Første verdenskrigs sange

Samlet og dokumenteret af Holger Terp, Det danske Fredsakademi

Fredssange

Saks eller skriv den sangtitel du er interesseret i, ind i din favorit søgemaskine eller i You Tube, så vil det for en stor dels vedkommende være muligt, at høre musikken.

Peace Songs

Cut or write the song title you're interested in, into your favorite search engine or You Tube, so will it to a large extent be possible to hear the music.

Chansons de la paix

Couper ou écrire le titre de la chanson qui vous intéresse, dans votre moteur de recherche favori ou You Tube, ainsi il dans une large mesure être possible d'entendre la musique.

Lieder des Friedens

Ausschneiden oder schreiben Sie die Liedtitel, der Sie interessiert, in Ihrem Lieblings-Suchmaschine oder You Tube, so wird es zu einem großen Teil möglich sein, die Musik zu hören.

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Forord

Denne sangbog er rundet ud af Fredsakademiets ide om at formidle de sidste 100 års fredsmusik. Et projekt som startede efter offentliggørelsen af Skjalden sang fredssangen og slaget på marken stoppede. Der eksisterer mere end 10.000 nodetryk fra den store krig og der kendes i al fald 400 samtidige grammofonplader med krig og fred som tema. Musikken og sangene fra første verdenskrig er stort set ikke beskrevet på dansk eller oversat før nu..

Begivenheder i forbindelse med markeringen af første verdenskrig kommer i en lind strøm i den kommende tid internationalt så vel som i Danmark, eksempelvis hos britiske First World War Centenary og i Rigsarkivets udstilling Danskere i Den Store Krig samt Det Kongelige Biblioteks udstilling .Ned med våbnene: Krigsmodstand i Danmark 1914-1918. Den fælles europæiske kulturarvs portal Europeana vil ifølge Det Kongelige Bibliotek 'de næste tre år lancere et stort projekt med fokus på Første Verdenskrig (1914-1918). Fra Danmark deltager Det Kongelige Bibliotek i Europeana Collections 1914-1918 med materiale, som vil fokusere på fotografier, småtryk og bøger fra krigsårene med inddragelse af Genforeningsaspektet i 1920.'

Der kommer formodentligt også nye læseplaner til elever om første verdenskrig og studerende vil fremover skrive specialer og afhandlinger over krigens forskellige temaer.

Det er mit håb, at denne sangbog vil være med til at løfte sløret for denne forfærdelige, rædselsvækkende krigs store kulturelle arv.

Er der så sket fremskridt indenfor det freds- og sikkerhedspolitiske område i løbet af de sidste 100 år? I mit optik kun inden for få områder: Inden for undervisning er fredsforskning blevet et veletableret fag. Kvinder er kommet med i det organiserede fredsarbejde, og militærnægtere behandles ikke længere så umenneskeligt som de blev det under verdenskrigen.

Nogle enkelte ældre sange fra før den store krig er medtaget, fordi de blev sunget og indspillet under selve verdenskrigen og også udkom i forbindelse med senere krige.

Kommentarer og oversættelser er, hvor intet andet er anført, af Holger Terp.

Yderligere litteraturhenvisninger findes i denne bogs indledning, som er en særskilt publikation der kan bestilles på papir på Lulu Marketplace
- http://www.lulu.com/shop/search.ep?contributorId=722027.

Kommentarer og kritik modtages gerne.

Holger Terp, juli 2014.

Første verdenskrig, 1914-1918 — War Requiem

Jeg har, i parentes bemærket, altid undret mig over betegnelserne første og anden verdenskrig. Efter min bedste overbevisning er den amerikanske uafhængighedskrig, 1775–1783 den første verdenskrig og Napoleonskrigene, 1792–1815 den anden, men for ikke at skabe for meget forvirring hos læserne anvendes de konventionelt accepterede betegnelser i det følgende.

Primærkilder til første verdenskrigs historie findes i Fredsakademiets kronologi for årene 1914—1918. Yderligere litteraturhenvisninger er i Holger Terps Læsevejledning til første verdenskrig. Vilkårene for fredsarbejdet under krigen er dokumenteret på engelsk i Holger Terps Goliath vs David. Kilder til USAs krigsdeltagelse er i Holger Terps Vejledning til USAs historie, kultur og politik, 2012. Blandt arkiver med musik skal fremhæves: The Joseph M. Bruccoli Great War Collection at the University of South Carolina[1].

1 Sudduth, Elizabeth, ed. The Joseph M. Bruccoli Great War Collection at the Unversity of South Carolina: An Illustrated Catalog. Columbia, University of South Carolina, 2005.
— http://www.sc.edu/uscpress/books/2005/3590.html

ARE WE DOWNHEARTED? NO! NO! NO!

WORDS BY RAY SHERWOOD MUSIC BY WILL DONALDSON

Featured by the Sensation of Vaudeville THE "SHRAPNEL DODGERS"

F. B. HAVILAND PUB. CO.
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Fakta boks 1

Kongressens forskningstjente publicerede i 2006 en rapport om de menneskelige omkostninger ved USA krigs—deltagelse siden landets grundlæggelse: American War and Military Operations Casualties: Lists and Statistics. Af denne rapport fremgår det s. 5, at der i afrundede tal deltog 4,7 millioner amerikanske soldater i krigen. 116,000 af dem døde og 204,000 blev såret. Opgørelsen stemmer nogenlunde overens med anden udgaven af det amerikanske krigsministeriums, the War With Germany : A Statistical Summary, der udkom i august 1919 s. 120. På s. 130 opsummeres det, at, "The number of American lives lost was 125,500, of which about 10,000 were in the Navy, and the rest in the Army and the marines attached to it."

Storbritannien deltog i hele første verdenskrig som efter en del forberedelse i form af stormagternes kaprustning varede fra 1914 til 1918. USA deltog i årene 1917 og 1918 og Danmark var neutral under hele krigen — og godt med kulturelt og musikalsk. Allerede i 1915 blev de første pacifistiske stumfilm produceret her i landet og den første plade, *Klokke, ring Fred*, så dagens lys samme år.

Ring, klokke, lydt over land, over by,
Meld om en blånende himmel bag sky,
Ring for de sjæle, som stønner i strid,
Klokke, ring fred i vor fejdende tid...

Danske politikere vedtog i december 1917 efter en lang op ophedet politisk debat retten til militærnægtelse. Flertallet af politikerne ville dog ikke acceptere politiske årsager som grundlaget for militærnægtelse, så de indførte begrænsningen af samvittighedsgrunde.

Krigspartiet i USA producerede enorme mængder af propaganda for at drage landet ind i krigen. Reklamefolkene brugte de mest moderne massemedier i form af kunst som plakater og postkort, samt sange og nodetryk. Og der blev fremstillet enorme mængder af disse meget effektive materialer.

Under verdenskrigen blev der også sunget ældre fredssange og soldatersange. Specielt sangene fra den amerikanske borgerkrig og Napoleonskrigene blev støvet af og sunget rundt omkring, men her i denne fremstilling beskæftiger vi os primært med krigens samtidige sange og viser. Gode sange er blevet genbrugt i alle krige. Eksempelvis viser om den hjemvendte soldat så som de beslægtede *Her Mantle So Green*, *the Eighteenth Day of June* og *the Plains Of Waterloo*. Sidstnævnte sunget af Jacqui McShee på the John Renbourn Gruppens Enchanted Garden album fra 1980. [2]

Et enkelt eksempel fra 1918 på en ikke indspillet sang fra første verdenskrig.

I'd Rather Be A Pimp To A Mexican Whore

I'd rather be a pimp to a Mexican whore
Than a first class sergeant in the Hospital Corpse.

I'd rather be a bull dog in a nigger's back yard
Than the ranking duty general in the National Guard.

[I'd rather be a monkey in the top of a tree
Than the Lieutenant—Colonel in the Q.M.C.[3]]

Jeg vil hellere være en alfons for en mexicansk hore
End en oversergent i Hospitalskorpset.

Jeg vil hellere være en bull dog i en nigger baghave
End øverstkommanderende general i Nationalgarden.

Jeg vil hellere være en abe i toppen af et træ
End oberstløjtnant i forsyningstropperne.

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2 Mantle so green. Collections: Bodleian Harding(x) - Bod17040. Imprint Names: Moore, J. Imprint Locations: Belfast.Date between 1846 and 1852. Imprint: Moore, Printer, Castle-court
- http://www.fresnostate.edu/folklore/ballads/LN38.html
- http://ballads.bodleian.ox.ac.uk/search/title/Mantle%20so%20green/?query=&f_Collections=Bodleian%20Harding

3 The Robert W. Gordon "Inferno" Collection in the Archive of Folk Song, Library of Congress.

Soldatersange har ofte flere mere eller mindre stuerene tekstvarianter. Eksempler på sangbøger: Der er 95 soldatersange i Tommy's Tunes der udkom i to udgaver.[4]

Musikvalse digitaliseringsprojektet i USA har indtil videre registreret 115 valser med første verdenskrig som tema. Enkelte af sangene er udgivet af flere forskellige kunstnere. De fleste relevante danske sange og pladeudgivelser er dokumenteret og registreret i Skjalden sang fredssangen …

Udgangspunktet for registreringen af sangene fra første verdenskrig er den engelske film *Oh What a Lovely War*, der oprindelig blev sendt som radioteater i 1961. Det seriøse lystspil er mig bekendt det første forsøg på at rekonstruere de mest populære sange fra krigen. Filmudgaven af teaterstykket giver de første vigtige emneord til musiksøgninger.

4 Tommy's Tunes: A comprehensive collection of soldiers' songs, marching melodies, rude rhymes, and popular parodies, composed, collected, and arranged on Active Service with the B.E.F., by F. T. Nettleingham, 2nd Lt, R.F.C., and published by Erskine Macdonald, Ltd.London. First Published, October, 1917.

Albert Edward 'Red' Newman, et medlem af den canadiske varité teatergruppe, the Dumbells, sang Oh, It's A Lovely War med stor anmelder ros i sceneshowet "Biff Bing Bang" på Broadway i New York i forsommeren 1921. Denne i tempo noget langsomme version af visen udkom på 78 og på nodetryk i Canada samme år. Pladen er genudgivet på, the Original Dumbells, 1977. Lp'en er i skrivende stund under genudgivelse af, Museum of Canadian Music, National Music Museum.

The Dumbells

They were not only entertainers—they were also sacrilegious, socially aware, sentimental, irreverent, and intensely Canadian—they were *The Dumbells*.

The Dumbells were born in the muck and mire of World War One trenches near Vimy Ridge in France. With the war going on all around them, a group of Canadian soldiers led by Honorary Captain Merton Plunkett, got together a variety show, a rough and ready show that proved to be a great success. These soldiers, none of whom ranked higher than a sergeant, liked to clown, and their friends liked to watch them do it.

After its initial success, Merton Plunkett received permission to form the Canadian Army Third Division Concert Party —named *The Dumbells* after the divisional insignia. After shaking the mud of Flanders off their hobnailed boots, *The Dumbells* continued to ride high for 10 golden years, in one successful revue after another. Upon their official formation, *The Dumbells* thereafter entertained the Canadian troops on a full-time basis.

In the latter part of 1918, they played a four-week engagement at the Coliseum in London, England, and on October 1st, they gave their first Canadian performance at the Grand Opera House in London, Ontario. It was so successful that impresario, Ambrose J. Small, booked the show for 16 weeks at the Toronto Grand Opera House. The performances were roaring successes, largely attended by servicemen and ex-servicemen who howled, for instance, when Red Newman came out in his old, dirty, ill-fitting, bedraggled uniform, with web gear askew, puttees undone, red wig sticking out under a battered helmet, and patiently searching for cooties. They cheered just to see him.

The Dumbells have been called the phenomenon of Canadian show-business—for here was a concentration of some of the best popular talent ever seen in this country. Such members as comedian Red Newman, ballad singer Al Plunkett, female impersonator Ross Hamilton, pianist and composer, Jack Eyre, Jock Holland, and Stan Bennett, plus many others, became nationally-known figures. They became internationally-known as well, when, in 1921, they invaded the United States, their show running for 12 weeks at the Ambassador Theatre on Broadway. However, Mert Plunkett used to tell the story of how *The Dumbells* were almost scuppered before they opened on Broadway. In the Princess Theatre in Montreal, they had used a joke about General Douglas MacArthur's famous Rainbow Division being the one that, quote, "came out after the storm was all over". Altho this killed the Canadian servicemen, it drew such violent and vociferous protest from a group of American convention wives in the audience that Dumbell's comedian, Ben Allen, didn't dare to appear again that night. Then in New York, on opening night, when everybody was tip-toeing around with fingers crossed, two stern females with blood in their eyes, caught Mert Plunkett and demanded if this was the Canadian show that went around insulting American fighting men. Plunkett piously assured them that the foul joke was in another soldiers' revue, and thus managed to get rid of them. As Capt. Plunkett recalled, shuddering at the memory, "If they had ever made a public fuss, we'd have closed that night, instead of running 12 weeks." As it turned out, they loved *The Dumbells* on Broadway, and the newspaper critics were flattering. *The Dumbells* succeeded in drawing capacity audiences in theatres and halls throughout Canada.

