SONGS OF HANNS EISLER
SUNG AND ACCOMPANIED BY ERIC BENTLEY
FOLKWAYS RECORDS FH 5433
SONGS OF HANNS EISLER

Sung and accompanied by ERIC BENTLEY

The English lyrics are all by Eric Bentley and, except where otherwise indicated, are based on the German of Bertolt Brecht. German lyrics are by Bertolt Brecht except as otherwise indicated.

The accompaniments are played either on a Baldwin piano or on an old Mason and Hamlin harmonium. Some are reductions of orchestral scores. Many have been specially adapted for Mr. Bentley's use.

HANNS EISLER, 1898 - 1962, is at last emerging from the relative obscurity imposed upon him by political prejudice. Born in Leipzig, he was later to show himself one of the most gifted pupils of Arnold Schoenberg in Vienna. In 1924 he won the Prix de Rome. Aligning himself with the pro-Communist Left, he was known to large numbers of listeners in the Thirties, but only as the composer of militantly political songs such as "Comintern" and "The United Front." An exile from Hitler Germany, he visited the United States in 1935, and came for what might have proved a permanent stay in 1940. But 1947 was a year of crisis for the Eisler family. Hanns's brother Gerhard was denounced as a Soviet agent by -- among other people -- their sister Ruth Fischer. Gerhard Eisler would later find his way back to Germany by jumping bail in New York and boarding the Polish ship, The Batary. Accusations fell on Hanns Eisler too. More than two hundred pages of the published records of the House Un-American Affairs Committee are devoted to him in 1947. He was allowed to leave this country voluntarily, avoiding actual deportation. His last years were spent in East Germany where again he became known for the "official" type of composition: he did the music for the East German national anthem. Only now, after Hanns Eisler's death, is the world beginning to realize what were his actual contributions to music and theatre. He wrote scores to a number of Brecht plays -- scores that are on the plane of Kurt Weill without being imitative of Weill. He composed a good deal of purely instrumental music. Then there is his Lenin Cantata, highly praised by certain critics, but so far only heard in the United States on a very imperfect tape-recording used by Eric Bentley in the "Bentley on Brecht" series as produced by Pacifica Radio. It is not known if he finished the opera Johann Faust, the published libretto of which got him in trouble on the other side of the Iron Curtain. Finally, Eisler was a prolific composer of songs of very many kinds. The present album presents a choice of these.

Some of Eisler's songs, naturally, are only for professional singers to sing. But many are songs for the theatre, the cabaret, the meeting hall, or the street. ERIC BENTLEY has made his selection from these latter.

It was as a student of Bertolt Brecht's works, as indeed their chief translator and interpreter in the English-speaking world, that Eric Bentley came to the music of Hanns Eisler. His album "Bentley on Brecht" (Riverside Records) has already reached a large public.

Born in England and brought up there, Eric Bentley took a doctorate in comparative literature at Yale and has subsequently taught at universities in the West, the South, the Middle West, and the East. He gave the Christian Gauss Seminar lectures at Princeton and the Norton Lectures at Harvard. He is now Brander Matthews Professor of Dramatic Literature at Columbia.

But all that is only one side of Eric Bentley's life. Another has been given to the world of theatre. For some years he was dramatic critic of The New Republic. He adapted Brecht's Good Woman of Setzuan for the Phoenix Theatre, and Mother Courage for Broadway. A Man's a Man in his adaptation has been called the best Brecht so far seen outside Germany -- and has incidentally been put on disc by Spoken Arts. Folkways is confident that he will prove the ideal mediator between these Songs of Hanns Eisler and the American public.

Discography: Up to 1963 only the best-known of Eisler's songs -- the political songs of the Thirties -- seem to have been put on disc in the United States. In the Thirties the Timely Recording Company issued a couple of ten-inch discs, 78 RPM, which offered three Eisler songs sung by "the New Singers" with Mordecai Baumann as soloist: "In Praise of Learning," "Solidarity Song," and "Rise Up." The English lyrics of the first two are printed in full in the booklet issued with the BRECHT BEFORE THE UNAMERICAN ACTIVITIES COMMITTEE album (Folkways, FD 5531). The third was more widely known as "Comintern" and, in the English of V. J. Jerome, reads as follows:

Rise up, fields and workshops! Come out, workers, farmers!
To battle, march onward! March onward, world stormers!
Eyes sharp on your guns, red banners unfurled,
Advance, proletarians, to conquer the world!
Oh you who are missing, oh comrades in dungeons
You're with us, you're with us, this day of our vengeance.
No fascist can daunt us, no terror can halt!
All lands will take flame with the fire of revolt!

