Songs of Love, Play and Protest,
sung with guitar
by Frank Schildt,
in Boer, German,
Patois, French,
Indonesian,
Liberian, Yiddish
and English
Folkways Records FW 8774
SONGS OF LOVE, PLAY AND PROTEST

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As far as I can remember, I always liked to sing. In
Elementary School the teachers encouraged me by com-
pliments and good notes for singing. I couldn't
help it, but my voice already quite strong. One
teacher made me sing the second voice alone against
the 10 girls in our classroom. He found it a success
and I had to do this again in the school party at the
end of the school year. Often I wished, I had a
guitar. My mother wanted me to study piano. I re-
membered friends of mine who had no free time at all
because of their piano studies. So, I refused.
Mother said: "No piano, no guitar."

Much later, after I had finished high school, I saved
money and bought my first guitar. I asked some
friends to teach me chords. They printed them out on
a piece of paper and I began my exercises. It worked
out all right and I took my guitar with me everywhere
I went. Mostly to evenings of youth-hostel and stu-
dent organizations. In these organizations I got ac-
quainted with folksongs. Mostly German and English
and Dutch songs were sung on these evenings.

I got a job as an apprentice reproduction photographer,
which enabled me to follow evening courses in design-
ing and psycho-analysis.

During the war I never touched the instrument. Also
I never sang. I didn't feel like it. There were
other more necessary things to do. For instance try-
ing to get hiding places for the heavily persecuted
Jewish people. Oh, lots of other interesting things
could be done. Distributing stencilled leaflets with
the News of London and America, or trying to catch dogs
or cats to have meat for a while.

When the war was over I began to entertain Canadian
and American Soldiers. They paid me in food and
Cigarettes and sometimes money. Money had no value
in those times. In 1946 I decided to hit the road
with a friend of mine. We wandered through Belgium,
Luxembourg, France, Switzerland, Italy and Corsica.
Everywhere we sang in Bars, Nightclubs, Hotels and
Restaurants, making collections after the singing.
In 1947 I settled down in Switzerland and got my
first engagements. I stayed two years in that country
and got at last so fed up with it that I left for
Italy and the South of France. On the French Cote
d'Azur I came in contact with a Club owner from Paris
who promised me an engagement in his Club.

In the beginning of December '49 I entered Paris by
truck. After having found myself a cheap hotel, I
looked up the Club owner who had changed his mind,
but introduced me to some important people in the
entertainment field. A radio-producer, Francis Claude,
gave me an audition in a small theatre. After some
songs he said: "Wait for me in the hall. I engage
you in my Club. Here are 5000 francs." "For what?" I
asked. "For the radio program you just did...
didn't you know...you were on the air all the time."

That same evening I sang in his club, Milord
l'Arsouille it is called. That was my start in Paris.
I got other bookings and I decided to make Paris my
"home". I got myself a nice cozy room on the top-
floor of a Hotel in the heart of the "St. Germain
des prés" quarter. Also I got acquainted with a won-
derful girl who later shared the room in the old
hotel with me. In 1953 somebody in the showbusiness
in Germany asked me if I was willing to come with
him to Germany to entertain American troops. "Why
not." I thought, thus we left for Germany. The
American soldiers were all right, but we got so home-
sick that at the end of 1954 we took a train back to
Paris. It was good to see the old houses again, to
smell the Paris air, to see its people who can be
gay, nasty, industrious, nervous, optimistic but...
ever boring. I remember so well when we left the
Gare de l'Est. We left the luggage at the station
and mounted a bus. There was a drizzling rain and
we saw the rag-pickers searching the garbage cans while
everybody was still fast asleep.
I kept on working for Special Services, but only in France. In 1955 I became the "Directeur Artistique" of the Tabou, first existentialist - cave on the left bank. The existentialists had already changed their minds, but the Tabou held up its tradition and attracted many foreigners. Here some people from the University of Wisconsin saw me and a month later I had signed a contract with them to go in September 1956 to the United States. After my tournee along highschools and colleges, I got a booking in "The Gate of Horn" in Chicago where I was on the same program as Odetta, one of the greatest folksingers I ever heard.

SIDE I, Band 1:

Indonesian "Krontjong" songs.
Krontjong is a kind of Indonesian music influenced by Portuguese and Dutch, played with mandolins, guitars and violins. When the Portuguese penetrated the East Indies, one kind of objects they traded with were musical instruments. So the western string instruments made their entrée in those countries in the 16th century. The Portuguese sung their songs and the people around the settlements learned how to play these instruments and were influenced by the Portuguese settlers.