However in time, vaudeville died, and with it, *The Dumbells*, who disbanded in 1929. They're all gone now, but they will be remembered with great affection until the last of the "old sweats" passes from the scene to rejoin their comrades of *The Dumbells*.

Edward B. Moogk

Edward B. Moogk Head of the Recorded Sound Section, National Library of Canada.

Les Dumbells

Ils n'étaient pas seulement spectaculaires, ils étaient aussi sacrilèges, socialistes, romantiques, irrespectueux et profondément canadiens. Leur nom? *Les Dumbells*.

Les Dumbells sont nés dans le repli des tranchées pendant le première guerre mondiale près de Vimy, en France. Encerclé par la guerre, un groupe de soldats canadiens, sous le commandement de l'honorable capitaine Merton Plunkett, mit sur pied un spectacle de variétés lequel obtint beaucoup de succès. Ces soldats, qui n'ont jamais dépassé le grade de Sergent, aimaient rigoler et leurs amis adoraient les regarder.

Suite à leur succès initial, Merton Plunkett reçut la permission de former la troupe de spectacles de la 3ème division de l'armée canadienne, nommée *Les Dumbells* après la consignation de la division. Ayant secoué la boue de leurs bottes à caboche, *Les Dumbells* ont goûté à un succès renouvelé, de revue en revue, pendant dix scintillantes années. Formés officiellement, *Les Dumbells* ont diverti les troupes canadiennes sur une base régulière.

Vers la fin de 1918, ils ont obtenu un engagement d'un mois au Colisée de Londres, en Angleterre et le 1er Octobre, ils produisaient leur premier spectacle canadien au "Grand Opera House" à London, Ontario. Leur triomphe fut si intense que l'impresario Ambrose J. Small leur procura un contrat de 16 semaines au "Grand Opera House" de Toronto.

Leurs célèbres représentations attiraient en grande partie des militaires et des vétérans qui s'esclaffaient lorsque, par exemple, Red Newman surgissait dans son vieil uniforme sale, avec son accoutrement de travers, et sa perruque rouge sous un casque usé, et qui attendait patiemment des foulques. Ils s'égayaient seulement à le regarder. *Les Dumbells* furent proclamés le phénomène du "showbusiness" canadien puisqu'ils réunissaient une pléiade des plus grands talents du pays. Les membres tels que le comédien Red Newman, le chanteur lyrique Al Plunkett, l'expert en personification féminine Ross Hamilton, le pianiste et compositeur Jack Eyre, Jock Holland et Stan Bennett et plusieurs autres sont vite devenus des têtes d'affiches importantes. Puis ils commurent la renommée mondiale quand, en 1921, ils s'attaquèrent aux Etats-Unis en mobilisant leur troupe, pendant 3 mois, au "Ambassador Theatre" sur Broadway. D'autre part, Mert Plunkett a raconté plusieurs fois comment cet engagement sur Broadway a failli être dissout. Lors d'une représentation au théâtre Princess de Montréal, ils avaient fait une blague au sujet de la célèbre division "Rainbow" du Général Douglas Mac Arthur à l'effet qu'elle avait fait surface une fois que la tempête se soit calmée. Bien que des militaires canadiens y périrent, cett blague souleva dans l'auditoire des protestations si violentes de la part d'épouses de congressistes américains que le comédien Ben Allen n'a pas osé se produire ce soir là. Puis, le soir de la première à New York, alors que chacun se croisait les doigts, deux dames rébarbatives interceptèrent Mert Plunkett et lui demandèrent s'il s'agissait du spectacle canadien qui avait insulté les soldats américains. Plunkett tenta de les convaincre que cette plaisanterie de mauvais goût appartenait à une autre revue militaire puis s'en débarrassa. Frémissant à ce souvenir, le Capitaine Plunkett rapporte: "Si elles avaient provoqué une cohue générale ce soir là, nos 12 semaines se seraient par conséquent terminées sur-le-champ."

Au contraire, *Les Dumbells* firent sensation sur Broadway et les critiques de journaux furent très élogieuses. *Les Dumbells* attiraient des foules considérables partout sur leur passage au Canada.

Avec le temps, le vaudeville mourut entraînant dans sa chute funeste la disloquation des *Dumbells*, en 1929. Ils sont tous disparus mais demeurent vivants dans notre mémoire jusqu'à ce que le dernier de leurs membres quitte la scène pour rejoindre ses camarades des *Dumbells*.

Adaptation française: Loraine Cordeau

Side 1

"Red"Newman – O-O-O- OZONE (Carlton-Carter)
Red"Newman – MY OLD DUTCH
Red"Newman – MEDALS ON MY CHEST (Waite)
Albert Plunkett – AND HER MOTHER CAME TOO
"Jock"(Arthur)Holland – I WOULD IF I COULD (Parsons-Relsie-Tracey)
Stan Bennett – ARCHIBALD (Braham)
Capt. Plunkett's Overseas Orchestra – WINTER WILL COME (Plunkett)
Capt. M. W. Plunkett's Dumbell Orchestra – HORSEY! KEEP YOUR TAIL UP (Hirsch – Kaplan)
**Henry Burr – THE ROSE OF NO MAN'S LAND (Caddigan- Brannan)
"Sleepy" Hall's Melody Boys – GOOD-BYE BROADWAY, HELLO MONTREAL (Rose-Dixon-Warren)

Side 2

Al. Plunkett – O GEE! O GOSH! O GOLLY, I'M IN LOVE (Breuer-Olson-Johnson)
Stan Bennett – MY WORD (Sterndale-Bennett)
Ross Hamilton – DARLING I LOVE YOU
"Red" Newman and Charlie McLean – DIRTY WORK (Weston and Lee)
**John Charles Thomas – ROSES OF PICARDY (Weatherly-Wood)
**Edward Hamilton – PACK UP YOUR TROUBLES IN YOUR OLD KIT BAG AND SMILE, SMILE, SMILE! (George Asat- Felix Powell)
**Harry Fay – IT'S A LONG WAY TO TIPPERARY (Jack Judge – H. Williams)
"Red" Newman – OH! IT'S A LOVELY WAR (Long-Scott)
Al. Plunkett – YUM-YUM-YUM-YUM (Weston-Lee-Harris)
"Red" Newman – CANADA FOR CANADIANS (Weston-Lee)

**Not members of The Original Dumbells

Produced by: Eleanor Sniderman

Mastered By: Philip Joiner

Remix Engineer: Harry Bragg

Cover Photo: The Public Archives of Canada Les Archives Publique du Canada

Art Director: M. W. Herzog

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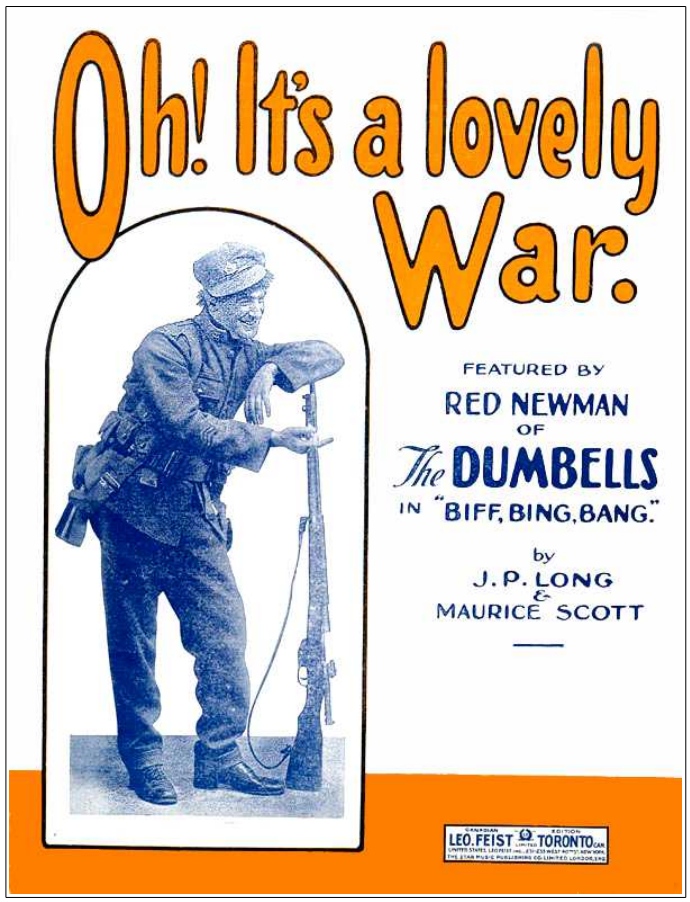
Oh It's a Lovely War



Oh, oh, oh, it's a lovely war,
Who wouldn't be a soldier,
eh? Oh, it's a shame to take the pay;
As soon as reveille is gone,
We feel just as heavy as lead,
But we never get up till the sergeant
Brings us breakfast up to bed.

Oh, oh, oh, it's a lovely war,
What do we want with eggs and ham,
When we've got plum and apple jam?
Form fours, right turn,
How shall we spend the money we earn?
Oh, oh, oh, it's a lovely war.

Up to your waist in water,
Up to your eyes in slush,
Using the kind of language,
That makes the sergeant blush.
Who wouldn't join the army?
That's what we all inquire;
Don't we pity the poor civilian,
Sitting beside the fire...

Åh, åh, åh, det er en dejlig krig

Åh, åh, åh, det er en dejlig krig,
Hvem ville ikke være en soldat,
Hva? Åh, det er en skam at tage hyren;
Så snart reveillen er blæst,
Føler vi os lige så tunge som bly,
Men vi står aldrig op før sergenten
Bringer os morgenmad på sengen.

Åh, åh, åh, det er en dejlig krig,
Hvad skal vi med æg og skinke,
Når vi har fået blomme og æble marmelade?
Dan grupper på fire, drej til højre,
Hvordan skal vi bruge de penge, vi tjener?
Åh, åh, åh, det er en dejlig krig,

Op til din talje i vand,
Op til dine øjne i sjap,

Bruge den slags sprog,
Der får sergenten til at rødme.
Hvem ville ikke slutte sig til hæren?
Det er, hvad vi alle spørge;
Må ikke vi ondt af den stakkels civile,
Som sidder ved siden af kaminen ...

Musik komponeret i fjendens territorium blev normalt ikke spillet under krigen.[5] Russiske komponister blev ikke opført ved koncerter i Tyskland og tyske kompositioner blev ikke spillet I Storbritannien osv.

Når det nu er stort set umuligt at finde samtidig fredsmusik med afsæt i verdenskrigen i det kontinentale Europa, skyldes det uden tvivl den omfattende militære censur i alle de krigsførende lande som varede hele krigen.

Jeg kender kun til et enkelt fransk digt fra krigens begyndelse. Ned med Vaabnene! af Marcel Martinet, i uddrag:

Fattigmand, Arbejder, Bonde,
Side om Side med dem,
der Er Skyld i din Elendighed,
med de Rige, med de Mægtige,
dem, der skød paa dig, naar du strejkede,
og bestemte hvilken Løn, du skulde leve af —
Side om Side med dem, der omkring deres Fabriker
byggede Kirker og Beværtninger for dig
og lod din Kone og dine Børn græde af Sult
uden en Bid Brød paa Bordet —
Fattigmand, Arbejder, Bonde —
vil du Side om Side med de Rige og de Mægtige,
slaas imod de Plyndrede, de Undertrykte,
imod dine Brødre, imod dig selv? ...

Musik komponeret i fjendeland blev som hovedregel ikke opført under krigen.

Andre kontinentale protester mod krigen kommer først senere, så som den franske, *La Butte rouge,* fra 1919.

5 Music Resource Guide. / United States Academic Decathlon, 2013 - The chapter on the music of World War One..- http://www.mrteverett.com/AcDec/Music-Resource-Guide.pdf

I Storbritannien skabte krigen slaget om øl og værtshuse da David Lloyd George besluttede at nedbringe alkoholforbruget i krigstid, hvor han argumenterede at alkoholforbruget påvirkede mængden af industri-og ammunitionsproduktionen negativt, og krævede begrænsende åbningstimer og formindskelse af det faktiske indhold af øl alkohol. Priser og afgifter fortsatte med at stige, og med introduktionen af priskontrol i oktober 1917 for hvad var nu kaldes 'Regeringen øl' En noget tilsvarende situation på øl- og spiritusområdet opstod i Danmark.[6]

Lloyd George's Beer

We shall win the war. We shall win the war.
As I said before, we shall win the war
The Kaiser's in a dreadful fury
Now he knows we're making it in every brewery
'Ave you read of it? 'Seen what's said of it?
In the Mirror and the Mail
It's a substitute, and a pubstitute
And it's known as Government ale, or otherwise

Chorus: Lloyd George's Beer. Lloyd George's Beer
At the brewery, there's nothing doing
All the water works are brewing
Lloyd George's Beer. It isn't dear
Oh they say it's a terrible war, oh Lor
And there never was a war like this before
But the worst thing that ever happened in the war
Is Lloyd George's Beer.

Buy a lot of it. All they've got of it
Dip your bread in it. Shove yer head in it.
From January till October
And I bet a penny that you'll still be sober
Get the froth off it. Make your broth with it
With a pair of mutton chops
Drown your dogs in it. Drops some frogs in it
Then you'll see some wonderful hops in that lovely stuff.

