

# Lecture 11: Anti-War Songs

## Old World and historical material

### Oh Frankeriich oh Frankeriich

Oh Frankeriich oh Frankeriich elendes Jammertal  
In dir isch nüt zu finden als luuter Angst und Qual  
Die Offizier sind hitzig, der Stab isch vil zu gross  
Elendig ischt das Leben das me hier füeren muss.

Und fängt das Frühjahr an dann gibts eine grosse Hitz'  
Da muess man exerzieren bis ei'm der Buckel schwitzt.  
Da muess man exerzieren von Morgen bis Mittag  
Und das verfluchte Leben das währt den ganzen Tag.

Vom Exerzieren weg, geht's scho wieder auf die Wacht,  
Kein Teufel tuet mich fragen ob ich schon g'fressen hab.  
Kein Branntwein in der Flaschen, kein weisses Brot dabei,  
Muess schlechten Tabak rauchen, das ist kein Zeitvertreib.

Und kommt ein 'frisch' Parad', tut man ein falschen Schritt,  
Dann hört man es schon rufen "der Kerl muss auf den Glied!"  
Patrontasche runter, den Säbel abgelegt,  
Und tapfer drauf gehaunen bis er sich nicht mehr regt.

So isch es auch kein Wunder wenn einer desertiert,  
Wir werden wie die Hunde mit Schlägen strabliziert;  
Und krieget me uns uns denn wider, so hängt man dich nicht auf,  
Das Kriegsgericht tuet sprechen: Der Kerl muss Gassen lauf!

Und wann ich Gassen lauf, so spielet man mir auf  
Mit Pfiifen und mit Trumlen, dann geht es tapfer drauf.  
Da werden wir gehauen von manchem Musketier  
Der eine hat's Bedauern, der and're gönnt es mir.

Und werden wir dann alt, wo wenden wir uns hin?  
Die Gesundheit ist zum Teufel, die Kräfte sind dahin.  
Und so wirds dann heissen, ein Vogel und kein Nest!  
Geh' Alter nimm' den Bettelsack, du bist Soldat gewest!

### Here's the Tender Comin'

Here's the tender coming, pressing all the men;  
Oh dear hinny, what shall we dae then?  
Here's the tender coming, off at Shield's Bar,  
Here's the tender coming, full of men-o'-war.

Hide, canny laddie, hide theesel' away;  
Hide till the frigate makes for Druridge Bay.  
Here's the tender coming, off at Shield's Bar,  
Here's the tender coming, full of men-o'-war.

If they take ye hinny, what we'll find wor bread?  
Me and both the bairnies might as well be deid.  
Here's the tender coming, off at Shield's Bar,  
Here's the tender coming, full of men-o'-war.

Here's the tender coming, pressing off my dear;  
Oh dear hinny, they'll ship ye oot of here.  
They will ship ye foreign, that is what it means;  
Here's the tender coming, full of red marines.

Hey, bonny lassie, let's gan tae the Lawe,  
Tae see the tender lying, off at Shield's Bar,  
With her colours flying, anchor at the bow.  
They took me bonny laddie, best of all the crew.

Here's the tender comin', pressin' all the men  
Oh, my hinny what'll we do then.  
Here's the tender comin' off at Shield's Bar  
Here's the etnder comin' full of men o' war.

## D-Day Dodgers

We're the D-Day Dodgers, way off in Italy  
Always on the vino, always on the spree;  
Eighth Army scroungers and their tanks,  
We live in Rome, among the Yanks.  
We are the D-Day Dodgers, way out in Italy;(2X)

We landed in Salerno, a holiday with pay,  
The Jerries brought the bands out to greet us on the way.  
Showed us the sights and gave us tea,  
We all sang songs, the beer was free  
To welcome D-Day Dodgers to sunny Italy.

Naples and Casino were taken in our stride,  
We didn't go to fight there, we went just for the ride.  
Anzio and Sangro were just names,  
We only went to look for dames  
The artful D-Day Dodgers, way out in Italy.

Dear Lady Astor, you think you're mighty hot,  
Standing on the platform, talking tommyrot.  
You're England's sweetheart and her pride  
We think your mouth's too bleeding wide.  
We are the D-Day Dodgers, in sunny Italy.

Look around the mountains, in the mud and rain,  
You'll find the scattered crosses, some that have no name.  
Heartbreak and toil and suffering gone,  
The boys beneath them slumber on.  
They are the D-Day Dodgers who stay in Italy.

