

VIETNAM WILL WIN

To say, as we have chosen to in the title for this record of Vietnamese songs of struggle, that "Vietnam Will Win," is to help advance an understanding of the events of the past decade in Southeast Asia which, as yet, all too few Americans comprehend.

Many Americans, even those who have come to abhor this war their country has waged in Indochina, still do not have a clear idea of the magnitude of the actions taken by their government--or the elaborate lies employed to justify and conceal those actions.

The American aggression in Indochina has been, from the beginning, a war against all of the people of Vietnam. It is nothing new for colonialists to employ native puppets in order to disguise the true nature of their actions, and Vietnam has been no exception. But the United States has been fighting against "people's war" in Southeast Asia, and every American soldier who has been forced to carry arms in this ugly war he has learned to hate will testify to the genuinely popular character of the "enemy." And indeed, how else can one explain the incredible staying power and victories of a small nation with a limited technology against the most powerful military colossus the world has ever known.

And so we do not say the North Will Win or the People's Revolutionary Government Will Win; we say that Vietnam will win over its enemies.

Equally important to understand is that the word "win" is more than rhetoric -- certainly cheap enough coming from Americans. But we are convinced that the triumph of the Vietnamese people cannot be stopped. Vietnam has proven, decisively, that the power of American imperialism has its limits and that a determined and heroic people can overcome its fiercest depredations.

But we should also make clear that when we say "Vietnam Will Win," we mean not only the gallant people of Indochina, we mean all those oppressed by colonialism and capitalism throughout the world. There may still be some in the

United States who will view this assurance of the victory of the Vietnamese people as a form of "treason" as though loyalty to one's country were to be measured by blind obedience and fealty to the owners of this nation's material wealth and the manipulators of its productive relations. But we believe that "Vietnam Will Win" likewise means that the people of Vietnam will win -- for the enemy of the people of Vietnam is also the enemy of the American people.

Vietnam will win!

The American people will win!

PAREDON RECORDS



ABOUT THE SINGERS:

This is music made by completely integrated people. They do not separate the work of defending their land from the further development of an ancient and rich culture. Everyone in Vietnam is prepared to fight for the land, everyone takes part in its cultivation and its yield. The singers and musicians here are all veterans of battle, and have developed their techniques and aesthetic values under fire.

In 1967, Irwin Silber and I had the great honor of accompanying members of the Artistic Ensemble of the National Liberation Front on a tour of Cuba, where we had been invited to perform as a demonstration of solidarity with the working people, farmers, students, and the cultural representatives of many countries. Some of the songs on this record were performed during that tour, accompanied by the traditional choreography of collective song/dance storytelling usually done by the young women. The stories of the songs concerned battles, parting, trials, victories, and always were optimistic. The lead tenor, through a difficult system of double translations, insisted on discussing the techniques of their "trained" singers in the group, wondering how we compared it to that of singers trained in Europe, for instance. More than that, had we any suggestions to offer?

It was impossible not to think, as I watched the energetic young Vietnamese relaxing in a swimming pool after a long hot week of touring, of what was happening at that moment between other Vietnamese and other Americans 7,000 miles away. All these young people had taken part in battle, but had been quick to embrace and reassure us that they made a clear separation between the policies of the U.S. government and the people of the U.S.A. Their trust in the good-will and determination of the American people to do everything in our power to stop this unwanted and illegal war was deeply moving. It helped us to begin believing in that possibility ourselves, and committed us in ways we are only now beginning to understand, to the job of helping to make that possibility a reality.

The Solo singer on the song "Quang Binh, My Native Land" is Kim Oanh, performing with the "Voice of Vietnam" vocal group and the Folk Instruments Orchestra, conducted by Hoa Province" is sung by tenor Ngoc Huong, with the Vietnamese Opera, Ballet and Music

Theatre Choir and Orchestra, conducted by Cao Viet Bach. The performers on the other songs were not indicated by name in the material available to us. But let me describe a small incident which will help the reader understand something of what is meant by the "new man," what is so different in the new consciousness already alive in Liberation struggles throughout the world which inspires us so deeply.