Chorus: Lloyd George's Beer. Lloyd George's Beer
At the brewery, there's nothing doing
All the water works are brewing
Lloyd George's Beer. It isn't dear
Said Haig to Joffre 'When affairs looked black
If you can't shift the beggars with your gas attack
Get your squirters out and we'll squirt the devils out
With Lloyd George's Beer.

6 Cohen, Einar: Danmark under den store krig : En økonomisk oversigt. Gad, 1928 s. 118.

England 1914

Night stirs her inky finger in the water of the day,
The tired sun drops slowly in the sky.
And everywhere the gentle air hangs heavy with the day song
Evening calls the lamplight out to come
Children's wooden hoops go clattering down the street
Soon they're called inside, it's getting late.

The grand canal
Now splashed with red
Reflects on swallows wings.
The lamplighter knows the song the evening sings.

But the gas-lamps stand like soldiers
Hiss warnings to the wind
Their evening vespers prophecy a war.

The world divides
And men take sides
The spark bursts into flame
Nothing can be quite the same again.

Dog barks in the distance
Child cries in her sleep
Night waits for the dawn with baited breath.

The old school, the old rule
Rung out on a muffinman's bell[7]
The lamplighter has made his nightly call.

Dreams of hope and peace
Sent clattering down the streets
Empty like the promises they made.
The wars rage on, and different wrongs
Will someone please explain
That peace is not the lamplighter
'Cos he's not coming back again

7 "The Muffin Man" is a traditional nursery rhyme or children's song of English origin. It has a Roud Folk Song Index number of 7922.
Do [or "Oh, do"] you know the muffin man,
The muffin man, the muffin man,
Do you know the muffin man,
Who lives in Drury Lane?

England 1914

Natten rører hendes blæksort finger i dagens vand,
Den trætte sol synker langsomt på himlen.
Og overalt lyder i den blide luft dagens sang
Aften kalder på lampelyset
Børns træ bånd rasler ned ad gaden
Snart kaldes de ind, det er ved at blive sent.

Den store kanal
Nu sprøjtet til med rødt
Reflekteres på svalernes vinger.
Lysmageren kender sangen aftenen synger

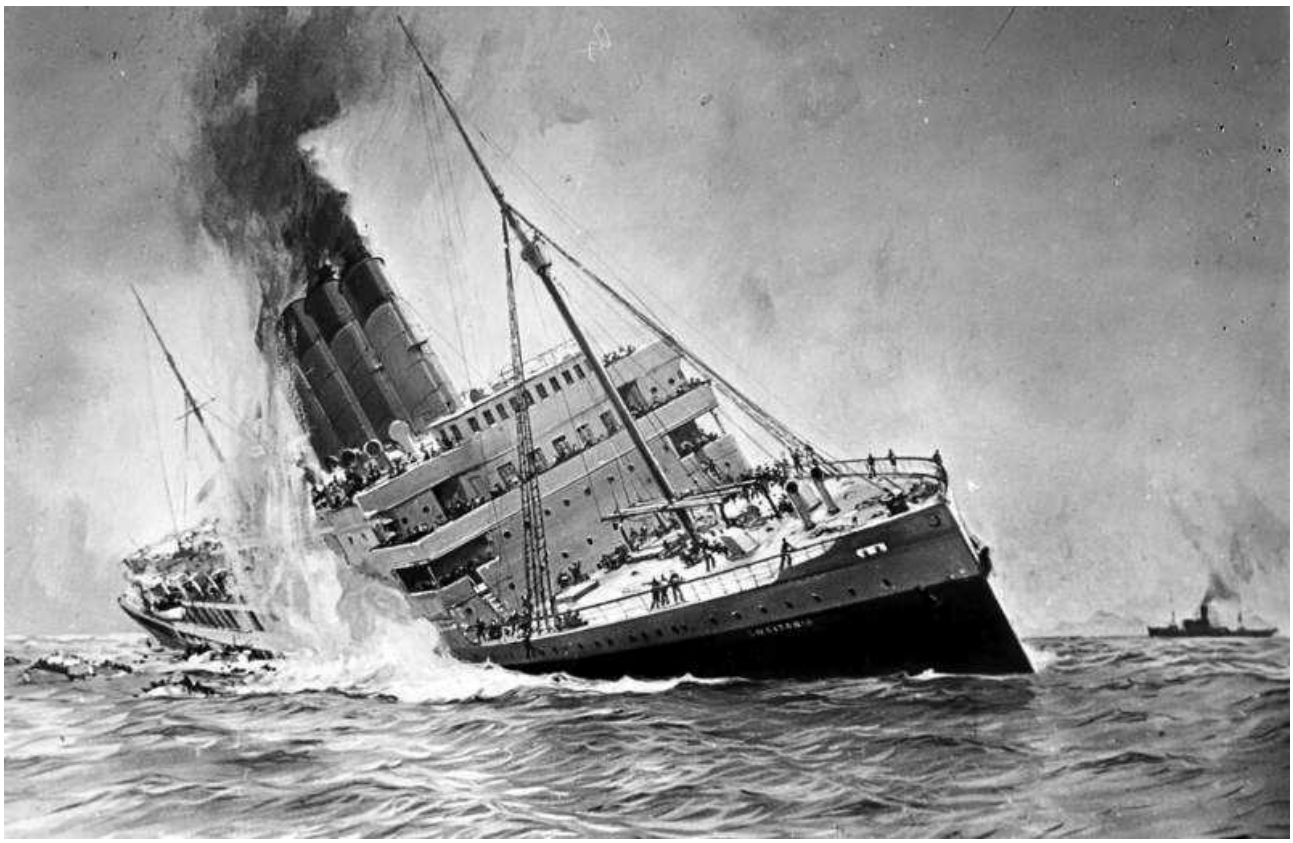
Men gadelygterne står som soldater
Hvæser advarsler til vinden
Deres aftensang forudsiger krig.

Verden deles
Og mænd tager side
Gnisten brister i flammer
Intet kan helt være det samme igen

Hund gøer i det fjerne
Barnet græder i søvne
Natten venter på daggry med tilbageholdt åndedræt

Den gamle skole, den gamle regel
Ringet ud med en kagemands klokke
Lysmageren har råbt sit natlige råb

Drømme om håb og fred
Sendt skramlede ned i gaderne
Tomme ligesom de løfter, de gjorde.
Krigene og forskellig uret raser videre,
Vil nogen venligst forklare
At lysmageren ikke er fred
Fordi han ikke kommer tilbage igen



Amerika var formelt set neutral i den europæiske krig, men eksporterede forsyninger og ammunition til Storbritannien. Transporten foregik bl.a. på passagerskibe. I maj 9115 sænker en tysk ubåd det engelske passagerskib RMS Lusitania på vej fra New York til Liverpool i den irske kanal og mere end halvdelen af de omkring 2000 passagerer og besætningsmedlemmer omkommer.[8]

8 The Lusitania ("Lucy"), the Shell Crisis and Special Intelligence. / : Patrick Bruskiewich - https://archive.org/details/TheLusitanialucyTheShellCrisisAndSpecialIntelligence

'On May 7th, 1915 a submarine of the German Imperial Navy sank the 32,000 tonne Maritime Fleet Auxiliary Lusitania off the south coast of Ireland. The sinking of this Cunard Line passenger ship resulted in the loss of some 1,200 men, women and children, including 118 Americans, and a number of Canadians as well. Lucy, as Lusitania was affectionately called by the British, was sunk by torpedoes fired at its beam within 20 km of the Old Head of Kinsale, Ireland. The Lusitania was in fact a Royal Navy Auxiliary Cruiser carrying passengers, as well as contraband. She was carrying shells and munitions from America to the UK.'

Horrors and atrocities of the great war, including the tragic destruction of the Lusitania, a new kind of warfare, comprising the desolation of Belgium, the sacking of Louvain, the shelling of defenseless cities, the wanton destruction of cathedrals and works of art, the horrors of bomb dropping, vividly portraying the grim awfulness of this greatest of all wars fought on land and sea, in the air and under the waves, leaving in its wake a dreadful trail of famine and pestilence.

- [Philadelphia, Printed by G. F. Lasher], 1915.- https://archive.org/details/horrorsatrocitie00mars

When the Lusitania Went Down

The nation is sad as can be,
A message came over the sea,
A thousand more, who sailed from our shore,
Have gone to eternity.
The Statue of Liberty high
Must now have a tear in her eye,
I think, it's a shame,
Some one is to blame,
But all we can do is just sigh!

Some of us lost a true sweet-heart,
Some of us lost a dear dad,
Some lost their mothers, sisters and brothers,
Some lost the best friends they had.
It's time they were stopping this warfare,
If women and children must drown,
Many brave hearts went to sleep in the deep,
When the Lusitania went down.

A lesson to all it should be,
When we feel like crossing the sea,
American ships, that sail from our slips,
Are safer for you and me.
A Yankee can go anywhere,
As long as Old Glory is there,
Altho' they were warned,
The warning they scorned,
And now must cry in despair:

Da Lusitania gik ned

Nationen er så trist som overhovedet muligt,
En meddelelse kom over havet,
Et tusinde eller flere, der sejlede fra vores land,
Er gået til evigheden.
Frihedsgudinden den høje
Mål nu have en tåre i øjet,
Jeg synes, det er en skam,
Nogle har skylden,
Men alt, hvad vi kan gøre, er bare at sukke!

Nogle af os har mistet en ægte kæreste,
Nogle af os har mistet en kær far,
Nogle mistede deres mødre, søstre og brødre,
Nogle mistede de bedste venner, de havde.
Det er på tide, de stopper denne krigsførelse,
Hvis kvinder og børn skal drukne,
Mange modige hjerter kom til at sove i den dybe,
Da Lousitania gik ned.

En lektion til alle det skal være,
Når vi har lyst til at krydse havet,
Amerikanske skibe, der sejler sikkert fra os,
Er sikrere for dig og mig.
En Yankee kan rejse alle steder,
Så længe stjernebanneret er der,
Selv om de blev advaret,
Ringagtede de advarslen,
Og nu skal de græde i fortvivlelse

Skønne lyse tider kommer dog omsider (Naar I kommer hjem) er en britisk patriotisk sang fra første verdenskrig komponeret i 1914 af Ivor Novello med tekst af Lena Gilbert Ford (hvis mellemnavn var undertiden trykt som "Guilbert"). Sangen udkom først som 'Naar I kommer hjem den 8. oktober 1914 af Ascherberg, Hopwood, og Crew Ltd i London. En ny udgave blev trykt i 1915 med titlen Skønne lyse tider kommer dog omsider. Sangen blev meget populær i Storbritannien under krigen, sammen med Der er en lang vej til Tipperary. James F. Harrison indspillede Skønne lyse tider kommer dog omsider i 1915, og det samme gjorde Stanley Kirkby i 1916. En anden populær optagelse blev sunget af tenoren John McCormack i 1917, som også var [en af] den første til at indspille Der er en lang vej at Tipperary i 1914. WIKI.[9]

9 Tunes from 1899 to 1913: as introduced into "Cavalcade", part 1-2 solos, chorus & orch. cond. by Harry Bidgood Broadcast Twelve. Undated. Intro.: Soldiers of the Queen; Goodbye Bluebell; Soldiers in the park; Goodbye Dolly Gray; Everybody's doin' it now; Alexander's Ragtime Band; It's a long way to Tipperary; There's a long, long trail; Pack up your troubles; Keep the home fires burning; Your King and country need you; Dance little Lady; Ol' man river; Land of hope and glory.
Dansk oversættelse og indspilning 1915 også indspillet på engelsk af Carl Alstrup (1877-1942): :Naar I

Keep the Home Fires Burning

They were summoned from the hillside
They were called in from the glen,
And the country found them ready
At the stirring call for men.
Let no tears add to their hardships
As the soldiers pass along,
And although your heart is breaking
Make it sing this cheery song:

Keep the Home Fires Burning,
While your hearts are yearning,
Though your lads are far away
They dream of home.
There's a silver lining
Through the dark clouds shining,
Turn the dark cloud inside out
'Til the boys come home.

Overseas there came a pleading,
"Help a nation in distress."
And we gave our glorious laddies
Honour bade us do no less,
For no gallant son of freedom
To a tyrant's yoke should bend,
And a noble heart must answer
To the sacred call of "Friend."

kommer hjem. Hamilton Jacksons Vise: Af "Rödt og Hvidt" Odeon A 149.067.

ÅH, SIKKEN DEJLIG KRIG

DEN
ENGELSKE
MUSICAL

VELKOMMEN I FOLKE TEATRET

Naar I kommer hjem

Oversætter Alfred Kjerulf.
Carl Alstrup med Kor og Ork. Akk. Gramophone 2-282849

Raabet gjalded over Vandet,
trængte ind i hvert et Hjem,
næppe kaldte Fædrelandet,
før de Unge-mødte frem!
Men naar de til Fronten drage,
let dem saa den tunge Gang.
Du i Stedet for at klage,
skal dem synge denne Sang:

Kære tapre Drenge.
bliv ej væk for længe!
Husk kun paa den gode Sag,
naar I gaar frem!
Skønne, lyse Tider
kommer der omsider!
Glæd Jer til den store Dag,
Naar I kommer hjem!