The Comintern calls you! Raise high Soviet banner!
In steeled ranks to battle! Raise sickle and hammer!
Our answer: red legions! We rise in our might!
Our answer: red storm troops! We lunge to the fight!

From Russia victorious, the workers' October
Comes storming reaction's regime the world over.
We're coming with Lenin for Bolshevik work
From London, Havana, Berlin, and New York!

A fourth Eisler song is included in SONGS OF THE
SPANISH CIVIL WAR, Volume One (Folkways, FH 5436). This is "Song of the United Front", from the sequence "Six Songs for Democracy," originally issued in the Thirties by Keynote Recordings. Lotte Lenya sings "Song of a German Mother" in the Columbia Album BRECHT ON BRECHT, released in 1963, and in his own BENTLEY ON BRECHT (Riverside -- also a 1963 release) Eric Bentley sings "Easter 1935," "The Ballad of Marie Sanders," "To the Little Radio," "Supply and Demand," "Song of a German Mother," "The Wise Woman and the Soldier," and "Keiner oder Alle!" The broadest selection of Eisler work ever heard in this country was broadcast in Eric Bentley's radio series "Bentley on Brecht" (Pacifica Radio) but most of this material is not otherwise accessible to the public.

Bibliography


(Not of course a book about Eisler but one which touches on him significantly.)


SIDE 1, Band 1: VIENNESE SONG (1955)

Anonymous

O Captain, O Captain, put an end to my woe!
My beloved's in the army, won't you please let him go?
Your beloved, maybe, I can restore
But first you must answer these riddles four.

Firstly, where is there a king with no land? Second, where is there an earth with no sand? Thirdly, where is there a house with no dish? Fourthly, where is there much water but no fish?

Firstly, in the card pack there's a king but no land.
Secondly, in a flower vase there is earth but no sand.
Thirdly, a snail's shell is a house with no dish.
And fourthly, my tears make much water but no fish.

SIDE 1, Band 2: Und endlich stirbt... (undated)

Peter Altenberg

Und endlich stirbt die Sehnsucht doch
Wie Blüten sterben im Kellerloch
Die täglich auf ein bisschen Sonne warten.
Wie Tiere sterben die man lieblos hält
Und alles Unbetretene in der Welt.
Man fragt nicht mehr, wo wird sie sein?
Ruhig erwacht man, ruhig schläft man ein.
Wie in verwehte Jugendstage blickst du zurück
Und irgend jemand sagt dir leise: 's ist dein Glück.
Da denkt man, dass es vielleicht wirklich so ist.
Wundert sich still, dass man doch nicht froh ist.

(Literal translation: -
And finally yearning does die all the same, as flowers die down in the cellar when waiting daily for a little sun, as animals die when kept without love, and everything uncare'd for in the world. One no longer asks where it may be. One wakes calmly, calmly one goes to sleep. You look back as at bygone days of youth, and someone whispers to you: it is your good fortune. And one concludes that this is perhaps really the case. Yet in silence one is surprised that, even so, one is not happy.)

Peter Altenberg was a well-known figure in the Vienna of half a century ago. He was a Wildean wit and wrote somewhat Wildean sin de siècle verses.

SIDE 1, Band 3: THE LOVE MARKET (1934)

At seventeen I went to market
The market where what's sold is love
They told me it was good experience
Much was bad. God knows, but that's the way it goes.
Sometimes I told 'em where they could get off.

God be praised, it all will soon be over,
Love included and the heartache and fear.
Where are the tears of Friday evening?
Where are the snows of yesteryear?

Yes, you learn to play that market
With increased facility
Selling your embraces wholesale
Though your failings may slowly fade away
If you hand 'em out too generously.
God be praised, etc.