## The Cold War and the fear of nuclear annihilation

### The Sun is Burning (Ian Campbell)

The sun is burning in the sky,  
Strands of clouds go slowly drifting by,  
In the park the lazy breeze,  
Are joining in the flowers, among the trees,  
And the sun burns in the sky.

Now the sun is in the West,  
Little kids go home to take their rest,  
And the couples in the park,  
Are holdin' hands and waitin' for the dark,  
And the sun is in the West.

Now the sun is sinking low,  
Children playing know it's time to go,  
High above a spot appears,  
A little blossom blooms and then draws near,  
And the sun is sinking low.

Now the sun has disappeared,  
All is darkness, anger, pain and fear,  
Twisted, sightless wrecks of men,  
Go groping on their knees and cry in pain,  
And the sun has disappeared.

Now the sun has come to Earth,  
Shrouded in a mushroom cloud of death,  
Death comes in a blinding flash,  
Of hellish heat and leaves a smear of ash,  
And the sun has come to Earth.

### **Think Again (Dick Gaughan)**

Do you think that the Russians want war?  
These are the parents of children who died in the last one  
Do you think that it's possible, knowing their past  
That they'd ever consider repeating the last  
When 20 million were slaughtered by Nazi invasion?  
They died fighting on our side, you know,  
In a fight to defend humankind  
Against Nazi terror and hatred

In the name of humanity, bitterly torn  
In the name of our children as yet to be born  
Before we do that which can never be undone I beg of you  
Think, think again, and again and again and again and again

Do you think that the Russians want war?  
They're the sons and the daughters of parents who died in the last one  
Do you think that they'd want to go through that again  
The destruction, the bloodshed, the suffering and pain?  
In the second world war out of every three dead one was Russian  
If we try with all of our power  
Can we not find a way  
To peacefully settle our difference?

Do you think that the Russians want war?  
Will the voice of insanity lead you to total destruction?  
Will you stumble to death as though you were blind?  
Will you cause the destruction of all humankind?  
Will you die because you don't like their political system?  
There will be no survivors you know  
No one left to scream in the night  
And condemn our stupidity

## New World and the stance against proxy wars (Vietnam)

### Where Have All the Flowers Gone (Pete Seeger)

Where have all the flowers gone? Long time passing  
Where have all the flowers gone? Long time ago  
Where have all the flowers gone?  
Girls have picked them every one  
When will they ever learn?  
When will they ever learn?

Where have all the young girls gone?

...

Taken husbands every one

Where have all the young men gone?

...

Gone for soldiers every one

Where have all the soldiers gone?

...

Gone to graveyards every one

Where have all the graveyards gone?

...

Covered with flowers every one

Pete Seeger about how the song came to be written on <http://performingsongwriter.com/pete-seeger-flowers-gone/>:

"I had been reading a long novel—'And Quiet Flows the Don'—about the Don River in Russia and the Cossacks who lived along it in the 19th century. It describes the Cossack soldiers galloping off to join the Czar's army, singing as they go. Three lines from a song are quoted in the book: 'Where are the flowers? The girls plucked them / Where are the girls? They're all married / Where are the men? They're all in the army.' I never got around to looking up the song, but I wrote down those three lines.

"Later, in an airplane, I was dozing, and it occurred to me that the line 'long time passing'—which I had also written in a notebook—would sing well. Then I thought, 'When will we ever learn.' Suddenly, within 20 minutes, I had a song. There were just three verses. I Scotch-taped the song to a microphone and sang it at Oberlin College. This was in 1955. "One of the students there had a summer job as a camp counselor. He took the song to the camp and sang it to the kids. It was very short. He gave it rhythm, which I hadn't done. The kids played around with it, singing 'Where have all the counselors gone? / Open curfew, everyone.'

"The counselor added two actual verses: 'Where have all the soldiers gone? / Gone to graveyards every one / Where have all the graveyards gone? / Covered with flowers every one.' Joe Hickerson is his name, and I give him 20 percent of the royalties. That song still brings in thousands of dollars from all around the world."

### Universal Soldier (Buffy St. Marie)

He's five foot two and he's six foot four,  
He fights with missiles and with spears,  
He's all of thirty-one and he's only seventeen,  
He's been a soldier for a thousand years.  
He's a Catholic, a Hindu, an Atheist, a Jain,  
A Buddhist and a Baptist and a Jew,  
And he knows he shouldn't kill and he knows he always will,  
Kills for me my friend and me for you.