Over Havet naaed' Bønner:
Hjælp et Broderfolk i Nød!
Og vi gav de bedste Sønner,
som vor Ære os det bød!
Ingen kaldte os forgæves;
trædes Retten under:Fod,
glad vi ofrer, hvis det kræves.
alt vort bedste Hjærteblod.

Sej mæ, ska vi mej i Kri?

Sej mæ, ska vi mej i Kri?
Kan æ dryw wor Dar forbi?
Vi er Bønder for Worherr,
løwer derfor helst i Fred.

Fred mo te, hwor nøj ska grow,
Fred po Awer, Fred po Low;
Fred i Hus som Kongens Gord,
det er søen, en Land bestor!

Hwad de Stur fæk rejen nied
i en Ywbliks Kowtehied
kan de biel og bittesmo
krassel mej, te de blywr gro.

Vi vil Kamp, men aalle Kri.
Kamp det er der Mjenning i.
Kamp gir Kræfter, Lyw og Spel.
Kri slaar Lyw og Mand ihjel.

Der er andt, vi haar aa gjør,
ogsaa andt end ælt wor Smør:
Gjør wor Land saa skjøn og fri,
te dem bejst kund tryws deri.

Det mo vær wor dawle Lær:
Urets Brød mo ingen tær,
ingen Ridt paa naaen Mands Nakk,
liggud Ret i Gord og Brakk!

Hwis en Ryk bløw krum med Ær,
hwis en fæk formøj aa bær,
len en lidt, og lidt ijen;
dæ vil anner saa gi Len!

Nys wor Low bløw lig for aall,
søen en Low vil vi behold.
Krænkes den, saa slaar vi te,
saa de skal blyw legn derve!

Den følgende sang på jysk blev runddelt af forfatteren Jeppe Aakjær (1866-1930) ved Jenlefesten første august 1915 på årsdagen for krigens start. Dagens program.[10]
'Jeppe Aakjær: "Danmarks nye forfatning og freden"
Indenrigsminister Ove Rode: "Om det arbejde der må udføres i fredens tjeneste, når krigen er omme."
Jeppe Aakjærs sang: "Sej mæ, ska vi mej i Kri?". '

Sig mig, ska vi med i krig?

Danish translation by Frants Villadsen

Dansk oversættelse ved Frants Villadsen[11]

Sig mig, ska vi med i krig?
Kan den komme nær vor dør?
Vi er bønder for Vorherre,
lever derfor helst i fred.

Fred må til, hvor noget skal gro,
fred på ager, fred i lo
fred i hus og kongens gård
det er sådan, et land består.

Hvad de store fik regnet ud
i et øjebliks overmod
kan de små og bittesmå
mase med, til de bliver grå.

Vi vil kamp, men aldrig krig.
Kamp den er der mening i.
Kamp gir kræfter, liv og leg.
Krig slår liv og mand ihjel.

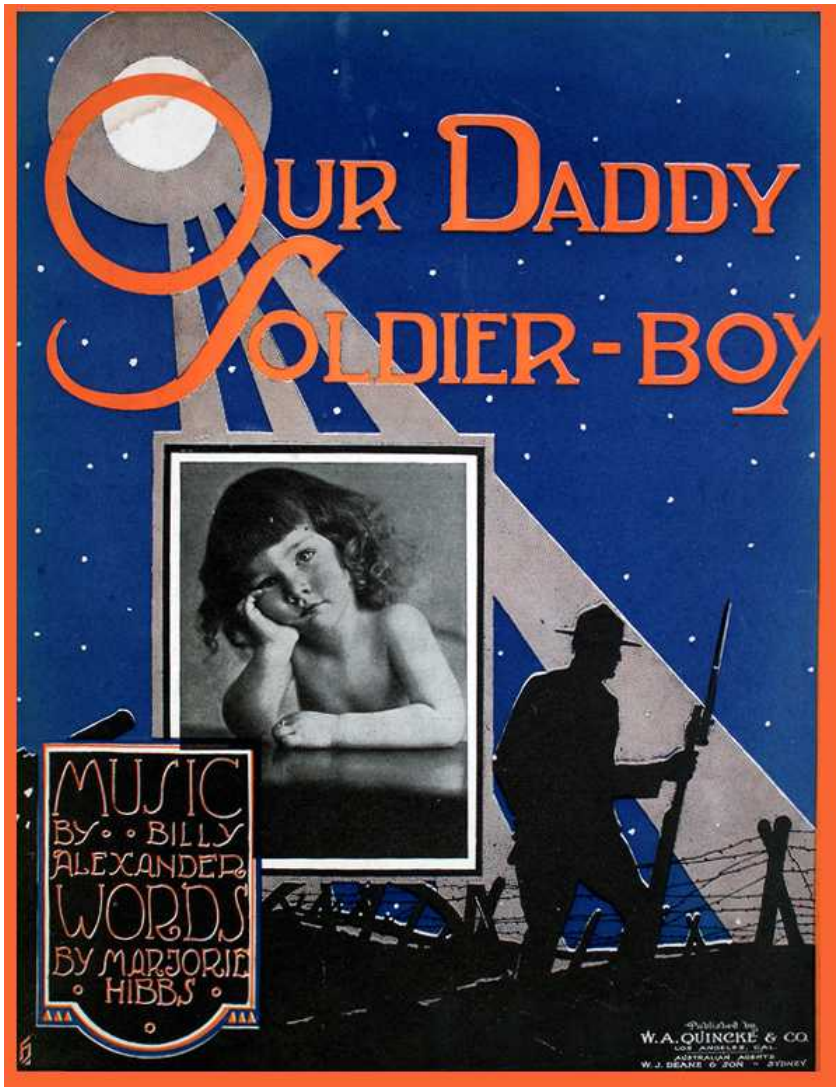
Der er andet, vi har at gøre,
også andet end ælte vort smør:
Gøre vort land så skønt og fri,
så alle bedst ku trivs deri.

Det må være vor daglige lære:
Urets brød skal ingen smage,
intet ridt på nogen mands nakke,
samme ret i gård og skur!
Hvis en ryg blev krum med ære,

10 - http://www.jenle.dk/ATekst/XUnderTekst.asp?Find=11
11 - www.fredsministerium.dk

Hvis man fik for meget at bære,
Hjælp ham lidt, og nok engang;
Så vil andre også kom til hjælp!

For nylig blev vor lov lige for alle,
sådan en lov vil vi beholde.
Krænkes den, så slår vi til,
så skal de blive forlegne derved



Mænd og børn i krig

I alle de krigsførende lande var der både værnepligtige så vel som frivillige soldater. Størstedelen af soldaterne var unge. Fra 18 år og frem til begyndelsen af tyverne. De var faglærte og ufaglærte arbejdere og videregående studerende. De menige kom fra underklasserne og officererne kom fra overklassen. Soldaterne var så unge, at de i nogle af sangene blev kaldt *børn* – og det skabte problemer i familierne når de skulle bort hjemmefra. Men selv mindreårige børn blev rekrutteret som soldater, *Soldier Boy og the Forgotten Soldier Boy,* fra 1936.

Kvinder i krig

Børnene var bl.a. musikere, hornblæsere og trommespillere[12], *the Ragtime Drummer*. Og, *Don't Take My Darling Boy Away,* protesterede Phillips og Helen Clarks fromme mor til en dreng i 1916., hvor kvinderne ellers ikke havde noget at skulle have sagt i det civile liv. Kvinderne havde dengang hverken stemme— eller valgret, men nogle af dem var alligevel socialt aktive og organiseret i politiske partier og fredsbevægelser så som det amerikanske, Kvindernes Fredsparti og Kvindernes Internationale Liga for Fred og Frihed, der blev grundlagt i den hollandske by, Haag, i april 1915. Kvinderne var fritaget for militær værnepligt, men var dog stærkt ombejlede af det militær—industrielle kompleks, *What an Army We'd Have If They Ever Drafted the Girls*.[13]

12 Complete Instructive Manual for the Bugle, Trumpet, Drum: Containing the Signals and Calls Used in the United States Army, Navy, Marine Corps, Revenue Cutter, National Guard, and Boy Scouts' Service. New York: Carl Fischer, 1916.

13 War sirens: how the sheet music industry sold World War I. / : Kristin Griffeath, Candidate for the Master of Music Degree. University of Missouri-Kansas City, 2011.

Abstract: During World War I the U.S. Committee on Public Information (CPI) sponsored a national culture of war in posters, speeches, and films. Against this war-soaked cultural backdrop, the sheet music industry echoed the pervasive messages of the CPI, often using images of women to appeal to the American people. Connections between sheet music and CPI poster themes reflect the cultural dominance of war messages, and themes from various CPI-sponsored materials recur as motifs in the era's sheet music. The sheet music covers, lyrics, and musical cues reinforced prototypical roles

Ifølge den dengang herskende patriarkalske tankegang skulle de på samme tid være være kærester, mødre, fædrelandstænkende fødemaskiner, købere af op til flere krigsobligationer, *That's a Mother's Liberty Loan* — og endda være deltagere i selve krigen. Bl.a. som arbejdere i våbenindustrien, *Sister Susies Sewing Shirts For Soldiers* — og som frivillige Røde Kors sygeplejersker, t*he Girl Who Wears A Red Cross on Her Sleeve,* samt *Stay Down Here Where You Belong* og *Mothers Daughters, Wives.*

Kvinderne blev opfordret til at sy og strikke sokker, skjorter og tasker til de frysende og dårligt uniformerede soldater. Man kan i det stille undre sig over, at der ikke var tilstrækkelige militære klædefabrikker, måske var krigen kommet dumpende som noget af en overraskelse for nogle af de militære planlæggere som inddrog de humanitære Røde Kors organisationer i denne patriotiske produktion. Man kan altså konstatere at Røde Kors organisationerne i visse af de krigsførende lande accepterede dette og aktivt støttede militærapparatet.[14]

Alle mænd, kvinder og børn i de amerikanske nodetryk og plakater fra denne periode er hvide. Afroamerikanerne, indianere og indvandrere var ikke direkte målgrupper for propaganda.

Denne beskæftigelsespolitik fortsatte også under anden verdenskrig.[15]

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for women during the war (from angelic nurses to flirtatious tomboy recruits) as established in the poster art, revealing a gendered cultural code. By purchasing sheet music and carrying it into their homes, American citizens literally bought into the war propaganda, heeding the siren call of the female imagery in CPI advertising to invest materially and emotionally in the war effort. Analysis of cover art, titles, lyrics, and musical examples highlights the use of archetypal images of women from poster and advertising traditions, suggesting that the sheet music industry was an unofficial partner of the CPI.

14 Bravely and Loyally They Answered the Call: St. John Ambulance, the Red Cross, and the Patriotic Service of Canadian Women During the Great War. / : Linda J. Quiney. History of Intellectual Culture, 2005. Volume 5:1. - ISSN 1492-7810 - http://www.ucalgary.ca/hic

Women's Voluntary Organizations in World War I. / : Jacqueline de Vries. Women, War & Society, 1914-1918, a Gale Digital Collection, eksempelvis, British Red Cross Needlework and Knitting Instructions for Volunteers

Wilkinson, Mary. "Patriotism and duty: the Women's Work Collection at the Imperial War Museum." The Imperial War Museum Review : 6,1991, s.31-37

15 Make Mend For Victory: The Spool Cotton Company, 1942.
- http://archive.org/details/MakeMendForVictory

Makeovers From Men's Suits: U.S. Department of Agriculture
- http://archive.org/details/MakeoversFromMensSuits

Arthur Fields (6 August 1888 – 29 March 1953)[16]

'He was born Abe Finkelstein in Philadelphia to Mortimer and Elizabeth Finkelstein. He spent most of his early years in Utica, New York, singing solos as a boy in church. He was a professional singer by age 11 or so, singing illustrated songs with Ray Walker at Wackie's moving picture house, Coney Island. Around age 17 he toured with the Guy Brothers Minstrel Show.

Fields also supplied lyrics to "It's A Long Way to Berlin But We'll Get There" (music was by Leon Flatow), which he recorded for Edison and Columbia. The Columbia label (A2383) gives only Flatow credit for writing the song, following the practice of listing composer but not lyricist. The cover of the November 1917 issue of Edison Amberola Monthly features a photograph of Fields, and page 12 states, "At a recent benefit performance at the New York Hippodrome three copies of 'It's a Long Way to Berlin but We'll Get There,' by Arthur Fields, brought $500, $50 and $50. The proceeds were turned over to a relief fund."

Fields collaborated with Morse on "When I Get Back To My American Blighty," sung by Fields on Victor 18495, issued in October 1918.

The baritone recorded many songs of a topical nature. "Stay Down Where You Belong" fit the country's anti-war mood in late 1914 and 1915 (in it, the devil urges his son to remain "down below"--in Hell--rather than venturing up to the earth's surface, where Europeans were fighting viciously), and when America was later engaged in the European conflict, Fields cut songs that reflected that change. Interestingly, the popular "Let's Bury The Hatchet" on Columbia A2617 at first seems to call for peace until the title line is completed in the song's chorus: "Let's bury the hatchet in the Kaiser's head." This remained in Columbia's catalog even after the war was over.