A group of students from both North and South Vietnam were gathered in a radio studio to record some songs (which will be included on a later Paredon record dedicated to student songs). One of the most important songs was a solo tenor vehicle, and when it came time for the singer to record it, all the others gathered around, to give moral support (in contrast to similar situations here where the custom is, even among the "avante garde" jazz and rock musicians, to take a breather outside during another person's solo). The soloist made two attempts, both of which were excellent until the final high note, which ended in a sour hoarseness. At this point, he simply stepped aside, joined the group around the microphone in support, and motioned to another singer, who did the job successfully. This may seem insignificant unless you have witnessed the hysterical behavior of life-and-death competition-bred performers from the capitalist world in the recording studio. For me, it was worth thousand lectures on the possibilities of socialized man.

And so, this record is dedicated to the musicians and singers who not only lend the support of their artistic work to the liberation struggles of their own people, but their very lives as well. Further, it is dedicated to the example they provide for musicians and singers everywhere, of what is meant by "people's artists."

I would like to add a final dedication, to another group which has recently brought to Americans a glimpse of the possibilities within our own people, the Vietnam Veterans Against the War. These young men have returned from the hell of personal participation in acts which they eventually understood to be crimes against an innocent people, as well as crimes against the integrity of themselves and their people. Through such precedent-breaking events as the Winter Soldier Investigation in Detroit, February, 1971, during which they courageously exposed to the American people the extent to which atrocities and war

crimes are standard operating procedure and policy in the Vietnam war, and Dewey Canyon III, their encampment in Washington, D.C. on the Capital mall during April of 1971, exposing the fact that the government had lied to all of us about our presence in Laos, ending with a massive junking of medals over the Capital fence, they have changed us all. They, from whom you might least expect it, have been among the first Americans to develop an appreciation and thirst for the ancient culture of Vietnam.

Barbara Dane

Member of Vietnam
Veterans Against
the War. Photo by
C. Mugar.



Side 1, Band 1:
WE WILL LIBERATE THE SOUTH! (1:27)

By Huynh Minh Sieng

All together, forward, march,
To liberate the South!
Death to the Yankee invaders!
Death to the clique of traitors!
As the blood, bones, and ashes pile higher,
So grows our mountainous wrath!
All these long years our country stands divided.
Here the tumbling waters of the Mekong,
Here the high ranges of the Truong Song,
Bid us go shoulder to shoulder
Under the same flag, to drive out the enemy!

Rise up, heroic Southern people!
Rise and face the tempest of our revolution!
We pledge our lives to save our country,
And we'll fight to the very end.
Forward, advance, with swords and guns in hand,
For the hour has struck for our country!
The dawn is breaking everywhere.
We have sworn our lives to build
For the generations coming,
A bright and shining future!

Side 1, Band 2:

SONG OF THE LIBERATION SOLDIERS (2:02)
By Long Hung

In the rice paddies, in the wild bush,
In the mountains and in the forests,
Like us, the whole people is rising!
We are the soldiers of liberation,
We are the songs of the people of Vietnam!
Vengeance is boiling in our hearts
With every step we take!

I
Oh countrymen! How much destruction,
For how many years?
Oh motherland, all our efforts are for you!
Rush forward! Thunder is rolling everywhere!
March on! The hour of liberation is drawing near!

II
We have never forgotten Duy Xuyen,
And never Phu Loi!
We will avenge them in spite of all
Their bombs and guns!
Everyone, young and old, boys and girls,
Is steeled in the crucible of Resistance.
We are marching forward!
The hour of Liberation is drawing near!

Side 1, Band 3:

TO YOU WHO VOLUNTEER IN THE ARMY
By Nguyen Tho (2:12)

I
For you this jacket,
In which I place all my tenderness.
For you this handkerchief,
To which I confide all my thoughts!
To you who join the army,
I want to make this gift.
To you, who will battle for the people.