Study, as you may, that market
Haggle as you also may,
Selling kisses, and for peanuts,
Easy, that it ain't, still I've no complaint,
Though we don't get younger day by day.
God be praised, etc.

This is "Nanna's Song" from Brecht's play ROUND HEADS, PEAK HEADS OR RICH AND RICH MAKE GOOD COMPANY, A THRILLER, which appeared in English in International Literature, Moscow, May 1937.

SIDE 1, Band 4: FAILURE IN LOVING (undated)

Heinrich Heine

Sometimes I think when secret longing
Is like a ferment in your eyes
I know what your misfortune is:
Failure in loving, failure in loving.
You look so sad nor am I giving
You your childhood and youth again.
There is no cure for your heart’s pain:
Failure in loving, failure in living.

This little song is grouped by Eisler along with
the Altenberg and the two songs from ROUND
HEADS, PEAK HEADS and a couple of songs not
in this album under the collective title: SEVEN
SONGS ABOUT LOVE.

SIDE I, Band 5: THERE’S NOTHING QUITE
LIKE MONEY (1934)

They say the sight of moonlight on the water
Makes the maiden heart go pit-a-pat
And they talk about a man’s appearance
Knocking women flat. Don’t give me that:
For a girl’s knee only sags
At the sight of money bags.
If Jack never spends a penny
Then how can Jill love Jack?
But if Jack spends lots on Jill then
How can Jill not love him back?
For there’s nothing quite like money
As an aphrodisiac.

You’ll love the sight of moonlight on the water
When you’ve got some money in your purse.
What’s the use of man’s or woman’s beauty
If you’re mean and simply won’t disburse?

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Sung by the Chorus in Brecht’s THE MEASURES
TAKEN, the text of which is to be found in Eric
Bentley’s The Modern Theatre (Doubleday Anchor),
Volume Six.

SIDE I, Band 7. SUPPLY AND DEMAND (1930)

There is rice down the river.
In the provinces up the river
The people need rice.
If we leave the rice in the warehouse
It will cost them more.
Those who pull the ricebarge
Will then get much less rice.
For me the rice will then be even cheaper.
What is rice, actually?

Do I know, do you know,
What’s this thing called rice?
God only knows what rice is
I only know its price.

When winter comes the coolies all need clothing.
One must buy all the cotton and then keep
A firm hold on it.
When the cold weather comes then
Clothing will cost more.
These cotton-spinning mills
Pay too high wages.
There’s far too much cotton anyway.
What is cotton, actually?

Do I know, do you know,
What’s this thing called cotton?
God only knows what cotton is
I only know its price.

Men take too much feeding.
That’s why they are so expensive.
For the making of food
Men are needed.
The cooks made the food cheaper
But those eat it
Make it expensive.
There are too few men around anyway.
What is a man, actually?

Do I know, do you know,
What’s this thing called a man?
God only knows what a man is
I only know his price.

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Also from THE MEASURES TAKEN. Sung by
The Trader.

SIDE I, Band 8: On the Sprinkling of Gardens
(1942)

O springling of gardens!
O sprinkling to encourage green!
Watering the thirsty bushes
Give more than enough!

And do not forget the shrubbery
Even it bears no fruit and is worn out!
Do not forget, between the flowers, the weeds
For they too feel thirst!

Now you may water just the freshest lawns
Or just what’s very scorched
And the naked ground -- refresh the naked
ground!

Not all the Brecht-Eisler lyrics are about Hitler!

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Sung by the Chorus in Brecht’s THE MEASURES
TAKEN, the text of which is to be found in Eric
Bentley’s The Modern Theatre (Doubleday Anchor),
Volume Six.

SIDE I, Band 9: ON SUICIDE (1939)

In such a country and at such a time
There should be no melancholy evenings.
Even high bridges over the rivers
And the hours between the night and morning
And the long, long wintertime.
All these are dangerous.
For in view of all the misery
People just throw their unbearable lives away.

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The lyric is from Brecht's play THE GOOD WOMAN OF SETZUAN, of which the text is found in PARABLES FOR THE THEATRE (Evergreen Books). The singer is Shen Te, the heroine.