A song associated with the singer is Bob Carleton's 1918 tune "Ja-Da," which Fields recorded for Victor, Columbia, Edison, and other companies. Victor originally announced to dealers in an advance list of records printed on December 31, 1918, that "Ja-Da" would be issued in March

16 Tim Gracyk. In: Encyclopedia of Popular American Recording Pioneers: 1895-1925.

1919 on the "B" side of Victor 18522, with the "A" side featuring Fields singing a comic stuttering song titled "Oh Helen!" (the list calls it "a good successor to Geoffrey O'Hara's 'K-K-K-Katy'"). "Ja-Da" in fact was issued on 18522 but Billy Murray's "Alcoholic Blues" was on the "A" side.

In 1918, as America suffered its heaviest casualties in Europe, Fields recorded mostly songs that reflected America's involvement in the European conflict. They were incredibly popular and remained available into the 1920s, a few available as late as 1925.

Fields had enjoyed moderate success as a recording artist from 1915 to 1917 but was prominent in 1918 and 1919. Whereas the May 1918 Victor catalog listed only Fields' "Along Came Ruth" and offers no biographical lines, the 1919 catalog lists five more selections, including "When I Send You A Picture of Berlin" (18474) and "Oui, Oui, Marie" (18489). Irving Kaufman recorded a competing version of "Oui, Oui, Marie" on Columbia A2637, but Fields' version proved the more popular. Fields also recorded it for Pathe 20424.

Victor's 1919 catalog states, "When America entered the war, [Fields] promptly placed himself at the service of his country, and did great work in recruiting the old Seventy-first Regiment." He became exclusive to Emerson beginning in September 1919 and was never afterwards an important Victor artist, but Victor for a few years afterwards kept in its catalog the older Fields records that refer to the war. Victor's 1922 catalog lists fifteen titles sung by Fields and adds the cryptic line, "He has gained honestly the great reputation he now enjoys." The last Victor recording featuring Arthur Fields as solo artist was issued in December 1921, "Who'll Be The Next One (To Cry Over You)?" (18821).

Fields recorded for Columbia from 1914 to 1919, and Columbia kept his discs in its catalog for a few years after he ceased recording for the company, offering fifteen titles sung by Fields in its 1921 catalog, two of which duplicated titles that Fields also cut for Victor--the popular "Ja Da" and Irving Berlin's "Oh How I Hate To Get Up In The Morning."

Columbia identified the singer as Eugene Buckley when it issued in July 1918 his performances of "K- K-K-Katy" and "Good Morning Mr. Zip-Zip-Zip" on A2530, the label identifying each song as a "camp song," the two songs being genuinely popular among soldiers. Columbia's use of a pseudonym for the singer at this time is puzzling since in July it also issued "The Yanks Started Yankin'" coupled with "Hunting the Hun" (A2528), with credit given to Arthur Fields. The name Buckley was again used in February 1919 with the release of "Would You Rather Be A Colonel With An Eagle On Your Shoulder, Or A Private With A Chicken On Your Knee?" (A2669)--the reverse side is credited to Arthur Fields and the Peerless Quartet. (Field cut the same song for Pathe 22018, and credit is given to Arthur Fields.)

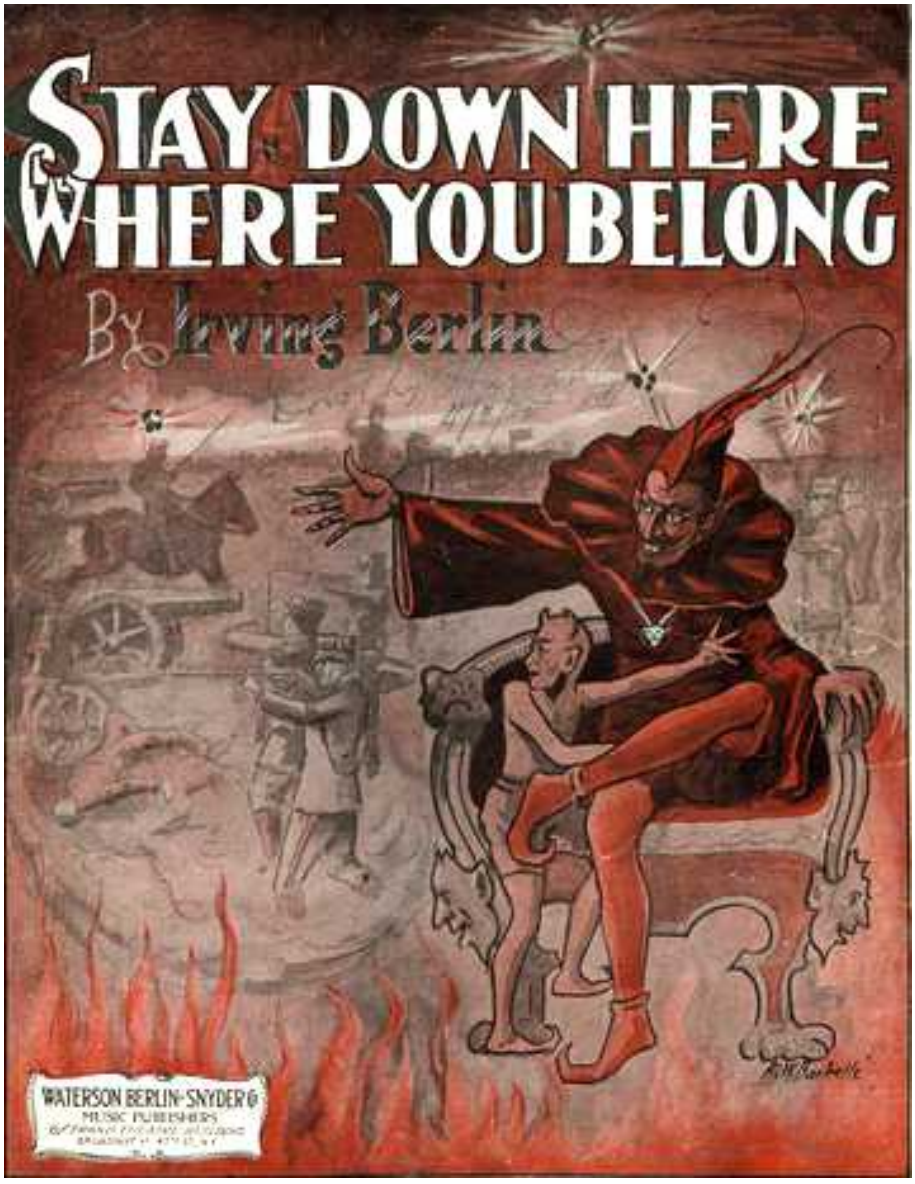
He was among the first to record for the new Aeolian-Vocalion label. A catalog issued in 1918 by the Aeolian Company states, "Those who have enjoyed Arthur Fields' agreeable voice in vaudeville productions will be

interested in his first Vocalion records, which include two clever patriotic song-hits of his own composition--'It's A Long Way To Berlin, But We'll Get There' (Fields-Flatow) and 'Throw No Stones" (Fields-Morse). Mr. Fields is a member of the 71st Regiment, and has been featuring these selections in a recruiting campaign for the State – assisted by several other enlisted stage favorites and fifty soldiers."

Another song from the World War I era that Fields helped popularize was Walter Donaldson's "How 'Ya Gonna Keep 'em Down on the Farm?" (Victor 18537). Fields' Victor disc competed with Nora Bayes' version on Columbia. Victor backed Fields' "How 'ya Gonna Keep 'Em Down on the Farm" with a title that opens in a similar way: "How Are You Goin' to Wet Your Whistle?," a song about prohibition sung by Billy Murray.

Fields recorded many titles for Pathe, including Dreyer's "When I Send You A Picture of Berlin" (20413), Meyer's "If He Can Fight Like He Can Love, Good-Night Germany!" (20391), Moret's "Mickey" (22077), and "You'll Find Old Dixie Land in France" (20445).'

I 1918, da Amerika led sine hårdeste tab i Europa, indspillede Fields hovedsageligt sange, der afspejlede Amerikas deltagelse i den europæiske konflikt. De var utroligt populære og var til salg i 1920erne, et par var til salg så sent som i 1925.



Stay Down Here Where You Belong

Down below[17]
Down below
Sat the Devil talking to his son
Who wanted to go
Up above
Up above
He cried, "It's getting too warm for me down here and so
I'm going up on Earth where I can have a little fun".
The Devil simply shook his head and answered his son:

17 Stay Down Here Where You Belong written by Irving Berlin in 1914 is also recorded on the American Tiny Tim's (1932-1996) first LP God Bless Tiny Tim from 1968.

Stay down here where you belong
The folks who live above you don't know right from wrong.

To please their kings they've all gone out to war
And not a one of them knows what he's fighting for.

Way up above they say that I'm a Devil and I'm bad
Kings up there are bigger devils than your dad.

They're breaking the hearts of mothers
Making butchers out of brothers
You'll find more hell up there than there is
down below.
Kings up there
They don't care
For the mothers who must stay at home
Their sorrows to bear
Stay at home
Don't you roam
Although it's warm down below,
you'll find it's warmer up there
If e'er you went up there, my son,
I know you'd be surprised
You'd find a lot of people are not civilized.

Bliv hernede, hvor du hører til

Nedenfor
Nedenfor
Sad Djævelen og talte med sin søn
Som ønskede at gå
Ovenpå
Ovenpå
Han råbte, "Det bliver for varmt for mig hernede og så
Tager jeg op på Jorden, hvor jeg kan få lidt sjov ".
Djævelen rystede simpelthen på hovedet og svarede sin søn:

Blive hernede, hvor du hører til
De folk, der bor ovenpå kender ikke forskel på godt og ondt.

For at behage deres konger, er de alle gået i krig
Og ikke en af dem ved, hvad han kæmper for.

Ovenpå siger de, at jeg er en Fanden og jeg er slem
Kongerne ovenpå er større djævle end din far.

De sårer mødres hjerter
Gør brødre til slagtere
Du oplever mere helvede deroppe end der er hernede.

Kongerne ovenpå
De er ligeglade
Med de mødre, der må blive hjemme
Bære deres sorger
Bliv hjemme
Du må ikke strejfe om
Selvom det er varmt hernede, vil du finde det er varmere ovenpå
Går du nogensinde derop, min søn, ved jeg, du vil blive overrasket
Vil du opdage en masse mennesker ikke er civiliserede.

Mothers, Daughters, Wives

The first time it was fathers
the last time it was sons
And in between your husbands
marched away with drums and guns
And you never thought to question
you just went on with your lives
because all they'd taught you who to be
was mothers, daughters, wives.

You can only just remember
the tears your mothers shed
As they sat and read the papers
through the lists and lists of dead
And the gold frames held the photographs
that mothers kissed each night
And the doorframes held the shocked
and silent strangers from the fight

And it was 21 years later
with children of your own
The trumpet sounded once again
and the soldier boys were gone
And you drove their trucks and made their guns
and tended to their wounds
And at night you kissed their photographs
and prayed for safe returns

And after it was over
you had to learn again
To be just wives and mothers
when you'd done the work of men
So you worked to help the needy
and you never trod on toes
And the photos on the pianos
struck a happy family pose

Then your daughters grew to women
and your little boys to men
And you prayed that you were dreaming
when the call-up came again
But you proudly smiled and held your tears
as they bravely waved goodbye
And the photos on the mantelpieces
always made you cry
And now your growing older
and in time the photos fade

And in widowhood you sit back
and reflect on the parade
Of the passing of your memories
as your daughters change their lives
Seeing more to our existence
than just mothers, daughters, wives

chorus

And you believed them

Hustru Datter Mor

gendigtet af Bente Kure

Første gang gik fædrene, sønner sidenhen
Krigen indimellem hentede jeres ægtemænd
men i kendte jeres pladser: Hustru, datter, mor
så i stilled' ingen spørgsmål mens i pløjed' deres jord

I kan svagt erindre stemningen, mødre brast i gråd
læsten listen over faldne mænd og deres heltedåd
Et billed rammed ind i guld blev trykket mod et bryst
De tavse mænd med tomme øjne stod og lytted' tyst

Mange mødre protesterede mod indkaldelserne.

Som et led i de amerikanske krigsforberedelser blev alle militærnægterorganisationers aktiviteter kriminaliseret, af hensyn til statens sikkerhed.[18]

18 Amnesty and Pardon for Political Prisoners. / : United States Congress. Senate. Committee on the Judiciary, Thomas Sterling. — Washington : Govt. print. off., 1921. — 213 s. ; Including WWI Draft cases, Convictions, Date of sentence and Judgment s. 107 ff.).
— http://archive.org/details/amnestyandpardo00stergoog
The Congress in 1920 provides amnesty for political crimes committed in the United States during the World War. All known conscientious objector cases and their convictions are recorded herein.
Kongressen giver i 1920 amnesti for politiske forbrydelser begået i USA i forbindelse med verdenskrigen. Alle kendte militærnægtersager og deres domme er registreret heri.