He's fighting for Canada, he's fighting for France,  
He's fighting for the USA,  
He's fighting for the Russians and he's fighting for Japan  
And he thinks he'll put an end to war this way.  
He's fighting for Democracy, he's fighting for the Reds,  
And he says it's for the peace of all.  
He's the one who gives his body as a weapon of the war  
And he never sees the writing on the wall.

And without him how could Hitler have condemned them at Dachau  
Without him Ceasar would have stood alone.  
He's the one who must decide who's to live and who's to die,  
And without him all this killing can't go on.  
He's a universal soldier and he really is to blame,  
His orders come from far away no more,  
They come from you and me and brother, can't you see,  
This is not the way to put the end to war.

Written in 1962; for more info see <http://buffysainte-marie.com/?p=809>

### **I-Feel-Like-I'm-Fixin'-To-Die-Rag (Country Joe MacDonald)**

Well, come on all of you, big strong men,  
Uncle Sam needs your help again.  
Yeah, he's got himself in a terrible jam  
Way down yonder in Vietnam  
So put down your books and pick up a gun,  
Gonna have a whole lotta fun.

And it's one, two, three,  
What are we fighting for ?  
Don't ask me, I don't give a damn,  
Next stop is Vietnam;  
And it's five, six, seven,  
Open up the pearly gates,  
Well there ain't no time to wonder why,  
Whoopee! we're all gonna die.

Yeah, come on Wall Street, don't be slow,  
Why man, this is war au-go-go  
There's plenty good money to be made  
By supplying the Army with the tools of its  
trade,  
Just hope and pray that if they drop the bomb,  
They drop it on the Viet Cong.

Well, come on generals, let's move fast;  
Your big chance has come at last.  
Now you can go out and get those reds  
'Cause the only good commie is the one that's  
dead

And you know that peace can only be won  
When we've blown 'em all to kingdom come.

Come on mothers throughout the land,  
Pack your boys off to Vietnam.  
Come on fathers, and don't hesitate  
To send your sons off before it's too late.  
You can be the first ones in your block  
To have your boy come home in a box.

Woodstock video:  
[https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=3W7-ngmO\\_p8](https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=3W7-ngmO_p8)  
Original written in 1965

**And the Band Played Waltzing Mathilda (Eric Bogle)**

(This and similar songs are typical for the anti-war stance in the Sixties and Seventies with the 50<sup>th</sup> anniversary of WW1)

When I was a young man I carried my pack  
And I lived the free life of a rover  
From the Murray's green basin to the dusty outback  
I waltzed my Matilda all over  
Then in nineteen fifteen my country said Son  
It's time to stop rambling 'cause there's work to be done  
So they gave me a tin hat and they gave me a gun  
And they sent me away to the war  
And the band played Waltzing Matilda  
As we sailed away from the quay  
And amidst all the tears and the shouts and the cheers  
We sailed off to Gallipoli

How well I remember that terrible day  
How the blood stained the sand and the water  
And how in that hell that they called Suvla Bay  
We were butchered like lambs at the slaughter  
Johnny Turk he was ready, he primed himself well  
He chased us with bullets, he rained us with shells  
And in five minutes flat he'd blown us all to hell  
Nearly blew us right back to Australia  
But the band played Waltzing Matilda  
As we stopped to bury our slain  
We buried ours and the Turks buried theirs  
Then we started all over again

Now those that were left, well we tried to survive  
In a mad world of blood, death and fire  
And for ten weary weeks I kept myself alive  
But around me the corpses piled higher  
Then a big Turkish shell knocked me arse over tit  
And when I woke up in my hospital bed  
And saw what it had done, I wished I was dead  
Never knew there were worse things than dying  
For no more I'll go waltzing Matilda  
All around the green bush far and near  
For to hump tent and pegs, a man needs two legs  
No more waltzing Matilda for me

So they collected the cripples, the wounded, the maimed  
And they shipped us back home to Australia  
The armless, the legless, the blind, the insane  
Those proud wounded heroes of Suvla  
And as our ship pulled into Circular Quay  
I looked at the place where my legs used to be  
And thank Christ there was nobody waiting for me  
To grieve and to mourn and to pity

And the band played Waltzing Matilda  
As they carried us down the gangway  
But nobody cheered, they just stood and stared  
Then turned all their faces away

And now every April I sit on my porch  
And I watch the parade pass before me  
And I watch my old comrades, how proudly they march  
Reliving old dreams of past glory  
And the old men march slowly, all bent, stiff and sore  
The forgotten heroes from a forgotten war  
And the young people ask, "What are they marching for?"  
And I ask myself the same question  
And the band plays Waltzing Matilda  
And the old men answer to the call  
But year after year their numbers get fewer  
Some day no one will march there at all

Waltzing Matilda, Waltzing Matilda  
Who'll go a waltzing Matilda with me  
And their ghosts may be heard as you pass the Billabong  
Who'll go a waltzing Matilda with me?

