

THE FOUR GENERALS

TUNE: "De los cuatro muleros" (a popular Spanish folksong)

The four insurgent generals,
The four insurgent generals,
The four insurgent generals,
Mamita mia,*
They tried to betray us,
They tried to betray us.

At Christmas, holy evening,
At Christmas, holy evening,
At Christmas, holy evening,
Mamita mia,
They'll all be hanging,
They'll all be hanging.

Madrid, you wondrous city,
Madrid, you wondrous city,
Madrid, you wondrous city,
Mamita mia,
They wanted to take you,
They wanted to take you.

But your courageous children,
But your courageous children,
But your courageous children,
Mamita mia,
They did not disgrace you,
They did not disgrace you.

And all your tears of sorrow,
And all your tears of sorrow,
And all your tears of sorrow,
Mamita mia,
We shall avenge them,
We shall avenge them.

And all our age-old bondage,
And all our age-old bondage,
And all our age-old bondage,
Mamita mia,
We'll break asunder,
We'll break asunder.

* My little mother.

The "four generals" were Franco, Mola, Varela, and Queipo de Llano. Each was in command of one of the four columns advancing on Madrid. The name "fifth column" was first given by the Spanish fascists to their own undercover agents behind the Loyalist lines who were co-operating with the enemy columns.

DAS LIED VON DER EINHEITSFRONT

TEXT: Berthold Brecht

MUSIK: Hanns Eisler

Y como ser humano
El hombre lo que quiere es su pan.
Las habladurias le baston ya,
Porque éstas nada le dan.
Pues: un, dos, tres; Pues: un dos, tres,
Compañero, en tu lugar!
Porque eres del pueblo afiliate ya
En el frente popular.

And just because he's human
He doesn't like a pistol to his head,
He wants no servants under him
And no boss over his head.
So left, two three! So, left, two, three!
To the work that we must do.
March on in the workers' united front,
For you are a worker, too.

Tu es un ouvrier—oui!
Viens avec nous, ami, n'ai pas peur!
Nous allons vers la grande union.
De tous les vrais travailleurs!
Marchons au pas, marchons au pas,
Camarades, vers notre front!
Range-toi dans le front de tous les ouvriers
Avec tous tes frères étrangers.

Und weil der Prolet ein Prolet ist,
Drum wird ihn kein anderer befrei'n,
Es kann die Befreiung der Arbeiter
Nur das Werk der Arbeiter sein.
Drum links, zwei-drei! Drum links, zwei-drei!
Wo dein Platz, Genosse, ist!
Reih' dich ein in die Arbeitereinheitsfront,
Weil du auch ein Arbeiter bist.

SONG OF THE UNITED FRONT

TEXT: Berthold Brecht

MUSIC: Hanns Eisler

And just because he's human
A man would like a little bite to eat;
He wants no bull and a lot of talk,
That gives no bread or meat.

REFRAIN:

So left, two, three!
So left, two, three!
To the work that we must do.
March on in the workers' united front,
For you are a worker too.

And just because he's human
He doesn't like a pistol to his head;
He wants no servants under him
And no boss overhead.

REFRAIN.

And just because he's a worker
The job is all his own;
The liberation of the working class
Is the job of the workers alone.

REFRAIN.

This song has been translated into most of the principal languages of the world. In this recording, Ernst Busch sings it in four languages: one verse each in Spanish, English, French, and the original German. Because of space limitations, only the first, third, and fourth verses are used; the standard English text of these verses is given above.

LIED DER INTERNATIONALEN BRIGADEN

TEXT: Erich Weinert

MUSICA: Espinosa/Palacio

Wir, im fernen Vaterland geboren,
Nahmen nichts als Hass im Herzen mit.
/: Doch wir haben die Heimat nicht verloren,
Unsre Heimat ist heute vor Madrid! :/
Spaniens Brüder stehn auf der Barrikade
Unsere Brüder sind Bauer und Prolet.
/: Vorwärts Internationale Brigade!
Hoch die Fahne der Solidarität! :/

Spaniens Freiheit heisst jetzt unsre Ehre.
Unser Herz ist international.
/: Jagt zum Teufel die Fremdenlegionäre,
Jagt ins Meer den Banditengeneral. :/
Träumte schon in Madrid sich zur Parade,
Doch wir waren schon da, er kam zu spät.
/: Vorwärts Internationale Brigade!
Hoch die Fahne der Solidarität! :/

Mit Gewehren, Bomben und Granaten,
Wird das Ungeziefer ausgebrannt,
/: Frei das Land von Banditen und Piraten,
Brüder Spaniens, denn euch gehört das Land. :/
Dem Faschistengesindel keine Gnade,
Keine Gnade dem Hund, der uns verrät!
/: Vorwärts Internationale Brigade!
Hoch die Fahne der Solidarität! :/

SONG OF THE INTERNATIONAL BRIGADES

TEXT: Erich Weinert

MUSIC: Espinosa—Palacio

From far-off fatherlands we've come here,
We took nothing with us but our hate;
Yet we haven't ever lost a homeland,
For our homeland is now outside Madrid,
Yet we haven't ever lost a homeland,
For our homeland is now outside Madrid.
With our Spanish brothers in the trenches,
Fighting in the hot Castilian sun—

REFRAIN:

Forward, International Brigaders, forward!
Raise the banner of solidarity.
Forward, International Brigaders, forward!
Raise the banner of solidarity.