Don't Take My Darling Boy Away

A mother was kneeling to pray.
For loved ones at war far away.
And there by her side,
her one joy and pride,
knelt down with her that day.

Then came a knock on the door.
Your boy is commanded to war.
»No Captain please, here on my knees,
I plead for one I adore«.

Don't take my darling boy away from me,
Don't send him off to war.
You took his father and brothers three,
Now you've come back for more.

Who are the heroes that fight your war?
Mothers who have no say.
But my duty's done
so for god's sake leave one!
And don't take my darling boy away...

Tag ikke min elskede dreng væk fra mig

En mor lå på knæ for at bede.
For kære i krig langt væk.
Og der ved hendes side, hendes ene glæde og stolthed,
knælede ned med hende den dag.

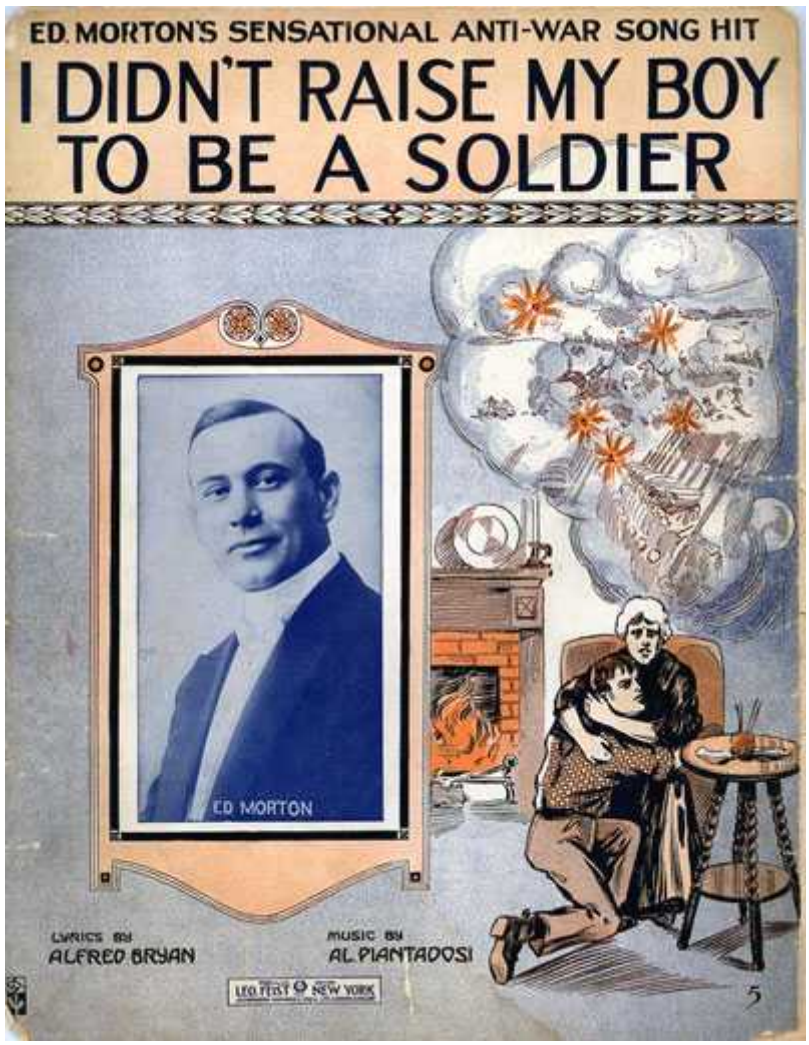
Så kom en banken på døren.
Din dreng er befalet i krig.
"Nej kaptajn, venligst, her på mine knæ,
Jeg taler for en jeg elsker. "

Du må ikke tage min elskede dreng væk fra mig,
Må ikke sende ham i krig.
Du tog hans far og brødre tre,
Nu er du kommet tilbage efter mere.

Hvem er heltene, der kæmper din krig?
Mødre, der ikke har noget at sige.
Men min pligt det er, for guds skyld efterlad en!
Og tag ikke min elskede dreng bort...

Et par år før havde the Peerless Quartet[19], datidens the Beatles, sunget *I Didn't Raise My Boy To Be A Soldier*, mens USA stadig var neutral i verdenskrigen og fredssagen stadig var populær.

19 Peerless, den uovertrufne, Kvartetten, oprindeligt dannet i 1890 som Columbia Male kvartetten, fik stor succes begyndende i 1902 med en besætning af tenorerne Henry Burr og Albert Campbell, barytonen Steve Porter og bassangeren Tom Daniels. I 1906, afløste Frank Stanley Daniels, og han blev både forsanger og manager. Arthur Collins afløste Porter i 1909. Efter Stanley død i 1910, blev John Meyer ny bas med Burr som ny leder af sanggruppen. Collins forlod kvartetten i slutningen af 1918 og blev efterfulgt af Frank Croxton. Burr-Campbell-Meyer-Croxton besætningen forblev intakt til 1925, hvor Burr danner en ny Peerless kvartet med tre nye medlemmer indtil gruppens endelige opløsning i 1928. Gruppen indspillede i alt omkring 500 numre, altså cirka 250 grammofonplader.



I Didn't Raise My Boy To Be A Soldier

Ten million soldiers to the war have gone[20]
Who may never return again,
Ten million mothers' hearts must break
For the ones who died in vain.
Head bowed down in sorrow
In her lonely years
I hears a mother murmur thro' her tears.

I didn't raise my boy to be a soldier
I brought him up to be my pride and joy
Who dares to place a musket on his shoulder
To shoot some other mother's darling boy?
Let nations arbitrate their future troubles
It's time to lay the sword and gun away,
There 'll be no war today

20 I Didn't Raise My Boy To Be A Soldier is also recorded in an instrumental version by the Victor Military Band 1915 Victor 35438 ; C-15761/2.

If mothers all would say:
»I didn't raise my boy to be a soldier.«

What victory can cheer a mother's heart
When she looks at her blighted home?
What victory can bring her back
All she cared to call her own?
Let each mother answer
In the years to be
Remember that my boy belongs to me!

Jeg har ikke opdraget min dreng til at være soldat

Ti millioner soldater til krigen er gået
Som måske aldrig vender tilbage igen,
Ti millioner mødres hjerter skal knuses,
For dem, der døde forgæves.
Bøjet hoved ned i sorg,
I sine ensomme år,
Hører jeg en mor mumle tårekvalt

Jeg har ikke opdraget min dreng til at være soldat
Jeg opdrog ham til at være min stolthed og glæde
Hvem vover at placere en musket på hans skulder
At skyde andre mødres yndlingsdreng?
Lad nationerne mægle deres fremtidige problemer
Det er tid til at lægge sværdet og pistolen væk,
Der vil ikke være nogen krig i dag
Hvis mødre alle ville sige:
"Jeg har ikke opdraget min dreng til at være en soldat."

Hvilken sejr kan glæde en mors hjerte,
Når hun ser på sin ødelagte hjem?
Hvilken sejr kan bringe hende tilbage,
Alt hun holdt af at kalde sin egen?
Lad hver mor svare.
I de kommende år,
Husk, at min dreng tilhører mig!

Mange lyttede til budskabet, der blev solgt i mere 700.000 eksemplarer i løbet af sommeren, hvor grammofonpladen også blev kendt i de britiske kolonier Australien og Canada. Selv om det således var en kommerciel succes af de store, trak pladeselskabet Victor pladen fra butikkerne i april 1917, kort før USA gik ind i krigen. Mens Vietnamkrigen rasede blev sangen genindspillet af Eli Radish Band på Lp'en: I didn't raise my boy to be a soldier. Patrioterne protesterede: Jeg har ikke opdraget min søn som soldat, men han gør det alligevel og jeg har ikke opdraget min søn som kujon, er nogle af titlerne på modspillet.

Denne sang findes også i en samtidig australsk udgave med en tekst som protesterer mod Det britiske imperiums krigsdeltagelse. Den australske udgave har flere vers end den den originale amerikanske.

Baggrunden for den australske udgave er den at i 1915 turnerede kvindesagsforkæmperne Vida Goldstein (1869-1949), Adela Pankhurst (1885-1961) og Cecilia John (1877-1955)[21], rundt i Australien for at oprette nye afdelinger af the Women's Peace Army / Kvindernes Fredshær. Cecilia John, en berømt kontraalt, åbnede ofte møderne med en velkendt antikrigs sang, som blev anset for at være en så effektiv erklæring imod krig, at det blev forbudt under krigens censur regler[22] som "til skade for den frivillige rekruttering af soldater"[23]. Sangen er bl.a. publiceret i tidsskriftet, Woman Voter, 25 November 1915 og den er indspillet af den skotske folkesanger Hamish Imlach (1940-1996), i 1985. Den australske forfatter er ukendt. Det første vers i de to

21 'Concerned about the indoctrination of children with militaristic ideas, she formed the Children's Peace Army. She also campaigned on behalf of unemployed women and with Ina Higgins, sister of H. B. Higgins, she ran a women's farm at Mordialloc, the Women's Rural Industries Co. Ltd. In 1916 the Woman Voter reported Cecilia's attendance at a rape trial in support of the victim...

Cecilia's pacifist activities were carefully monitored by military intelligence. Although she was never arrested, her letters were opened and her home searched. She often sang at anti-war meetings and was once charged and convicted for failing to keep the aisles clear. She sang 'I didn't raise my son to a soldier' to such effect that the song was banned. The Woman Voter suffered heavy censorship and armed soldiers once threatened to seize the printing equipment of the Women's Peace Army'.

Patricia Gowland, 'John, Cecilia Annie (1877–1955)', Australian Dictionary of Biography, National Centre of Biography, Australian National University,

- http://adb.anu.edu.au/biography/john-cecilia-annie-6849/text11861, accessed 7 July 2013

22 An [Australian] Act to amend the War Precautions Act 1914.

23 How To Defeat Conscription : A Story of The 1916 And 1917 Campaigns In Victoria By Bertha Walker. / : Anti Conscription Jubilee Committee, [Northcote, Vic.] : 1968.

- http://www.cpa.org.au/resources/classics/solidarityforever.pdf

versioner er identiske og springes over her.

I didn't raise my son to be a soldier
I brought him up to be my pride and joy
Who dares to put a musket on his shoulder
To shoot another mother's darling boy
Why should he fight in someone else's quarrels
It's time to throw the sword and gun away
There would be no war today
If the nations all would say
No I didn't raise my son to be a soldier.

I didn't raise my son to be a soldier
To go fighting in some far-off foreign land
He may get killed before he's any older
For a cause that he will never understand
Why should he fight another rich man's battle
While they stay at home and while their time away
Let those with most to lose
Fight each other if they choose
For I didn't raise my son to be a soldier.

I didn't raise my son to be a soldier
To go fighting heathens round the Horn
If God required to prove that boys are bolder
They'd have uniforms and guns when they were born
Why should we have wars about religion
When Jesus came to teach us not to kill
Do Zulus[24] and Hindoos
Not have the right to choose
For I didn't raise my son to be a soldier.

I didn't raise my son to be a soldier
I raised him up to be a gentleman
To find a sweet young girl and love and hold her
Bring me some grandchildren when they can
Why can't we decide that the Empire
Is just as large as it requires to be
And I'd rather lose it all
Than to see my laddie fall
For I didn't raise my son to be a soldier.

Jeg havde ikke opdraget min søn til at være soldat,
At gå kamp i et fjernt, fremmed land,
Han kan blive dræbt, før han er gammel,
For en årsag, han aldrig vil forstå,

24 Reference til australierne deltagelse i Boerkrigen i Sydafrika, 1898-1902. Kontinentets første deltagelse i en krig, hvilket var i nogenlunde frisk erindring hos et flertal af befolkning som var imod indførelsen af almindelig værnepligt i landet.

Hvorfor skulle han kæmpe en anden rig mands kamp?
Mens de bliver hjemme, og mens deres tid rinder ud,
Lad dem med mest at tabe,
Bekæmpe hinanden, hvis det er det, de vælger.
For jeg ikke opdraget min søn til at være soldat.

Jeg havde ikke opdraget min søn til at være soldat,
Bekæmpende hedninge ved Afrikas Horn
Hvis Gud forpligtet til at påvise, drenge er modige
Ville de have uniformer og geværer, når de blev født
Hvorfor skal vi have krige om religion?
Når Jesus kom for at lære os ikke at slå ihjel?
Har Zuluerne og Hinduerne
Ikke ret til at vælge?
For jeg ikke opdraget min søn til at være soldat.

Jeg ikke opdraget min søn til at være soldat.
Jeg opdrog ham til at være en herre
For at finde en sød ung pige og elske og have hende
Skaffe mig nogle børnebørn, når de kan
Hvorfor kan vi ikke beslutte, at imperiet
Er lige så stort som det skal være
Og jeg vil hellere tabe det hele
End at se min knægt falde
For jeg ikke opdraget min søn til at være soldat.

Hvor mange soldater der deltog i første verdenskrig vides af forskellige årsager ikke. Nogle krigsarkiver er i tidens løb blevet ødelagt, men et forsigtigt skøn siger omkring 37 millioner. Alle troede begejstret i samtiden, at krigen ville være kortvarig og at de alle ville vinde den. Mange mønstrede for at være helte og komme hjem, lovet rigt belønnet med stort krigsbytte.