Nina Bobo is a lullaby. Somebody cradling the baby saying: "Now you must sleep, if you don't sleep you'll move and when you move the mosquito net will drop and the mosquitoes are going to bite you."

Kolé-Kolé. This is a rowing song. In Java the people are physically not too strong. To row the praus Amboinese men are used. These are much stronger and bigger. They were paid the transportation from Ambon to Java, but nobody paid the voyage back, so they stayed on Java and were very homesick. Kolé Kolé is the name of an imaginary girl from Ambon with a beautiful body. Also in that song they say: "The island of Ambon is far away from Java."

Nina Bobo

Nina Bobo, Nina Bobo, kalau aida bobo di gigi niamak. (bis)

Marillah bobo Nonni Nonni manis
Kalau aida bobo di gigi niamak.

Nina Bobo

Nina you must sleep and don't move, if you do the mosquito net falls and the mosquitoes will bite you.

SIDE I, Band 2:

Koleh Koleh

Oleh sio badan eh, rasu sajang sajang eh.
Tanah Ambon aedah Dja-u-eh
Oleh sio sio eh.

Kolé Kolé

Your lovely body... so suptile feeling.
Ambon already far away. (Ambon far away from Java)

SIDE I, Band 3:

Goudeloupe and Martinique

"J'ai quité à regret." I left with regrets Goudeloupe. This is a nostalgic song of somebody who left his island Goudeloupe. He says that here (France) it is beautiful but that he always dreams of his island where the sun shines like nowhere else. As trob he carries a little fetish but despite that he is unhappy. "Oh give me back my Goudeloupe and my Savannes and the little bush of banana tree where I am born," is the refrain.

Adieu Poulard adieu Madras

A song used as a farewell song like Aloha Oe in Hawaii. People from Martinique and Goudeloupe claim that Luli made the melody when he was visiting the islands. The Marquis de Bouillé Governor of Goudeloupe in 1770 is supposed to have written the words. The story is about a girl who visits the governor to ask him if he will send her boyfriend ashore from the ship that will take him from the Antilles to France. The answer is that the ship has already departed, that it is too late.

Ben nol un ti bo. (Give me a little kiss.)

This is a normal calypso song in French. Knock knock, who knocks on my door? It is me, Horo, open the door for me, and give me a little kiss, two little kisses, three little kisses Dou Dou, Dou Dou can be translated as Sweetheart. Doux means sweet. Also a short for E douard, can be the meaning of Dou Dou.

Ce soir nous irons danser sans chemise, sans pantalon. (Tonight we are going to dance without shirts and without pants.)

When the missionaries landed on the French Caribbean islands, they were very shocked, for they found there a perfectly happy people who were walking in the nude. So, they sent messages to France explaining that there were people who were too poor to buy clothes. In France women began to make Camisoles and pants of white cotton and sent these clothes to the island's missions. In the mean time the missionaries had taught the people some religion and one of the things they had told them was that it was sinful to run around in the nude. When the clothes arrived they were distributed amongst the people and they disguised themselves and found it quite funny. But the happy people from Martinique liked to dance in the evening. Everybody knows that when dancing is done in a tropical climate, with clothes on, this can become a disagreeable and sticky business. The result was that there was a protest rising from the people and they marched up to the mission in the nude, singing: "Adam and Eve in paradise wore no clothes, why should we wear them, Tonight we are going to dance without shirts and without pants."

Adieu Poulard

Adieu poulard, Adieu madras, Adieu grain d'or, Adieu collier choux
Doudou à moine, Li qu'a pati,
Doudou à moine li qu'a pati, hélas, hélas c'est pou toujours
Doudou à moine li qu'a pati, hélas, hélas c'est pou toujours.

Bonjou' missié le Gouv'neur, veni te une petition
Pou mandé un auto'tisation,
Pou mandé un auto'tisation
A fin laisser Doudou moine ici

Non, non, non, non, déjà trop tard, bêtiment déjà su' la boue
Non-non, non-non, déjà trop tard.
Bêtiment déjà su' la boue
Dans un instant il va apparailler. (repeat first verse)
Adieu scarf, adieu silk cloth, adieu golden grain, 
adieu find necklace.