Just a couple of years after arriving, Bogle found himself at a Remembrance Day parade in Canberra. The result was The Band Played Waltzing Matilda. "I wrote it as an oblique comment on the Vietnam war which was in full swing... but while boys from Australia were dying there, people had hardly any idea where Vietnam was. Gallipoli was a lot closer to the Australian ethos – every schoolkid knew the story, so I set the song there."  
Initially, his quiet musings of a legless ex-soldier didn't go down well with the establishment. "At first the Returned Service League and all these people didn't accept it at all; they thought it was anti-soldier, but they've come full circle now and they see it's certainly anti-war but not anti-soldier." <https://www.scotsman.com/lifestyle-2-15039/eric-bogle-interview-and-the-man-sang-waltzing-matilda-1-1038909>

### **Masters of War (Bob Dylan)**

Come you masters of war  
You that build the big guns  
You that build the death planes  
You that build all the bombs  
You that hide behind walls  
You that hide behind desks  
I just want you to know  
I can see through your masks

You that never done nothin'  
But build to destroy  
You play with my world  
Like it's your little toy  
You put a gun in my hand  
And you hide from my eyes  
And you turn and run farther  
When the fast bullets fly

Like Judas of old  
You lie and deceive  
A world war can be won  
You want me to believe  
But I see through your eyes  
And I see through your brain  
Like I see through the water  
That runs down my drain

You fasten all the triggers  
For the others to fire  
Then you sit back and watch  
When the death count gets higher  
You hide in your mansion  
While the young people's blood  
Flows out of their bodies  
And is buried in the mud

You've thrown the worst fear  
That can ever be hurled  
Fear to bring children  
Into the world  
For threatening my baby  
Unborn and unnamed  
You ain't worth the blood  
That runs in your veins

How much do I know  
To talk out of turn  
You might say that I'm young  
You might say I'm unlearned  
But there's one thing I know  
Though I'm younger than you  
That even Jesus would never  
Forgive what you do

Let me ask you one question  
Is your money that good?  
Will it buy you forgiveness  
Do you think that it could?  
I think you will find  
When your death takes its toll  
All the money you made  
Will never buy back your soul

And I hope that you die  
And your death will come soon  
I'll follow your casket  
By the pale afternoon  
And I'll watch while you're lowered  
Down to your deathbed  
And I'll stand over your grave  
'Til I'm sure that you're dead

For a great 1992 cover (by Eddie Vedder and Mike McCready check out:  
[https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=ll-Z\\_vTvY-I](https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=ll-Z_vTvY-I)

### **Born in the USA (Bruce Springsteen)**

Born down in a dead man's town  
The first kick I took was when I hit the ground  
End up like a dog that's been beat too much  
Till you spend half your life just covering up

Born in the U.S.A.,  
I was born in the U.S.A.  
I was born in the U.S.A.,  
born in the U.S.A.

Got in a little hometown jam  
So they put a rifle in my hand  
Sent me off to a foreign land  
To go and kill the yellow man

Come back home to the refinery  
Hiring man said "son if it was up to me"  
Went down to see my V.A. man  
He said "son, don't you understand"

I had a brother at Khe Sahn  
Fighting off the Viet Cong  
They're still there, he's all gone

He had a woman he loved in Saigon  
I got a picture of him in her arms now

Down in the shadow of the penitentiary  
Out by the gas fires of the refinery  
I'm ten years burning down the road  
Nowhere to run ain't got nowhere to go

Born in the U.S.A.,  
I was born in the U.S.A.  
Born in the U.S.A.,  
I'm a long gone daddy in the U.S.A.  
Born in the U.S.A.,  
Born in the U.S.A.  
Born in the U.S.A.,  
I'm a cool rocking daddy in the U.S.A.

Written in 1981, released in 1984