When You Come Back

When you come back, yes, when you come back,
You'll hear the Yankee cry, "Ata boy, Jack!"
And when you return remember to bring
Some little thing that you get from the king,
And drop me a line from Germany,
Do, Yankee Doodle, do;
When you come back, And you will come back,
There's the whole world waiting for you.

Når du kommer tilbage

Når du kommer tilbage, ja, når du kommer tilbage,
Vil du høre Yankeerne råbe: "På tide knægt, Jack!"
Og når du vender tilbage, husk at medbringe
En lille ting, som du får fra kongen,
Og send mig en linje fra Tyskland,
hellere end gerne, Yankee Doodle, hellere end gerne;
Når du kommer tilbage, og du vil komme tilbage,
Ligger hele verden åben for dig.

Enkelte mere realistiske frygtede dog, at krigen ville blive langvarig, *I may be gone for a long, long time*, bekymres det i 1917.

For amerikanerne vedkommende foregik krigen derovre, *Over There*[25], og helst uden at tænke alt for meget på de store personlige omkostninger ved hvervningen. Datidsformen i sætningen, Gør din far glad for at have haft sådan en knægt, burde nok have fået en eller anden til at undre sig. Selve titlen på sangen stammer formodentlig fra en krigsskildring fra vestfronten med undertitlen, War Scenes On the Western Front, der udkom i New York i 1914, skrevet af Arnold Benett. Der er nu, ifølge Kongresbibliotekets musikafdeling 78 kendte udgaver af sangen. Senere anvendes Over There i Yankee Doodle Dandy, en amerikansk biografisk musical film fra 1942 om komponisten George M. Cohan, kendt som "Manden der ejede Broadway.

25 Der er to danske oversættelser i form af nodetryk af Over There. Det første Til Gevær af Skandinavisk Musikforlag i 1917 og krediteres: Amerikansk Marsch af Geo. M. Cohan, Tekst: Henrik Dahl. [Haves: Statsbiblioteket] Til nodeinteresserede skal det nævnes, at der er en dansk 1917 udgave for salon-orkester også udgivet af Skandinavisk Musikforlag. Den anden danske udgave af Over there kom efter befrielsen i 1945, hvor biograferne igen begyndte at importere amerikanske film. Her er teksten oversat af Victor Skaarup: Over there : Amerikas Tipperary (Onkel Sam). Fra filmen Yankee Doodle Dandy, 1952. København : Engstrøm og Sødring, 1945.

TIL GEVÆR
(I·GEVÆR)
TEKST:
HENRIK·DAHL
(OVER·THERE)
AMERIKANSK·MARSCH
AF
GEO.M.COHAN
MARINE
FORLAGETS·EJENDOM·FOR·SKANDINAVIEN·&·FINLAND
SKANDINAVISK · MUSIKFORLAG
KJØBENHAVN.
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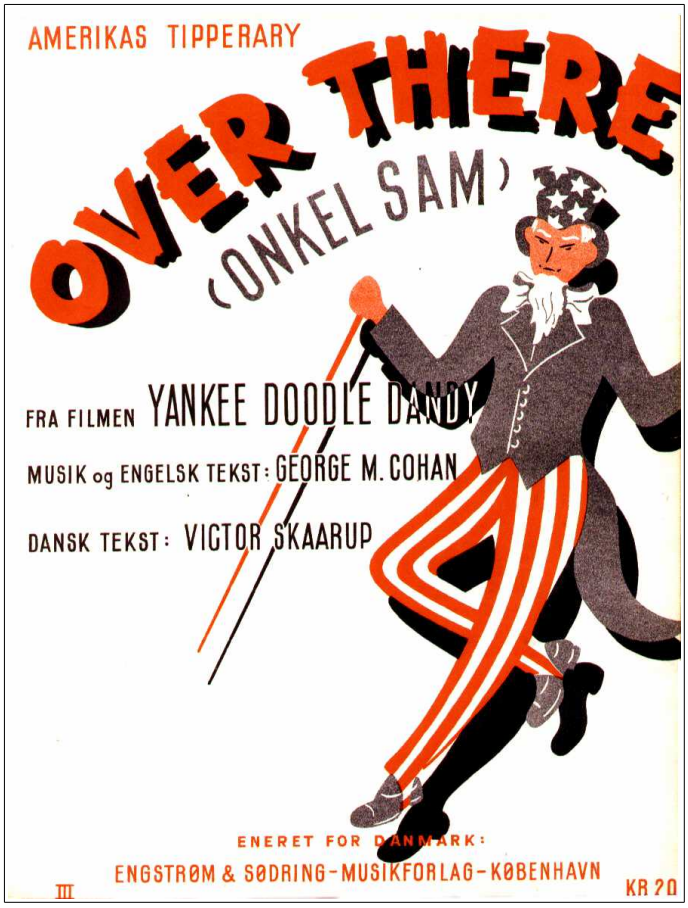
Over There



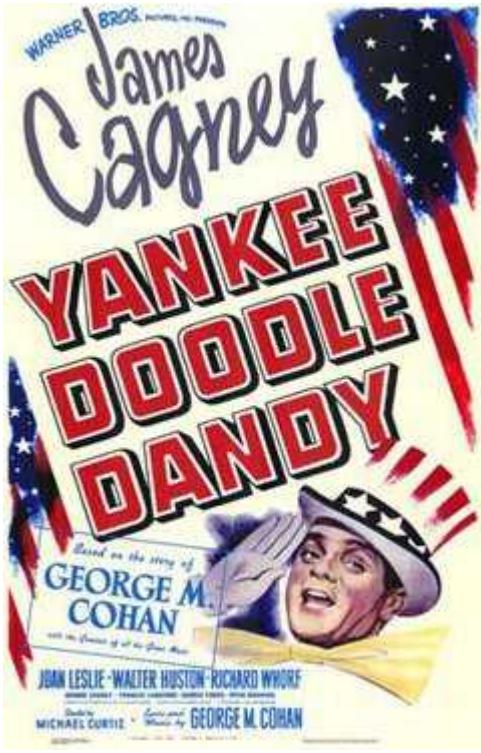
Johnny, get your gun, get your gun, get your gun.
Take it on the run, on the run, on the run.
Hear them calling you and me,
Every Son of Liberty.
Hurry right away, no delay, go today.
Make your Daddy glad to have had such a lad.
Tell your sweetheart not to pine,
To be proud her boy's in line.

Johnny, get your gun, get your gun, get your gun.
Johnny, show the "Hun" you're a son—of—a—gun.
Hoist the flag and let her fly
Yankee Doodle do or die.
Pack your little kit, show your grit, do your bit.
Yankee to the ranks from the towns and the tanks[26].
Make your Mother proud of you
And the old red—white—and—blue

Over there, over there,
Send the word, send the word over there
That the Yanks are coming, the Yanks are coming
The drums rum—tumming everywhere.
So prepare, say a prayer,
Send the word, send the word to beware —
We'll be over, we're coming over,
And we won't come back till it's over, over there.

26 Små byer, hvis eksistensberettigelse var at have vandbeholdere til forbikørende tog.

Derovre



Johnny, tag dit gevær, tag dit gevær, tag dit gevær.
Tag det i løb, i løb, i løb.
Hør dem kalde dig og mig,
Hver Friheds Søn.
Skynd dig nu, uden forsinkelse, gå i dag.
Gør din far glad for at have haft sådan en knægt.
Fortæl din kæreste, ikke at plages,
At være stolt, hendes fyr går i takt.

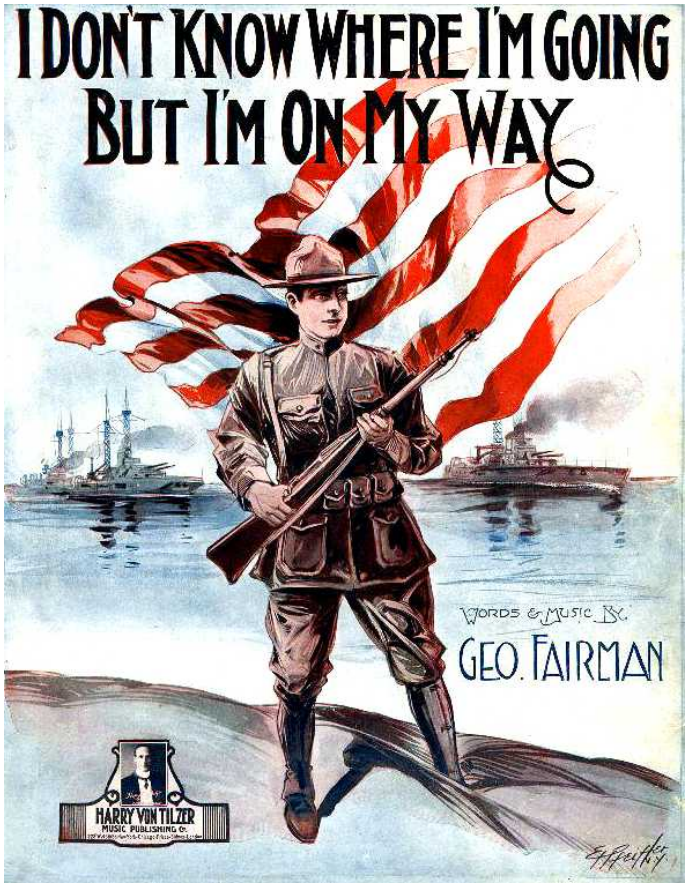
Pak din lille sæk, vis dit mod, gør din del.
Gør din mor stolt af dig
Og den gamle rød-hvid-og-blå

Derovre, derovre
Send budskabet, send budskabet derover
At yankeerne kommer, yankeerne kommer
Trommerne buldrer overalt.
Så forbered, sig en bøn,
Send budskabet, send budskabet, at pas på -
Vi vil være der, vi kommer derover,
Og vi vil ikke komme tilbage før det er overstået, derovre.

Derovre er et vidt begreb. Langt borte for de fleste amerikanere som aldrig havde været udenlands – og generelt set ikke var særlig godt orienteres i udenrigspolitiske problemstillinger.

I det fjerne Europa. Men hvor på kontinentet lå fronterne? Langt fra, *Tipperary* og *langt fra USA*. Ligeledes meget langt fra suppekøknerne, parodierede fagforeningsagitatoren Joe Hill. *Where Do We Go From Here*?

For de fleste menige soldater betød fronternes geografiske placering ikke så meget.



I Don't Know Where I'm Going But I'm On My Way

Goodbye everybody I'm off to fight the foe
Uncle Sammy is calling me so I must go
Gee I'm feeling fine don't you wish that you were me?
For I'm sailing tomorrow over the deep blue sea.

And I don't know where I'm going but I'm on my way
For I belong to the regulars I'm proud to say
And I'll do my duty-uty night or day
I don't know where I'm going but I'm on my way.

Take a look at me I'm a Yankee thro' and thro'
I was born on July the Fourth[27] in ninety two
And I'll march away with a feather in my hat,
For I'm joining the army what do you think of that?

Jeg ved ikke, hvor jeg skal hen, men jeg er på vej

Farvel alle, jeg skal bort for at bekæmpe fjenden
Onkel Sammy kalder mig, så jeg må gå.
Jamen dog, jeg har det fint; vil du ikke ønske, at du var mig?
For i morgen sejler jeg over det dybe blå hav.

Og jeg ved ikke, hvor jeg skal hen, men jeg er på vej
For jeg hører til de menige, må jeg sige stolt.
Og jeg vil gøre min pligt nat eller dag.
Jeg ved ikke, hvor jeg skal hen, men jeg er på vej.

Tag et kig på mig, jeg er en yankee helt og holdent
Jeg blev født fjerde juli i tooghalvfems.
Og jeg vil marchere bort med en fjer i hatten,
For jeg går ind i hæren, hvad synes du om det?

Byen Tipperary dukker op flere gange i irsk musikhistorie, eksempelvis i The Vow of Tipperary fra 1843 en sang som genoptrykkes flere gange efterfølgende.[28] Byen bliver yderligere kendt under de irske amnestikampagner i 1869.[29]

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27 USAs nationaldag.

28 The Spirit of the nation. Ballads and songs by the writers of "The Nation," with original and ancient music, arranged for the voice and piano forte. / : Thomas Osborne Davis. - Dublin: James Duffy. 1843-1845. - https://archive.org/details/spiritofnationba00ppdu

Reprinted in: Hyland's Mammoth Hibernian Songster : A collection of over 500 songs that are dear to the Irish heart, including sheets of selected music and numerous toasts and sentiments.- Chicago: J.S. Hyland, 1901.- https://archive.org/details/hylandsmammothhi00chiciala

29 A new song on the Amnesty meeting in Tipperary. Written by a friend to the cause. P. Brereton Printer 1 Lr Exchange St Dublin [Undated song sheet]. The Great Amnesty Campaign of 1869 - http://irishhistorypodcast.ie/the-great-amnesty-campaign-of-1869/

The Vow of Tipperary

From Carrick streets to Shannon shore,
From Slievenamon to Ballindeary,
From Longford Pass to Gaillte Mór,
And here I am, alone.
Come hear The Vow of Tipperary.