Spanish freedom now is in our keeping,
To defend it we came across the seas;
Devil take the hated Foreign Legion,
Drive the bandit general to the sea.
Devil take the hated Foreign Legion,
Drive the bandit general to the sea.
Dreamed he'd be in Madrid for the parade soon;
We came first, Franco's army was too late—

REFRAIN.

With rifle, bomb, and our machine guns
We'll exterminate the fascist plague,
Free all Spain of plunderers and pirates—
Spanish brothers, Spain belongs to you.
Free all Spain of plunderers and pirates—
Spanish brothers, Spain belongs to you.
Show no mercy to the fascist rebels,
Nor to any traitor in our ranks—

REFRAIN.

The International Brigades were formed of antifascists who came to Spain from all over the world to defend Spanish democracy against German, Italian, and Spanish fascism.

DIE THÄLMANN-KOLONNE

TEXT: Karl Ernst

MUSIK: Peter Daniel

Spaniens Himmel breitet seine Sterne
Über unsre Schützengräben aus.
Und der Morgen grüsst schon aus der Ferne,
Bald geht es zum neuen Kampf hinaus.

Die Heimat ist weit,
Doch wir sind bereit.
Wir kämpfen und siegen für dich:
Freiheit!

Dem Faschisten werden wir nicht weichen,
Schickt er auch die Kugeln hageldicht
Mit uns stehn Kameraden ohnegleichen
Und ein Rückwärts gibt es für uns nicht.

Die Heimat ist weit,
Doch wir sind bereit.
Wir kämpfen und siegen für dich:
Freiheit!

Rührt die Trommel! Fällt die Bajonette!
Vorwärts marsch! Der Sieg ist unser Lohn!
Mit der roten Fahne! Brecht die Kette!
Auf zum Kampf das Thälmann-Bataillon!

Die Heimat ist weit,
Doch wir sind bereit.
Wir kämpfen und siegen für dich:
Freiheit!

THE THAELMANN COLUMN

TEXT: Karl Ernst

MUSIK: Peter Daniel

Spanish heavens spread their brilliant starlight
High above our trenches in the plain;
From the distance morning comes to greet us,
Calling us to battle once again.

REFRAIN.

Far off is our land,
Yet ready we stand.
We're fighting and winning for you:
Freedom!

We'll not yield a foot to Franco's fascists,
Even though the bullets fall like sleet.
With us stand those peerless men, our comrades,
And for us there can be no retreat.

REFRAIN.

Beat the drums! Ready! Bayonets, charge!
Forward, march! Victory our reward!
With our scarlet banner! Smash their column!
Thaelmann Battalion! Ready, forward, march!

REFRAIN.

This is the song of the Thaelmann Battalion, the first unit of the International Brigades to arrive in Spain, composed of German anti-fascists. At dawn on the morning of November 7, 1936, the inhabitants of Madrid were awakened by the firm tramp of disciplined troops marching through the city. They rushed to their windows, thinking that Franco's army had captured the city. What they saw was the first body of highly trained troops marching behind the purple, gold, and red banner of Republican Spain, the Thaelmann Battalion marching out to the Manzanares River west of the city. It was largely the heroism of the Thaelmann Battalion that saved Madrid then, when Franco was at the city's gates. Only a handful of the original 500 men in the battalion survived the Civil War.

HANS BEIMLER

WORTE: Ernst Busch

WEISE: Silcher

Vor Madrid im Schützengraben,
In der Stunde der Gefahr,
Mit den eisernen Brigaden,
Sein Herz voll Hass geladen,
/: Stand Hans, der Kommissar. :/

Seine Heimat must er lassen,
Weil er Freiheitskämpfer war.
Auf Spaniens blut'gen Strassen,
Für das Recht der armen Klassen
/: Starb Hans, der Kommissar. :/

Eine Kugel kam geflogen
Aus der «Heimat» für ihn her.
Der Schuss war gut erwogen,
Der Lauf war gut gezogen—
/: Ein deutsches Schiessgewehr. :/

Kann dir die Hand drauf geben
Derweil ich eben lad'—
Du bleibst in unserm Leben,
Dem Feind wird nicht vergeben,
/: Hans Beimler, Kamerad. :/