SIDE I, Band 10: THE WISE WOMAN AND THE SOLDIER (1928)

A shotgun will shoot and a jackknife will knife
If you wade in the water 'twill drown you
Keep away from the ice if you want my advice
Said the wise woman to the soldier.

But the young soldier, he loaded his gun
And he reached for his knife and he started to run
For marching never could hurt him.
From the north to the south we will march through the land
With knife at side and gun in hand
That's what the soldiers told the woman.

Woe to him who defies the advice of the wise
If you wade in the water 'twill drown you
Don't ignore what I say or you'll rue it one day
Said the wise woman to the soldier.

But the young soldier his knife at his side
And his gun in his hand, he steps into the tide
For water never could hurt him.
When the new moon is shining on shingle roofs white
We are all coming back, go and pray for that night
That's what the soldiers told the woman.

Then the wise woman spoke: You will vanish like smoke
And his glorious deeds will not warm me
And just watch the smoke fly! O God don't let him die!
Said the wise woman to the soldier.

But the young soldier his knife at his side
And his gun in his hand is swept out by the tide
He waded in the water and it drowned him.
And the lad who defied the wise woman's advice
When the new moon shone floated down with the tide.
So what could the soldiers tell the woman?

The wise woman spoke: he has vanished like smoke
And his glorious deeds did not warm you
You ignored what I say and you rue it today
Said the wise woman to all the soldiers.

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The lyric appeared in a book of Brecht's poems in 1927 but is more familiarly known nowadays as a song in MOTHER COURAGE.


On the bed of the Moldau the pebbles are stirring
In Prague three Emperors lie dead

The big will not stay big, the little won't stay little
The night has twelve hours, the red dawn is red.

The world's always changing, however enormous
The plans of the mighty when dawn comes are through.
And though they run wild like hens with no heads on
The world's always changing; there's nothing they can do.

On the bed of the Moldau the pebbles are stirring
In Prague three Emperors lie dead
The big will not stay big, the little won't stay little
The night has twelve hours, the red dawn is red.

This is from Brecht's play SCHWEYK IN WORLD WAR II. In fact Eisler called it the "leitmotiv" of that play. Brecht's SCHWEYK has not yet (1964) been published in English but there is a copy of Alfred Kreymborg's unpublished translation in the Columbia University Library. By way of accompaniment, what Eisler had in mind was a juke-box or electric piano. His score is for two pianos with thumb-tacks on the hammers.

SIDE I, Band 12: AND WHAT DID SHE GET, THAT SOLDIER'S WIFE (1956)

And what did she get, that soldier's wife
From the ancient city Prague?
From Prague she got the button shoes
Lots of good news and button shoes
And that is what she got from Prague.

And what did she get, that soldier's wife
From Paris, city of light?
She got the gown with the silken sheen
The girls turned green at the silken sheen
And that is what she got from Paris.

And what did she get, that soldier's wife
She got the gown with the silken sheen
The girls turned green at the silken sheen
And that is what she got from Paris.

And what did she get, that soldier's wife
From the wilds of Russia?
From Russia she got the widow's veal
The widow's veil for his funeral
That's what she got from Russia.

Also from Brecht's SCHWEYK, although the lyric had been written earlier. The German and H.R. Hays' translation appear in Brecht's SELECTED POEMS (Evergreen Books). The song has been set also by several other composers, including Paul Dessau and Mischa Spoliansky.

SIDE I, Band 13: SOLIDARITÄTS LIED (1930)

Vorwärts, und nicht vergessen
Worin unsere Stärke besteht!
Beim Hungern und beim Essen:
Die Solidarität!

Auf, ihr Völker dieser Erde
Einigt euch in diesem Sinn,
Dass sie jetzt die eure werde
Und die grosse Nährerin.

Vorwärts, usw
Grenades are flying: hear them whine!
And Noske's bastards are storming Bixensteins!
Thou Athens on the Spree, Berlin,
O how much blood thy streets have seen!

The leftwing socialists who tried to make a revolution
in Germany after World War I took up the name
of Spartacus and called themselves Spartacists.
They were put down with great savagery. Noske
was rightwing socialist Minister of the Interior,
responsible for not a little of this savagery. The
Spree, of course, the little river that flows through
Berlin.