II
You who are a volunteer,
In the Liberation Army,
And I who am a partisan,
Helping to supply what you need,
Together defend our country,
And on the day of victory
We shall meet!

Side 1, Band 4:

MY NATIVE LAND, QUANG BINH (5:15)

By Hoang Van

If someone asks why there are so many
New red tile roofs in my country,
We answer, "After so much sadness,
Some happiness must come."

If they ask why there are so many
Green new rice fields in my country,
We will say, "We remember the dark
Days and all the hunger in the past."

Quang Binh, hallelujah, how we love you.
Ten years have passed,
And what a change has come!
From the blue seas to the even bluer mountains,
To the four green growing seasons of our land.
From the Le Thuy and the Kien Giang Rivers,
Rise the songs that praise the beauty of our home!

Oh militia girl who stands guard on the coast,
Oh army man whose vigil guards our skies,
Our native land will flourish more each day,
And the seeds of revolution sprout all green!

(Refrain):

Quang Binh, my native land,
I will defend your earth and sky.
I will protect all that we love,
My native land.
We thousands stand as one,
And send unfaltering faith
To the farthest provinces,
Quang Tri and Thua Thien,
Send our vow of brotherhood,
And swear that one day
Beneath the same roof
We'll stand together in victory!

If someone comes to visit Dai-Phong,
I'll send him to the docks of Tien.
There the miseries of the past are gone forever,
For the people have reclaimed their own land.

If visitors come to Quang Phu,
The songs of Fisher folk will fill the air.
As they share the sky, they also share the sea,
As they drag their nets to fill the boats with fish!

How glorious, hallelujah, these examples
Of the people who have clung to the sea,
Who can vanquish typhoons and ply their vessels
Like the shuttles that are flying day and night,
Like the boxcars that are rolling night and day,
And the river boats keep moving up and down.

Oh you girls who dry the salt at the seashore,
You young boys who fell trees in the forest,
You have grown up as one with your homeland,
Only twenty years, and both so young and happy!

(Refrain)

Let those who would visit in Roa Nam
See the resistance village of Cu Nam.
It has changed in a thousand aspects,
But its undying bravery remains.

The Gianh River's banks are lined with
Pine trees which murmur the
Names without ceasing,
Of the heroes who died to defend it,
And the village that could not be vanquished.

Hallelujah, the banks of the Xuan Bo,
Where we waited each night for the message,
And expected each moment more victories,
In the difficult days of Resistance.
We remember the mothers and sisters
Who carried the rice to the soldiers.

Oh militia girl who stands guard on the coast,
Oh army man whose vigil guards our skies,
Our native land will flourish more each day,
And the seeds of Revolution sprout all green!

(Refrain)

Side 1, Band 5:

THE BOATWOMAN'S SONG (2:51)

By Pham Minh Tuan

I

Ohay! I pull on my oars,
So my soldier brothers may cross the river!
Here it's very cold, and your way is very long.
For all of us, you endure such pain,
And such privation! Ohay! Ohay!
My boat breaks through the waves!
With the soldiers of the Liberation Army,
I am crossing over the river,
So that they may get to the front!
The enemy has set our country ablaze,
With the raging fires of war;
But you are guarding the villages,
And building a future for us all,
So that everywhere our songs will rise.
Faster, ohay! My sisters, faster!
And tomorrow we will welcome them home
In triumph!

II

Ohay! I pull on my oars,
 So my soldier brothers may cross the river!
 Here it's very cold, and you must go everywhere,
 Enduring a thousand hardships
 And privations for us!
 Ohay! Ohay! The waters mirror the moon.
 With the soldiers of the Liberation Army,
 I am crossing over the river,
 So that they may get to the front!
 In the rear, I shall work hard day and night,
 I will help defend our villages,
 So that everywhere our songs will rise.
 Faster, ohay! My sisters, faster!
 And tomorrow we will welcome them home
 In triumph!