My Doudou (Name for Edourd. Also a term of en-
dearment. Doux means sweet) is bound to leave
Alas is will be for ever.

Good day Mister Governor, I come to ask you a question.
I come to ask you an permit to let my Doudou stay here.
No no it is too late already. The ship is already on the way.
In a moment it will disappear.

SIDE I, Band 4:

J'ai quitté à regret

J'ai quitté à regret, sur une chaloupe,
Le pays si joli de ma Gaudeloupe.

Ah...rendez-moi ma Gaudeloupe et ma savanne
Et...le p'tit bois de bananiers ou moi suis né.

Par ici c'est joli, mais toujours je rêve.
Au soleil, sans pareil, du ciel de mes rêves.

Pour trésor j'ai encore mon petit fétiche
Mais hélas de bonheur, mon cœur n'est pas riche.

I left with regrets Gaudeloupe

I have left with regrets, on a boat, my country so lovely, my Gaudeloupe.

Oh, give me back my Gaudeloupe and my savanes, and the little bushes of banana trees, where
I was born.

Here it is nice, but always I dream of the incomparable sun, of the sky of my dreams.
As treasure I still have my little fetish, but alas my heart is not rich with happiness.

SIDE I, Band 5:

"toc, toc, toc, toc, qui f'appe à la po'et?"
"C'est moi Roro, ouv'ez la po'et ben moin." (bis)

"Ben moin un 'ti bo, deux 'ti bo, t'ois 'ti bo
Doudou" (bis)

"Ben moin un 'ti bo, deux 'ti bo, t'ois 'ti bo,"
"Pou' soulager coeu moin."

Toc toc, who knocks on the door?
It's me, Roro, open the door for me.
Give me a little kiss, two little kisses, three little kisses Doudou.
To console my heart.

SIDE I, Band 6:

Adam et Eve dans le Paradis,
So cond'issaient comme des v'ais amis,
Sans chemise, sans pantalon.

Ce soi' nous i'ons danser,
Sans chemises, sans pantalons. (bis)

Adam and Eve in Paradise, conducted themselves as good friends,
Without shirts, without pants.
Tonight we will go dancing without shirts, without pants.

SIDE I, Band 7:

Remarks about the Yiddish song "Oif dem Pripetchick."

A "Pripetchick" is a small stove which is placed on the big stove. It was, and still is used by the poor people all over the Balkan, and Poland. A big stove uses too much fuel. So to save fuel they put a small stove which looks like a cylinder, of about one and a half gallon or smaller, on the stove. The draft of the big stove is used. Somewhere in the lower half of this grip, a roaster is laid on which small chips of wood are burned.

Alef-Beis : Jewish alphabet.
Cheischick : diligence.
Tacke : come on!
Kometz : letters of the alphabet.
Oisjes : This word has two meanings.
Lamentations and the Jewish history. In the Jewish history is a lot of sadness.
"o12" is used by the Jewish people to express their pity, their sadness.
Gollesch : abroad, in foreign countries.
Kojech : Courage.
Oisgemitch : Thrown out, boycotted.

Oif dem Pripetchick brent a Fayerel, un in Stub
ist heiss
Sittet de Rebele lehrt kleine Kindelech dem
Alf-Beis.

Lernje Kindelech, mit grois Cheischick
Woich zoeg du.
Sog' sje noch amol, Tacke noch amol
Kometz Alf-U.

Als ihr wet kindelech aelter veren, un all dos
verstehn
Wieviel in die Oisjes liegen treren, un wieviel
gewahn.

Als ihr wet Kindelech gollesch schleppen,
oisgemitchet sein.
Wird eich in die Oisjes Kojech scoepen, kikt in
sei aren.

Oif dem Pripetchick
On the oven burns a little fire, and it is hot in the room.
The Rabbi sit there and teaches little children the Alphabet.

Learn, my little children, with great diligence
What I say to you.
Say it once more, come on, once more.
Letters, Alef U. (your a,b,cs)

When you my children, become older, and when you understand all this,
How many tears there are in our history and how much sorrow.

When you, my children, will wander abroad, if you were boycotted.
You will find courage in our history. Look in the Torah.
SIDE I, Band 8:

The, what we call, Calypso songs, have their origin in Africa. Mainly the West Coast, from where the negroes came who were used as slaves in N. America. The African people have a talent to make up songs while they are singing, like other people would tell a story. Also the Liberians have this talent. In Liberia some tribes have the habit to punish in song. When somebody has done something seen as misbehavior, people gather before the house where the person lives and make up a song telling what the man (or woman) has done. The song spreads around and after some days everybody in the region knows about the person.