SIDE II, Band 2. DAS LIED VOM TROCKENBROT
(1929)

Walter Mehring

Wer arbeit' muss auch essen, und weil er essen
muss
Das macht das Essen so teuer dass er mehr
arbeiten muss.
Und wenn er dann mehr arbeit' ist's mit der Arbeit
Schluss
Dann kriegt er keine Arbeit, so dass er wieder
huntern muss.

Rechten, linken,
Trockenbrot und Wassertrinken,
Das ist unsere Welt.
Kein Ende und kein Anfang,
Immer an der Wand lang
Dahinter liegt das Geld.

Wer nicht arbeit' braucht nicht essen, wer nicht
ist, er hat kein Brot.
Brot gibt's nicht ohne Arbeit, kein Brot ist
Hungersnot.
Und Hungern, das tut Wunder, das ist eine
Himmelemacht.
Drum rasch mal wieder an die Arbeit, dass das
Brot dir entgegen lacht.

Rechten, linken, usw.

(Literal translation: -

Who works must also eat. And because he must
eat, that makes food so expensive, and so he
must work some more. And when he then works
some more, the work gives out, and he gets no
work, so that he must go hungry again. Left,
right, dry bread and water to drink, that is our
world. No end and no beginning, forever along
the wall - behind it is the money. Who does
not work needn't expect to eat, who does not
eat has no bread. There is no bread without work.
No bread means starvation. And starvation per-
forms miracles, it is a truly heavenly power: so
back to work and fast, so that bread will laugh again
in your direction. Right, left, etc.)

Among the notable writers of the Weimar Republic
whose lyrics Eisler set to music were Bruno
Traven, Kurt Tucholsky -- and Walter Mehring.
In this "Song of the Dry Bread," Mehring says
what Traven said in "The Song of The Cotton
Pickers" and what Tucholsky said in "Charity."
In the last-named song, dated 1928, Tucholsky has
the line, "Good, that is the pfennig, but where is
the mark?" which Brecht would, in "The Mother,"
make into: "Good, that is the patch, but where is
the coat?"
SIDE II, Band 3: THE TREE AND THE BRANCHES
(1933)

And they came to the cities wearing
Their shirts of brown calico.
And bread and meat for bread were scarce.
And with many a shameless speech they ate till
The cupboard was bare.
A cupboard that was bare enough before.
And here we can live high off the hog, said they
And here we can remain for a while, said they
At least a thousand years.

Good! say all the branches
But the tree trunk is still.
More! say the guests at table
Till the host shows them the bill.

And they shot off their big revolvers
At every capable head
And they swagger up and down in pairs
And they take their money from a cupboard
Which is now full of gold.
They are on the up and up.
This cupboard is forever full, said they
And here we can live high off the hog, said they
To the end of time.

Good! say all, etc.

1933: the date says all. How large "the bill"
was did not become clear to the world at large
till 1939-1945.

SIDE II, Band 4: EASTER SUNDAY (1935)

Early on this Easter Day
An impetuous snow storm swept through the island.
Between the budding hedges lay snow.
My little son dragged me out
To see a little cherry tree
From my writing desk
Where I was writing verse in which
I pointed at the men who
Were preparing a war
Which would destroy this island and my people
And the continent of Europe
And my family and me
Silently we placed a sack
Round the freezing tree.

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1935 is the year of Hitler's Nuremberg Laws, which
created many situations such as the one described in
the ballad. Julius Streicher was, of course, a loud-
mouthed spokesman for anti-semitism.

SIDE II, Band 5: The Ballad of Marie Sanders,
the Jew's Whore (1935)

In Nuremberg they made a law
Giving women cause to weep
Who had been sleeping with the wrong man.

The workers crouch in their tenements
And hear the beating of drums.
God above, could there be something wrong
tonight?
Listen, hear it comes!

Marie Sanders, does your boy friend
Have raven hair?
If so, you better had make sure
This is the end of the affair.

The workers crouch in their tenements
And hear the beating of drums.
God above, could there be something wrong
tonight?
Listen, hear it comes!

Mother, give me the key please.
Everything will be all right.
The moon looks like it always did.