Side 1, Band 6:

THE HANDKERCHIEF (2:38)

By Xuan Hong

I went to the market this morning,
 And bought a piece of white batiste,
 To make a handkerchief.
 With red thread I embroidered on it,
 And with yellow thread I made two swallows
 Flying in the branches of an apricot tree.
 This is my springtime gift
 For the Liberation Army soldier.
 Brothers! Forgive my lack of skill.
 Whose hand will receive my handkerchief?
 To whom will these birds go?
 I don't know, but I am confident
 That tomorrow, when our flags fly everywhere,
 I'll go and search for him
 Who holds my hankerchief in his hand!

(First Refrain)

I have put all my tenderness
 In every stroke of the needle.
 Within me the love for our country
 Is entwined with the love for our soldiers.
 All my heart follows you,
 Who are going to the front.
 My handkerchief will serve
 To wrap your rice,
 And it will comfort you on your marches.
 It will comfort you in the storms!

(Second Refrain)

I have put all my tenderness
 In every stroke of the needle.
 Within me the love of our country
 Is entwined with the love for our soldiers.
 All my heart follows you,
 Who are going to the front.

When you are drilling in the sun,
 My handkerchief will wipe away your sweat.
 Then you will smile,
 And think of the girl who made it for you.

Side 1, Band 7:

THE UNCONQUERABLE VAN TROI (3:28)

By Nguyen Tho

Troi, unconquerable hero!
 Troi, worker and patriot!
 It is you who, before the loaded guns,
 Lifted up your head and cried:
 "Remember my words!
 Remember my words!
 The enemy is the Yankee!
 The enemy is the Yankee!"
 We are millions, ready to follow your example.
 Your death was like your life,
 Heroic and glorious!
 Oh, Nguyen Van Troi, beloved hero,
 Your example shines above the whole nation!

Your voice finds its echo in our hearts,
 And we are resolved to exterminate
 The bloody Yankee invaders.
 We will liberate our motherland,
 And be bulwarks of steel for our nation.
 We cry out with you, as in one voice,
 "Remember my words!
 Remember my words!
 The enemy is the Yankee!
 The enemy is the Yankee!"
 Vengeance is boiling in our hearts,
 And our victories resound far and wide!
 Oh, Nguyen Van Troi, beloved hero,
 Your example shines over the whole nation!



Nguyen Van Troi, executed by firing squad in Saigon, 1964,
 after attempting to assassinate Robert McNamara.

Side 2, Band 1:

THE MARCH OF THE LIBERATION ARMY

By Luu Nguyen and Long Hung (3:38)

Our native land is shuddering,
Filled with hate for him who causes
So much suffering for our people.
It calls on us for vengeance,
To repay the debt of blood.
Workers and farmers rise up!
Intellectuals rise up!
A thundering storm gathers in the China Sea:
The tide is rising and the whole people
Rise up as high as the tide!

(Refrain):

For our people we march to the front!
We'll wipe out the very last yankee,
And proudly fly our Liberation flag!
Let's raise our voices together,
Determined to fight and to win.
Our people await the great day
When we sing the song of victory in freedom!

Our hearts are filled with wrath,
Broken from too much suffering,
From seeing the countryside burnt into ashes,
And our cities turned into flames!
We long to be back in our hometowns,
But we swear never to go home
Until the enemy is driven out forever,
And our land is set free!

(Repeat Refrain)

We must overcome all our problems!
More exploits dared and won,
We must push forward!
The golden star lights our road,
The path of Revolution!
At Kontum we avenge all the suffering.
At ApBac the blood debt is paid.
We turn our hate into energy,
To make the enemy tremble and fall!

(Final Refrain)

Dawn is breaking everywhere!
We grasp our rifles firmly,
And resolutely press on forward.
We will have a new life, or die!
The day is not far away,
When our people will be happy and free.
From Ca Mau to Vinh-Linh
The enemy is in his death-throes.
The sky is rosy with glory,
And our golden star flies proudly
In the free wind!