South African Folk- and Freedom Songs collection J G MADHLOPE PHILLIPS

- Abantu bakithi (Vukani madoda)
 Abelungu ngo-dam see Kumnyama
 Africa hear my song
 Afrika see Iza kunyathel' iAfrika
 Amadola am angagexi
 Amajoni see Umkhulu umsebenzi
 As daar "n plaas is
 Awu bheke *
 Ayangena * M,S
 Ayangqikaza * W
 Azikatali see Unzima lomthwalo
 Bahleli bonke etilongweni * H ds
 Bazi e jane see Parnajanda
 Bazo baleka (Dubula) * H
 Blackie hoe kom is jou stert so swart
 The call of the Congress see
 The Congress
 Chief Luthuli has his 50 000 men
 Chief Luthuli, Doctor Dadoo see
 Volunteers
 Come people and listen see Listen
 Daar kom die Alabama
 Dubula see Bazo baleka
 Dubula zasha awuthi nyikithi
 Dumang barolong
 Ee Motswala * W,S,M
 Erile * H,M
 Esoweto
 Forward on to freedom see
 Chief Luthuli has his 50000 men
 Fulfil thy promise see Lizalis
 Give a thought for Africa
 Goema van Tant Sarah
 Hamba kahle 'mkhonto * W,H,M
 Hase hoe kom is jou stert so swart
 He Blaar Coetzee * S
 Ihubo lesizwe see Vukani nonke zisebenzi
 Iqaqa * B
 Intsimbi ka Ntsikana see Sele
 Isikulu lukwana
 Ithemba * W ss
 Izakunyathel' iAfrika * H
 Joina ne Congressse * M
 Kaya lokupumla
 Kea Rona * M,S
 Khau vapha
 Koloi eena
 Kugqityiwe * M
 Kumnyama kubumvu (Abelungu ngo-dam) * B,M
 Kuthenina kunjenjenje
 Kwenzi njami sizwe see Vukani mawethu
 Listen, listen come people and listen
 Lizalise idinga lako *W
 Lovedale
 Malibongwe also Mazilandwe * B, S
 Mandela ufuna amajoni see Umkhulu
 Mandela see Welele
 Masibabulaleni * W,S
 Mayibuye
 Mazilandwe also Malibongwe * B,S
 Muso oa Vostera
 Nants' i Pick-up-van * W,M
 Nants' indod' emnyama * H
 Ngab' amabhunu
 Ngomhla sibuyayo * W,S,M
 Ngomhla usiclanu
 Nkosana liqhaule
 Nkosi sikelela * B,H
 Ntate ke tsoeri ke boroko
 Ntsikana's Bell song see also Sele
 Nyikithi see Dubula zasha
 Nyo- nyoba
 Oh Apartheid brings us sorrow
 Pansi kwentaba
 Parna Janda * M
 Pick-up-van see Nants' i Pick-up-van
 Plea for Africa see Give a thought to
 Africa & Umthandazo nge Afrika
 Qamatha * M
 Rolihlahla Mandela * W, S, M
 Sambreli * B
 Sele, sele (Ntsikana's Bell song) *W, M
 Senzenina * S
 Sera sa motho
 Sesebatsha see Thina silulutsha
 Shona Malanga
 Sibuyayo see Ngomhla sibuyayo
 Sikhalela izwe lakhithi * B, T
 Sikholele Tambo
 Singamasoja * W
 Siyalila
 Siyaya
 Siyobashiya abazali
 Sizongena e South Afrika * S
 Sizoba dubula see Bazo baleka
 Somlandela * H
 Song of the Congress of the people see
 Oh Apartheid brings us sorrow
 South Afrika ikhaya lami
 Strydom o tsohile * S, M
 Thabath' umthwalo
 Thina silulutsha * W, ss
 Thina sizwe * W
 Tshotsholoza Mandela * S
 Tshotsholoza s'timela * T, R, S, W
 U Machel/ U Tambo * W
 U Malan
 U Mandela see mkhulu umsebenzi
 Ulo Tixo 'mkulu
 Umbuso ka Verwoerd
 Umkhonto we sizwe see Hamba kahle
 Umkhulu ufuna amajoni * M, ds
 Umtandazo nge-Afrika * M see also Give a
 thought to Africa/Plea for Africa
 Unzima lomthwalo * H
 Utshaba lomntu lipasi
 Volunteers: Chief Luthuli..* M
 Vukani madoda see Abantu bakithi
 Vuka, vuka Deborah * M
 Vukani mawethu
 Vukani nonke zisebenzi (The International
 We call the people of South Africa
 Welele, o welele qabani * S
 Wobaleka * S
 Woyini madoda
 Zulu kaya lam
 * music in staff notation available
 B=Bruno Raikin, H=Hartmut Emig, M=Maggie
 Hamilton, R=Rycroft S=Stephan Uhlig
 T=Todd Matshikiza, W= Wim van der Mesberg

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