This is a potpourri of four songs. One love song and three punishing songs. I will not translate the love song, for these people say exactly what they mean without beating around the bush.

The first punishing song is about Shera, who went to town to earn some money in prostitution. Prostitution existed only around the missions, and white settlements. It simply is not done within the African tribes. There is no sex problems, thus no prostitution.

The second song is about Limbosa who was beating up his wife. The crowd sings: "Limbosa says: Me and my wife we need no broom the hair of her head can sweep the floor." The third song is a complaint of a married man. The chicken (Rooster) is crowing for day, when I was single Chicken crowed for day, a ptchul, Chicken crowed for day." With other words, the singer doesn't like to work and to get up with the chickens.

Ho' me tigh' ho' me tigh'
Ginga wata comin baby ho' me tigh'
Ginga wata comin baby ho' me tigh'
When ee halla: "Ou-i," when ee halla: "ou-i"
When ee halla: "Ou-i, ou-i" Turos boy no mannah me.

Shera you mak me shim, Shera you mak me shim You wen' a Tala an' so' yo' nounou Oh, Shera you mak me shim.

Limbosa, Limbosa, Limbosa la to
Limbosa, Limbosa, Limbosa la to
Me an' my wife we nee' no b'oom The hair of 'er head can sweep the flo' Limbosa, Limbosa, Limbosa la to
Cheekseen c'owin fo day.

When I wa' singo,
Cheekseen c'owin fo day.

 Eh bah, Eh bah, Eh bah,
Cheekseen c'owin fo day.

SIDE I, Band 9:

Samuel Hall remarks

This is a London Street Ballad. It dates from the 17th century. To really understand this song, one should know something about executions in England during the 17th, 18th and 19th century.

Criminals and other prisoners condemned with capital punishment, were hung on Sunday, so that everybody could have the chance to enjoy this type of show. The prisoners were hung in public after church session.

When everybody was in church, the prisoner was given a last meal and a lot of gin. Mostly the person came under the gallows, nicely under the influence of alcohol. The gallows were set up in most of the towns in front of the Town hall, or on the market place. In London the gallows were at Hyde Park Corner. The man had to climb a scaffold on which stood the gallows and a small stool. He had to stand on the stool, go down, and cut his neck when the hangman had adjusted everything, the prisoner had the privilege to say his last words. A priest or a parson was also standing on this platform to assist him in his last moments of life.

Sometimes the prisoner started to pray, or he begged for mercy. Sometimes the condemned didn't even know what he was going on. And from time to time somebody got mad and began to insult the crowd around him. There seemed to have been a murderer who got so angry that he did not only insult the people around him, but also had some insults to give to the king. He made quite a sensation. After such a speech, the hangman pulled the stool from under his feet. From these hangings in the old times the London people have still a tradition going on.

In London on Hyde Park Corner every Englishman has the right to say what he wants to say. He can even insult the Royal family without being persecuted.

But ... only on the Sunday morning. In Chicago and in New York one can find also these kind of performances. Here they call them "Soapbox speakers. It could have been inspired by the old English custom.

Oh my name it is Sam Hall, it is Sam Hall,
Oh my name it is Sam Hall, it is Sam Hall;
Oh my name it is Sam Hall
And I hate you one and all, You're a bunch of suckers all, God damn your eyes!

Oh, I killed a man, 'tis said, so 'tis said,
Yes, I killed a man, 'tis said, so 'tis said;
Oh, I killed a man 'tis said, And I left his there for dead --
I split his bloody head, God damn his eyes!

So they put me in the quod, in the quod OCI
Oh, they put me in the quod, in the quod;
Yes, they put me in the quod, And they said, "You'll hang, by God" --
All right, I'll hang, God damn their eyes!

Oh, the parson he did come, he did come, Oh, the parson he did come, he did come;
Oh, the parson he did come, And he looked so God damn glum, He can kiss my ruddy bum, God damn his eyes.

And the sheriff he came too, he came too, Oh, the sheriff he came too, he came too;
Oh, the sheriff came too With his little boys in blue -- Lord, what a bloody crew,
God damn their eyes!

So, it's up the rope I go, up I go, Yes, it's up the rope I go, up I go;
Yes, it's up the rope I go, And the crowd all down below, They'll say, "Sam, we told you so!" God damn their eyes!