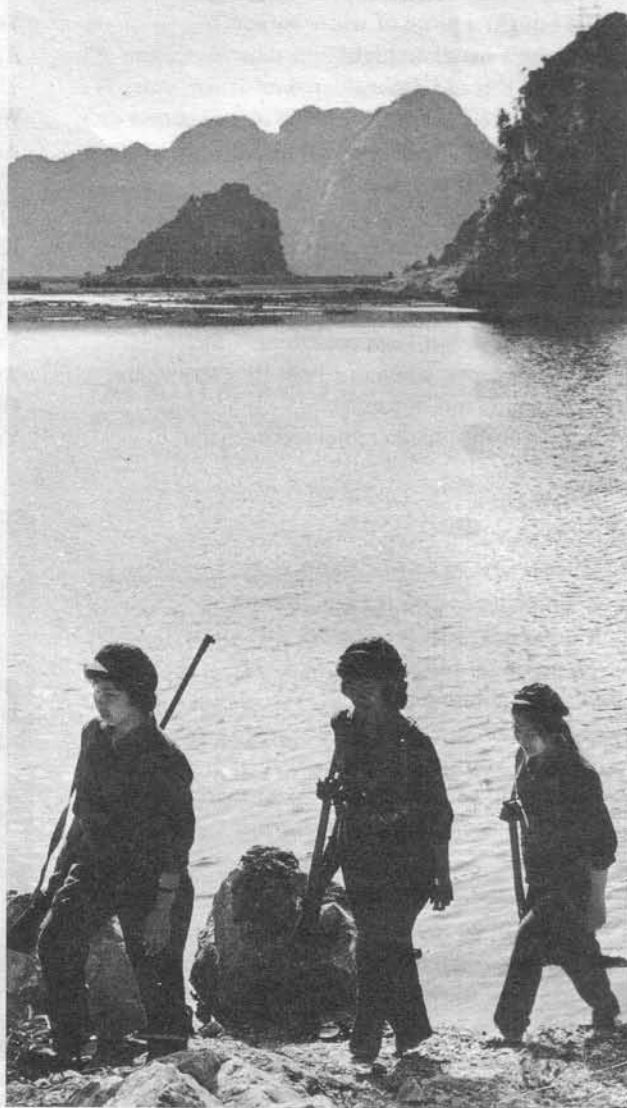
Side 2, Band 2:

GLORY TO HEROIC BI NANG TAC! (2:42)

By Nguyen Tun Thi

Oh, Bi Nang Tac! Hero of Tay Nguyen!
Oh, Bi Nang Tac,
Forever your name will be engraved
On our hearts!
When you had nothing but leaves to eat,
For many months, you did not give up!
You never balked at any trials,
And always called on the people to arise!
Arise, so that the vultures can be eliminated
From the jungles and mountains of our land!

Month after month, setting nets and traps,
You nourished with game the clandestine workers



You defended the people always,
And never complained of your pain.
You worked like this,
So that the light might shine brighter
Over the sky of Tay Nguyen!

With self-made weapons; traps and crossbows,
You advanced proudly against the enemy.
The bells are sounding in every village,
And resounding in the valleys.
People acclaim you in their songs,
With the sweet strains of the T'rung guitar.

Side 2, Band 3:

SONG OF THE COATS (2:00)

By Xuan Hong

Singable English lyric © 1969 by Barbara Dane

Brothers, brave the rain and sun,
Heat of day and cold of night;
Coats we sew for everyone
Help to warm your will to fight!
Brothers risking death each day,
As winter hurries on its way,
Oh know that we will do our best.
Faster, sisters, take no rest!

In the forest, dark and green,
Like a stream of silk our vengeance runs,
Little speedy sewing machines
Move as one with distant guns.
Oh my fingers, nimbly sew,
That our fighters warmly may go.
All of us must do our best.
Flying fingers, take no rest.

Winter is here, the coats are done.
One to warm each fighting girl and boy.
We've sewn our love in every one,
Filling them with courage, hope and joy.
Early to the front they'll fly,
Still while we hold them in our hands,
With every coat we pledge our lives
To drive the invaders from our land.

Early to the front they'll go,
Still, while we hold the coats in our hands,
We pray the sun
Soon will rise on free Vietnam.