The workers crouch in their tenements
And hear the beating of drums.
God above, could there be something wrong
tonight?
Listen, hear it comes!

And at nine one morning she
Drove through the city in her slip
With a board round her neck
Her head shaven, the crowd jeering, her eyes cold.

And thousands go down and line the streets
For Streicher's coming! Make room!
God above, if they only used their ears
They would know who does what to whom.

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In the middle Thirties, Brecht lived on a Danish
island. The Second World War did not destroy
his family and him, and he later changed the
lyric to fit the facts; but since Eisler kept the old
text, it is kept here too. (Actually, Brecht had a
son before his first marriage. This son was
killed in the war -- but wearing the German uni-
form.)

SIDE II, Band 6: THE SEVENTH OF JANUARY
(1937)

Ludwig Renn

In dem Spanischen Land
In dem Unterstand
SITzen unsere Genossen.

An dem Grabenrand
Wo der Posten stand
Ward ein Kamerad erschossen.

Blutig sank er hin
Doch in unserem Sinn
Gibt und gab es nie ein Wan ken.

Nach der Freude hin
Nach der Freiheit hin
Sitzen alle die Gedanken.
(Literal translation: -
In the land of Spain, in the dug-out, sit our Party
comrades. Beside the trench, where the sentry
stood, one of ours had been shot. Bloody, he
sank down. But in our hearts there is not, there
was not ever, any wavering. All our thoughts are
directed toward joy, toward freedom.)

Of aristocratic background, Ludwig Renn became a
well-known Communist writer of the Thirties. The
accompaniment is for harmonica, here imitated by
the harmonium.

SIDE II, Band 7: TO THE LITTLE RADIO (1942)

A little box I carried in my flight
So as not to break the radio tubes inside me
From house to boat, from boat to train, held tight
So that my enemies could still address me
Right where I slept and much to my dismay
Last thing at night and first thing every day
About their victories
(Defeats for me)
O please do not fall silent suddenly!

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This Brecht poem describes the author's life between 1933 and his arrival in the United States in 1941. The houses, boats, and trains were in Denmark, Sweden, and Finland.

SIDE II, Band 8: A GERMAN SOLDIER AT STALINGRAD (1942)

I shall never see again the country that I come from
Neither Southern mountains nor the Bavarian forests nor the sea
Nor the moors in the Marhes nor the pines
Nor the vineyards on the Frankish river banks in the grey of morning
Nor at midday nor yet when the evening falls
Nor the cities nor the town where I was born
Nor the workbenches nor yet the room nor the chair.
All this I shall never see nor shall any who went with me
Ever see all this again, neither I nor you
Will ever hear the voices of wives and mothers
Nor the wind in the chimneys of the homeland
Nor yet the happiest noise of the town
Nor its unhappy noise.

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These lines are from Brecht's poem TO THE GERMANS ON THE EASTERN FRONT, which was incidentally the first Brecht poem translated by Eric Bentley; the translation appeared in The Rocky Mountain Review, Winter 1944.

SIDE II, Band 9: THE GERMAN MISERERE
(1943)

Once upon a time our leaders gave us orders
To go out and conquer the small town of Dantzig
So we invaded Poland and with our tanks and bombers
We conquered all of Poland in a few days.

Once upon a time our leaders gave us orders
To go out and conquer the large town of Paris
So we invaded France and with our tanks and bombers
We conquered all of France in a few days.

At a later date our leaders gave us orders
To conquer the moon and the floor of the ocean
And it's going badly with us in Russia
And the foe is strong and we are far from home.

God preserve us and lead us back again home!

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This song eventually found its way into the Eisler score of Brecht's SCHWEYK IN WORLD WAR II. In America it is often included in performances of THE PRIVATE LIFE OF THE MASTER RACE.

SIDE II, Band 10: SONG OF A GERMAN MOTHER
(1944)

My son, I gave you the jackboots
And the brown shirt came from me.
But had I known what I now know
I'd have hanged myself from a tree.

And when I saw your arm, son,
Raised high in a Hitler salute.
I did not know all those arms, son.
Would wither at the root.