I saw Mollie in the crowd, in the crowd, I saw Mollie in the crowd, in the crowd;
I saw Mollie in the crowd,
And I hollered right out loud —
Say, Mollie, ain't you proud?
God damn their eyes!

SIDE II, Band 1:

Sarie Marais

Mij Sarie Marais is so ver van mij hart,
En 'k hoop vir haar weer to zien,
Zij heb daar bij die millies bij die groot rivier
gewoon,
Daar onder bij die groot rivier.

REFRAIN:
Oh, breng mij terug naar die ou' Transvaal,
Daar waar mij Sarie woon,
Daar onder bij die millies, bij die groen doreenboom,
En daar woon mij Sarie Marais,
Daar onder bij die millies bij die groen doreenboom,
En daar woon mij Sarie Marais.

Ek was so bang dat die kaakies mij zou want,
En ver o'er die zee wegstuur,
Da'vloch' ek na die kant van die Upingtonsche Sand,
Daar onder bij die groot rivier. (Zo ver van die
groot rivier.)

En die corlog is weer klaar, en die huistoegaan is
daar
Terug naar die ou' Transvaal,
Mijn lievelings persoon sal daar vast en zeker wees,
Om mij met een kus te beloon.

Sarie Marais.

My Sarie Marais is so far from my heart
And I hope to see her soon again.
She was living by the millies (a kind of trees) near
the great river.
There down by the great river.

REFRAIN:
Oh, take me back to the old Transvaal.
There where my Sarie lives.
There down by the millies by the green thorn trees.
There lives my Sarie Marais.

I was so afraid that the English would catch me
And would send me far over the sea.
There for I escaped to the region of the Upington Sands.
There down by the great river. (Far from the great
river).

The war is over again and I can go home
Back to the old Transvaal.
My darling will be there for sure,
To compensate me with a kiss.

SIDE II, Band 2:

Die Kat

En die Boer die zooer 'em blauw, en ie zou die kat
doodskiet,
En ie een hoe gelaan, met kruit en dynamiet.
En ie lei die kat 'em voor, die weg die hij moes'
kum.... En...
De volgende morgen, velletjes en beenjies, Naar...

Die Kat kom weer, ie kon niet langer wach'
Die kat kon weer die volgende dag,

Die kat kom weer, geloof me 'et is waar,
De volgende dag was die kat weer daar.

En die Boer die set die kat, toen op die skoorsteen
meer,
Die kat die viel omlaat, en ie deed zich vrees'lijk
meer,
Die ka die viel in't vuur, verbrande binnen 't uur,
En de volgende morgen asch en botjes, Maar...

The Cat

The Boer swore that he would shoot the cat,
He had loaded his rifle with powder and dynamite.
He lay in ambush by the road he would come... And...
The next morning, skin and bones, but...

The cat came again. He couldn't wait longer
The cat came again the next day.
The cat came again, believe me it is true,
The next morning the cat was there again.

The boer put the cat upon the chimney.
The cat fell down and hurt himself terribly
The cat fell in the fire, burned up within an hour...
And...
The next morning, ashes and little pieces of bone...
But... etc.

Baboon.

Baboon klim die berg,
Zo haastig, zo lustig,
Baboon klim die berg,
Zo haastig, zo lustig,
Baboon klim die berg,
Om die Rooinek te verarg,
Hoera voor die Boer Hoera.

REFRAIN:
En je moe' nie'huil nie',
Je moe' nie treur nie',
Rik, tik, rikke, tikke, tik, En die hopla,
hopla, hoy
(bis)

Baboon climb the hill, so quickly, so gayly 2
Baboon climb the hill to vex the Red neck (English)
Hurrah for the Boer Hurrah.
And you must not weep, and you must not mourn.
For the boys from Stellenbosch will come again.

Tannie met die Rooirookie

En ek had er aan een hankie, En ek lei er om een
rankie
Tannie met die Rooirookie,
En ek hang er om er nekkie, En ek zoem er op er
beakie.

REFRAIN:
Tannie met die Rooirookie
Tannie met die mooi rookkie,
Tannie met die Rooi, Tannie met die mooi
Tannie met die Rooirookie.

Oh, Skoam toch van jou om een Kakkie te wil trouw,
Tannie met die Rooirookie,
Wat wil een Kakkie van een Boerevrouw,
Tannie met die Rooirookie.