Side 2, Band 4:

HEROIC PROVINCE OF THANH HOA (3:15)

By Hoang Dam

CHORUS (Like English "way ho, heave ho")

Zo-ta, zo-ta, (2x)
Ezo kwan ta zo-ta,
E hway ta, e hway ta

(Tenor):

Who goes to Thanh Hoa
Thanh Hoa of heroes!
Lay Loi's village home,
Famed for making history!
Bring this message full of joy
To the village of Lay Loi:
Of the People's Army sing,
Great news of victory bring!

(Female Choir):

Joy to our home,
Home so far away.
Great joy will be
From the mountains to the sea!
Joy to Thanh Hoa,
Thanh Hoa, heroes' home,
Our radiant flag is seen
Backbone of our brave, trieu-trinh.

(Tenor):

Ten thousand ready stand,
All with weapons in their hand.
Work and struggle every day,
To send our fighters on their way.+
Giac My* is in our land,
American aggression in Vietnam.
We'll fight them to the sea
And we'll smash them from the sky!

* Giac My is pronounced "zakn mi" and means
"American aggression."

+The operative concept here is: "to provide support to our Liberation fighters on all fronts, Which means to work hard to build a strong, rich and prosperous village, increase agricultural production, and industry, and to raise up our spirits!"

Side 2, Band 5:

WE LOVE OUR ARMY BROTHERS (3:15)

By Van Thin

Press on, sisters, press on!
With the vegetables and the firewood,
We must hurry to our brothers in the Army!
They are enduring every hardship for us,
And in return, we must show them our love!

Here they are, sisters! Here they come!
Oh brothers of the army, here we have for you
Some herbs, and firewood from the forest.
Our village is poor in everything
Except its love for you!

Oh steep slopes of the mountains,
Oh deep cliffs,
Take good care of our brothers in the army!
Neither jungle nor mountain stops them,
When they spring to the defense of our villages,
To assure us tranquility and peace.

Oh brothers in the army,
Nothing can equal our love for you!

Side 2, Band 6:

SPRING COMES TO THE LIBERATED AREA

By Xuan Hong

The spring comes again to the forest.
The wild bird song is heard in the trees.
Springtime has come to our base camp,
And the wind shakes the rustling leaves.
Spring of our victory!
The birds sing for joy!
Tomorrow the flowers present themselves
Smiling, to rejoice with the young soldier
Who has one more year in his life,
One more year for brave exploits
Expected and awaited by our people.
Spring comes to our resistance base,
And the smoke smudges our roof,
And in this hut the only thing I have to give you
Is a song.

Oh, the springtime in our forest camp
Makes me homesick for my village and my friends.
My will hardens: we must drive out the enemy,
So that all our people can experience the spring.
And someday when the spring comes,
Flowers will bloom in all our houses.
I will meet my brother soldiers,
And we will speak of old times,
Of the days when we fought with such courage.
The flowers will unfold, the flags unfurl,
To welcome the spring with gladness.

The old folks and the young,
All together we sing our songs.
In our country there are four seasons,
And all of them are spring!
Resolved to build our future,
All our people sing together.

Side 2, Band 7:

WE WILL LIBERATE THE SOUTH (2:45)

By Huynh Minh Sieng

(Same as Side 1, Band 1)

PAREDON P-1009 "VIETNAM WILL WIN!"

Credits:

All recorded material here is taken from:

"Loi Ca Giai Phong" GP0001

"Quang Binh que ta oi!" Dihavina 6601

"Loi Anh Vong Mai Ngan Nam" Dihavina 6602

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The songs "We Will Liberate The South", "My Native Land, Quang Binh", "The March Of Liberation", "Song Of The Coats", and "Spring Comes To The Liberated Area" may be found, with piano accompaniment, Vietnamese text, and English translations in "The Vietnam Songbook" distributed by Paredon Records.

Photos: from THE GUARDIAN

Song translations taken from Vietnamese sources and adapted by Barbara Dane.

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