 Lichtenburg, be well, good bye!

No one came here ever
 Of his own free will
 Freedom was our day dream
 And our sleeping pill
 Such long separation
 Hurts the toughest man
 Holdari, faldara!
 Holdari, faldara!
 Lichtenburg, be well, be damned!

Once outside your walls, we're
 All free men again
 None of us will ever
 Say: "See you again!"
 Parting's no sweet sorrow
 For you no man will cry
 Holdari, faldara!
 Holdari, faldara!
 Lichtenburg, be well, good bye!



A group of partisans.



DRAWING BY GERTRUDE DEGENHARDT: "LULLABY FOR MY LITTLE SON IN THE CREMATORIUM" (MAINZ 1967)