(REFRAIN)
Tanny

And I took her by the hand, and I led her around a
curve (Small footpath)
Tanny with her red skirt. (Englishman, Redcoat)
And I hanged around her neck and I kiss her on her
mouth,

REFRAIN:
Tanny with her nice skirt, Tanny with her Redcoat,
etc.

Oh shame yourself to want to marry a Kakie (English-
man)
What does a kakie want from a Boer girl?

Suikerbossie
Suikerbossie 'k wil jou hê,
Wat zal jou mama daarvan sê
Toe loop ons daar onder da die maan
Ek en m'n Suikerbossie saan.

REFRAIN:
Dan draai ons en dan zwai ons deur die maanlich,
Ja deur die maanlich, Ja deur die maanlich
Dan draai ons en dan zwai ons deur die maanlich,
Suikerbossie ek en jíj.

Suikerbossie kom vanaan
Daar waar die roerboomies staan.
Sê aan jou Ma jíj ken mij krijg! (3)
Sij ken mij v'r skoonbeer krijg.

(Suikerbossie)

Sugar bunch

A Suikerboss is a little piece of thin cloth in which
some sugar is knotted. In Holland this was used as
pacifier for babies. Often the old people added some
drops of Jenever (Dutch gin), so that the baby would
sleep. The Afrikaanders (Boers) used this word also
as a term of endearment. Like in English are used
names as: Honey, honeypot, Sweetheart, Sugar etc.

Sugar bunch I want to have you, Sugar bunch I want
to get you,
What will your Mama say about it?
Let us walk under the moon, He and my Sugar Bunch
together.

REFRAIN:
Then let us swing and turnaround through the moonlight.
Sugar Bunch, I and you.

Sugar bunch, come tonight.
There where the roerboomies (a kind of trees) are
standing.
Say to your Ma, you can get me.
She can get me as soon in law.

Hi Zikke Zumba, zumba zumba
Hi Zikke zumba, zumba zumba

Hold them down, you Zulu warrior,
Hold them down, you Zulu Chief...Chief...Chief...

(repeat first lines)

SIDE II, Band 3:

Florian Geier Lied

This song refers to the Peasants War in Germany. (1524)
In those times the land was owned by: on one side
the R.C. Church and monasteries, on the other side by
the Nobility. The peasants worked on the land of
one of these two. They could be compared with the
share-croppers of today. These peasants had to pay
a sort of tax, or rent. The Church seem to have
charged so much tax that the peasants never could
raise the crop to pay it.

A knight, Florian Geier, organized a uprising against
the Church. The peasants became his soldiers. They
took as their coat of arms a "Bundschuh". A bundschuh
can be compared with a kind of sandal. It was a
leather sole with strap, which were bound around the
ankle and calf, to keep it attached to the foot. It
was the shoe of the poor. In this song they have the
expression: "Setzt auf den Klosterdach den roten
Hahn!" Literally translated this means: "Put on the
roof of the monastery the red rooster." With other
words: "Set Flame to the roof of the monastery."

The Church won this war, for it could hire professional
soldiers; "Landsmechten" or Mercenaries. The peasants
uprise was rapidly ended. In the song the last verse
says: "There will come a time that we will win and
then we'll all drink ourselves a victory (debauch)."

Wir sind des Geiers schwere Haufen, Heia heio
Und wollen mit Tyrannen reisen, Heia, Ho, Ho, Ho, Ho,
Spies voran, drauf und dran, setzt aufs Klosterdach
den roten Hahn.

Spies voran, drauf und dran, setzt aufs Klosterdach
den Hahn.

Der Florian Geier fuhrt uns an, H.....
Den Bundschuh füert er in dem Fahn, H.....

Geschlagen kehren wir nach Haus'. H.....
Unsere Enkel fechten es besser aus. H.....

Einst Siegreich kehren wir nach Haus'. H.....
Und saufen uns 'nen Siegerrausch. H.....

We are the black gangs of Florian Geier.
And we want to fight with tyrants.

Spearhead ahead, on them and at them
Put on the roof of the monastery the red
rooster.

Florian Geier is leading us. The "Bundschuh" is his
coat of arms.

Beaten we went home, the others fought it out better.

Once we will go home in victory, and then we'll drink
ourselves a victory

SIDE II, Band 4:

Immer Marchieren

Germany 1920. Anti military song. Words and music
are supposed to be written by a certain Stephan
Volpe.