And then I saw you march off, son,
Following in Hitler's train.
And I did not know all those marchers
Would never come back again.

I saw you wear your brown shirt
And did not complain or entreat,
For I did not know what I now know.
It was your winding sheet.

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This song is to be found in Brecht's THE PRIVATE LIFE OF THE MASTER RACE as published in New York by New Directions in 1944.

SIDE II, Band 11: HOMECOMING
(1944)

How shall I find my native town,
Following the swarms of bombers?
I get back home,
Do I see it now? Do I see it now?
Where those tremendous mountains of smoke are,
That's it, there! In the fire over there!
Native town, how will you receive me now?
Look at the squadrons that precede me.
Deadly swarms of bombers herald my return.
White hot furnaces announce
Your son.

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In German, "Vaterstadt" means "father-town", as "Vaterland" means "father-land", but "father-town" is hardly English, and Augsburg was actually the town of Brecht's father, hence ("father-town" above.)

SIDE II, Band 12: THE POPLAR TREE ON THE KARLSPLATZ
(undated)

There's a poplar tree on Karlsplatz
In the ruined city of Berlin
And when people walk across the Karlsplatz
They all see its friendly green.

Nineteen-forty-six in winter:
Men were freezing, wood was very rare.
Many trees were cut down on the Karlsplatz
And that was their final year.

But the poplar tree on Karlsplatz
When spring comes around is green and gay.
It's thanks to you, inhabitants of Karlsplatz,
That we see it still today.

Though undated in Eisler's Lieder und Kantaten, the story itself shows that this song was written after 1946.
Sklave, wer wird dich befreien?
Die in tiefster Tiefe stehen,
Werden, Kamerad, dich sehen
And sie werden hören dein Schreien.
Sklaven werden dich befreien.

Keiner oder Alle, Alles oder Nichts!
Einer kann sich da nicht retten.
Gewehre oder Ketten!
Keiner oder Alle, Alles oder Nichts!

Wer, Geschlagener, wird dich rächen?
Du, den sie den Schlag versetzten.
Reih dich ein mit den Verletzten
Wir, in allen unseren Schwächen
Werden, Kamerad, dich rächen.
Keiner, usw.

Wer, Verlorner, wird es wagen?
Wer sein Elend nicht mehr trägen kann
Muss sich zu jenen schlagen
Die aus Not schon dafür surgen
Dass es heut heisst und nicht morgen.
Keiner, usw.

(Literal translation: -

Slave, who will set you free? Those who are in the deepest depth will see you, comrade, and they will hear your cries. Slaves will set you free. No one or everyone. All or nothing. One man cannot save himself in this situation. Guns or chains. No one or everyone. All or nothing. Who, O beaten man, will avenge you? You upon whom they inflicted the blow, join up with those who have been hurt. In all our weaknesses we will avenge you. No one, etc. Who, O lost one, will dare it? Who cannot bear his misery any longer must throw in his lot with those, who out of their need make sure it is TODAY AND NOT TOMORROW. No one, etc.)

Dated 1935, this song found its way later into Brecht's play DAYS OF THE COMMUNE. There is a verse translation by H. R. Hays, which however does not fit the music, in Brecht's Selected Poems (Evergreen Books).

SIDE II. Band 14: PEACE SONG (1950)

Neruda-Brecht

Friede auf anserer Erde
Friede auf unserem Feld
Dass es auch immer gehöre
Dem der es gut bestellt.

Peace to the house that is your house
Peace to the house that is mine
Peace to the peaceful neighbor
Peace to both mine and thine.

Friede dem Roten Platze
Und dem Lincoln Monument
Und dem Brandenburger Tore
Und der Fahne, die drauf brennt.

Peace to Korean children
Peace to workers on the Ruhr
Peace to New York truck drivers
Peace to coolies in Singapore.

Peace to the men, to the women
Peace to the old, to the small
Peace to the land, to the ocean
That they may serve us all.

(Literal translation of the German verses: -

Peace on our earth, peace on our field, that it also may belong always to him who takes good care of it. Peace to Red Square and the Lincoln Monument and the Brandenburg Gate and the flag that flames upon it.)

Very freely adapted by Brecht from a poem by Pablo Neruda.