Immer marchieren, immer verlieren, immer im gleichen
Schritt,
Glühende Sonne, graue Kolonne, immer im gleichen Schritt.
Es gilt nur die Strassen, es gilt nur den Rhythmus, Vergessen ist alles sonst.
Heiser sang weht ihnen ins Gesicht,
Baume stehen grau an rande, Keiner spricht, Keiner sagt: "Halt!"
Die grosse Strasse, hat sie erfasst.
Immer marzieren, immer verlieren, immer im gleichen Schritt. etc.
The words and the music have a very depressing influence on people. Still war is not mentioned. I will give here the exact translation of the words.
Always marching, always loosing, always marching in step.
 Burning hot sun, grey columns, always marching in step.
Only count the roads, only count the rhythms, forgetting is all for nothing.
Hot sand blows you in the face. trees are standing grey. (Like shadows) at the verge.

Nobody talks, Nobody says: "Halt!"
The long road has caught them.
Always marching, always loosing etc.

SIDE II, Band 5:

Die Gedanken Sind Frei (Thoughts Are Free)

Die Gedanken sind frei, wer kann sie erraten,
Die fliehen vorbei, wie mächtliche Schatten,
Kein Mensch kann sie wissen, kein Jäger erschiesen,
Es bleibt dabei, die Gedanken sind frei.

Ich denke was ich will und was mich beglückt
Doch alles in ihrer Stille, und wie es sich schicket.
Kind Wunsch und Begehren kann niemand verwehren,
Es bleibt dabei: die Gedanken sind frei!

Und sperrt man mich ein im finstern Kerker,
Das alles sind rein vergängliche Werke;
Denn meine Gedanken zerreißen die Schranken
Und Mauern entwir: die Gedanken sind frei!

[English text by Arthur Koves]

Die Gedanken sind frei, my thoughts freely flower,
Die Gedanken sind frei, my thoughts give me power,
No scholar can map them, no hunter can trap them,
No man can deny, die Gedanken sind frei.

So I think as I please and this gives me pleasure,
My conscience decrees this right I must treasure;
My thoughts will not cater to duke or dictator,
No man can deny -- die Gedanken sind frei.

If tyrants take me and throw me in prison,
My thoughts will burst free like blossoms in season,
Foundations will crumble, the structure will tumble
And free men will cry -- Die Gedanken sind frei.

SIDE II, Band 6:

Les Brigandes

Vous étions vingt ou trente brigands dans une bande,
Vous habillés de blanc, à la mod' des, vous m'entendez?
Vous habillez de blanc, à la mod' des marchands.

A première volière, que j'ai fait dans ma vie,
'Est d'avoir goupillé la bourse d'un... vous m'entendez?

C'est d'avoir goupillé la bourse d'un curé
J'entrai dedans sa chambre, Mon Dieu qu'elle était grande!
J'ai trouvé mille écus, j'ai mis la main dessus.
J'entrai dedans une autre, Mon Dieu qu'elle était haute.
De robes et de manteaux, j'ai chargé trois chariots.

Je suis allé les vendre à la foire en Hollande.
Je les vendais bon marché, ils n'avaient rien coûté.

Ces messieurs de Grenoble avec leurs longues robes,
Et leurs bonnets carrés, m'ont bien joué.

Ils m'ont jugé à pendre, Ah c'est dur à entendre!
A pendre et étangler sur la place du Marché.

Monté sur la potence, je regardai la France,
Je vis mes compagnons, à l'ombre d'un buisson.

"Compagnons de misère, allez dire à ma mère,
Qu'elle ne me reverra plus je suis un enfant perdu."

The bandits

We were twenty or thirty bandits in a troop.
All dressed in white like the merchants.
My first theft I did in my life, was stealing the purse of a priest.

I entered his room, My God it was a big one. I found thousand écus (Old French monetary)

I put my hand on it.

I entered another room, My God, the room was high,

Full of dresses and coats I loaded three carriages.

I went to sell them on a fair in Holland.

I sold them cheap, they had cost me nothing.

These gentlemen from Grenoble with their long robes,
And their bonnets, were soon going to judge me.

They have judged me to hang, Oh, it was hard to hear it.

To hang and strangle on the Marketplace.

Standing on the scaffold, I look over France,
I see my companions in the shadow of the bushes.

"Companions of misery, go and tell my Mother
That she will not see me again. I am a lost child."
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