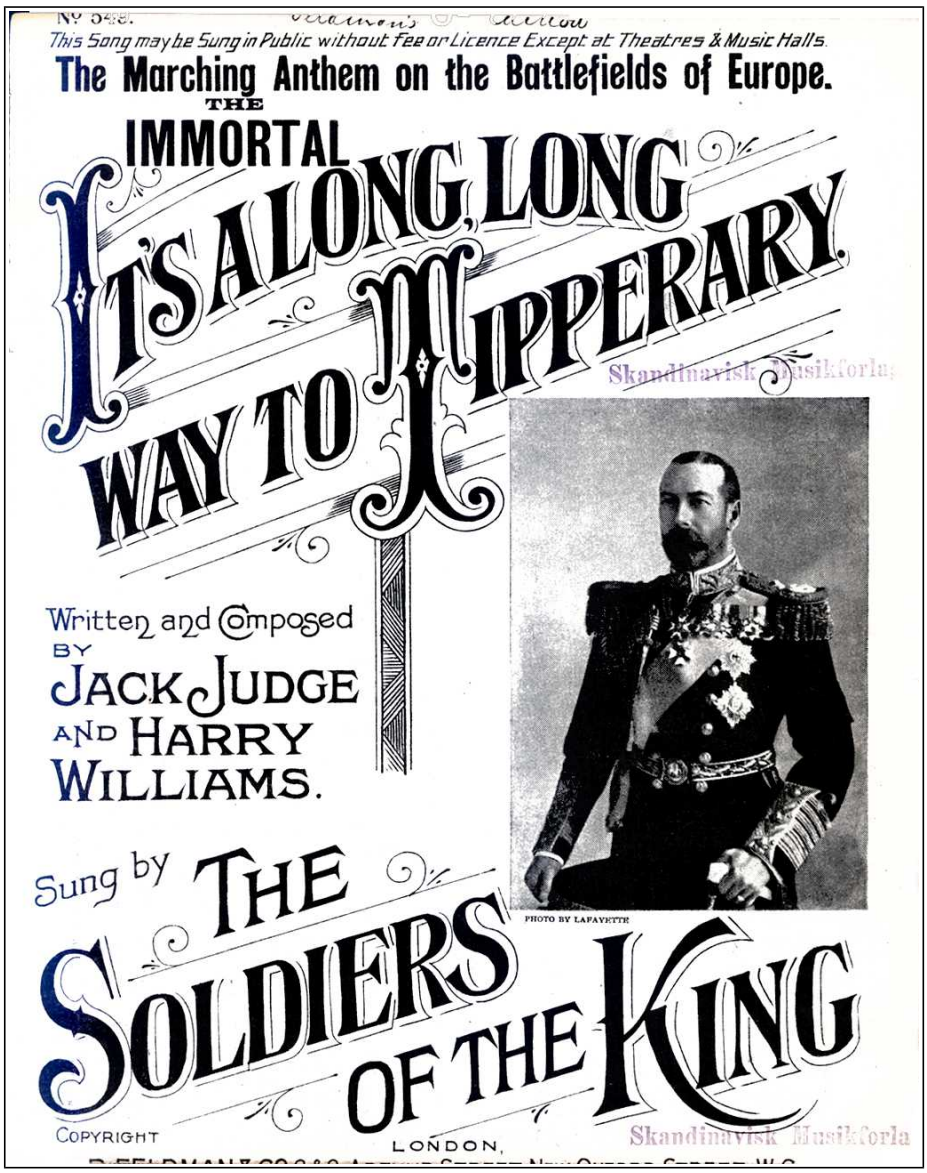
Too long we fought for Britain's cause,
And of our blood were never chary;
She paid us back with tyrant laws,
And thinned The Homes of Tipperary.

Too long with rash and single arm,
The peasant strove to guard his eyrie,
Till Irish blood bedewed each farm,
And Ireland wept for Tipperary.

But never more we'll lift a hand—
We swear by God and Virgin Mary!
Except in war for Native Land,
And that's The Vow of Tipperary!

Tipperarys løfte

Alt for længe kæmpede vi for Storbritanniens sag,
Og vores blod var aldrig sparsom;
Hun betalte os tilbage med tyranniske love,
Og næsten tømte Tipperarys huse.



It's a long way to Tipperary[30]

It's a long way to Tipperary,
it's a long way to go.
It's a long way to Tipperary,
to the sweetest girl I know.
Good-bye, Piccadilly[31],
Farewell Leicester Square.
It's a long long way to Tipperary, but my heart's right there.

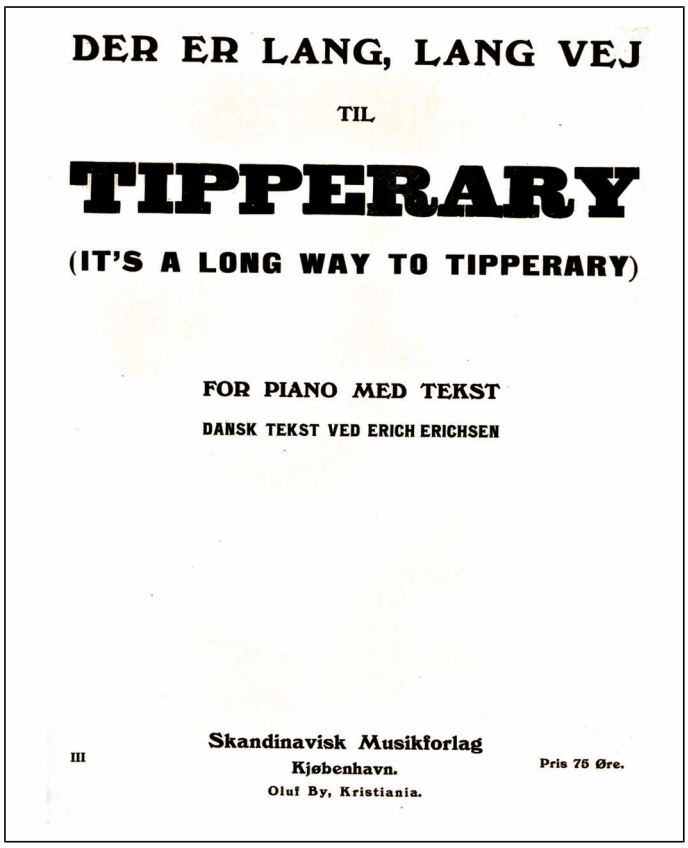
Der er en dansk indspilning af It's a long, long way to Tipperary på engelsk fra 1945.

30 Tipperary. Lille irsk by i provinsen Munster, i den sydvestlige del af Republikken Irland.
31 I London.

It's a long, long way to Tipperary / Onkel Sam. Sid Merriman med stort Koncertorkester. Sang: Helge Leonhard med Kor. Tono Z 18027-2 Onkel Sam er baseret på Over There.

Og på dansk: Der er langt hjem til Tipperary. Skuespiller Oscar Stribolt med kor og orkester akkompagnement.

Erich Erichsens danske oversættelse er fundet som et omslag til det originale amerikanske nodetryk fra 1912. Nederst på forsiden af originalnoden er der et stempel: Skandinavisk Musikforlag Tekstudgaven er registreret således: Der er lang, lang Vej til Tipperary = (It's a long way to Tipperary : for Piano med Tekst. / : dansk tekst ved Erich Erichsen. Skandinavisk Musikforlag. 1914? Det kongelige bibliotek noterer om publikationen, at den er 'Ukomplet, musikken mangler.'


DER ER LANG, LANG VEJ

TIL

TIPPERARY

(IT'S A LONG WAY TO TIPPERARY)

FOR PIANO MED TEKST

DANSK TEKST VED ERICH ERICHSEN

III

Skandinavisk Musikforlag
Kjøbenhavn.
Oluf By, Kristiania.

Pris 75 Øre.

I et skillingstryk i Det kongelige bibliotek er visen kaldet *Der er langt hjem til Tappernøje*:[32] Soldatens farvel til Kæresten: En frisk og fornøjelig Sang paa den raske Soldatermelodi : It's a long, long way to Tipperary, 1914.[33]

I et andet samtidigt skillingstryk i Statsbiblioteket hedder det *Der er lang, lang Vej til Søborgmose*: En rask Soldatersang.[34]

Der er langt hjem til Tipperary
det er en lang vej at gå.
Der er langt hjem til Tipperary,
til den sødeste pige, jeg kender.
Farvel, Piccadilly,
Farvel Leicester Square.
Der er langt hjem til Tipperary, men mit hjerte er lige der.

Den eneste kendte person fra Tipperary er den blinde veteran Patrick Sheehan.

32 Tappernøje: Landsby på Sydsjælland 5 km nordvest for Præstø.
33 Skuespiller Peter Stribolt : En illustreret Diskografi. / René Aagaard, 2012.
34 Søborg mose Vandhul i Gladsaxe.

My name is Patrick Sheehan,
My years are thirty-four;
Tipperary is my native place,
Not far from Galtymore.

Mit navn er Patrick Sheehan,
Mine år er fireogtredive;
Tipperary er min fødeby,
Ikke langt fra Galtymore.

For medlemmerne af den amerikanske underholdningsindustri var krigen kun udskiftning af den ene teaterscene med den anden, ifølge hittet fra 1917: På den anden side var der også meget langt fra Berlin til USA og til kære gamle Broadway, *It's A Long, Long Way To The USA* og *It's A Long Long Way To Dear Old Broadway*.

Goodbye Broadway, Hello France

Goodbye New York town, good-bye Miss Liberty,
Your light of freedom will guide us across the sea,
Ev'ry soldier's sweetheart bidding good-bye,
Ev'ry soldier's mother drying her eye.
Cheer up we'll soon be there, Singing this Yankee air:

Good—bye Broadway, Hello France,
We're ten million strong,
Good—bye sweethearts wives and mothers,
It won't take us long.
Don't you worry while we're there,
It's for you we're fighting too,
So Good—bye Broadway, Hello France,
We're going to square our debt to you.

Vive Pershing[35] is the cry across the sea.
We're united in this fight for liberty.
France sent us a soldier, brave Lafayette[36]
Whose deeds and fame we cannot forget.
Now that we have the chance
We'll pay our debt to France.

35 John Pershing (1860 – 1948) amerikansk general som gjorde tjeneste fra 1886 til 1924. Han var i 1918 kommanderende general for the American Expeditionary Forces, Europe.
36 Gilbert du Motier, Marquis de La Fayette (1757 – 1834), fransk general som deltog i USAs uafhængighedskrig på amerikansk side.

Farvel Broadway, velkommen Frankrig,

Farvel New York by, farvel Frk. Frihed,
Dit frihedens lys vil vejlede os på tværs af havet,
Alle soldaters kærester byder farvel
Alle soldaters mødrer tørrer deres øjne.
Op med humøret, vi vil snart være der, syngende denne Yankee sang

Farvel Broadway, Velkommen Frankrig,
Vi er ti millioner i alt,
Farvel kærester, hustruer og mødre,
Det vil ikke tage os længe.
Må ikke bekymre dig, mens vi er der,
Det er også for dig, vi kæmper,
Så Farvel Broadway, Velkommen Frankrig,
Vi kommer til at betale vores gæld til dig.

Leve Pershing er råbet over havet.
Vi forenes i denne kamp for frihed.
Frankrig sendte os en soldat, modige Lafayette
Hvis gerninger og berømmelse vi ikke kan glemme.
Nu, hvor vi har chancen
Betaler vi vores gæld til Frankrig.

Amerikanerne anså deres moderne musik som et våben.

When Alexander Takes His Ragtime Band To France

What's the tune I hear, a ringing in my ear,
Come on along, Come on along, It's a wonderful Idea
It's Alexander's band, from down in Dixieland
He's going over there to do his share

When Alexander takes his ragtime band to France
He'll capture ev'ry Hun, And take them one by one
Those ragtime tunes will put the Germans in a trance
They'll throw their guns away, Hiphooray, And start right in to dance.
They'll get so excited they'll come over the top
Two-step back to Berlin with a skip and a hop
Old Hindenburg[37] will know he has no chance
When Alexander takes his ragtime band to France.
There's no time to lose,
They'll put on dancing shoes;

37 Paul von Hindenburg (1847–1934), tysk hærfører under 1. verdenskrig og senere tysk rigspræsident til sin død i 1934.

They'll glide away, And slide away,
When they hear those weary blues.
The goose step's on the wane,
The two step's in again;
Like they advanced at first, they've just reversed.

Når Alexander tager sit Ragtime Band til Frankrig

Hvad er melodien jeg hører, ringe i mit øre,
Kom sammen, Kom sammen, det er en fremragende idé
Det er Alexanders band, nede fra Dixieland
Han vil derover og gøre sin del

Når Alexander tager sit ragtime band til Frankrig
Vil han fange alle tyskerne, og tage dem én efter én
Disse ragtime melodier vil sætte tyskerne i trance
De smider deres våben væk, hip hurra og starter at danse.

De bliver så begejstrede, de kommer over bakken
To skridt tilbage til Berlin med et spring og et hop
Gamle Hindenburg vil vide, at han ikke har en chance
Når Alexander tager sit ragtime band til Frankrig.

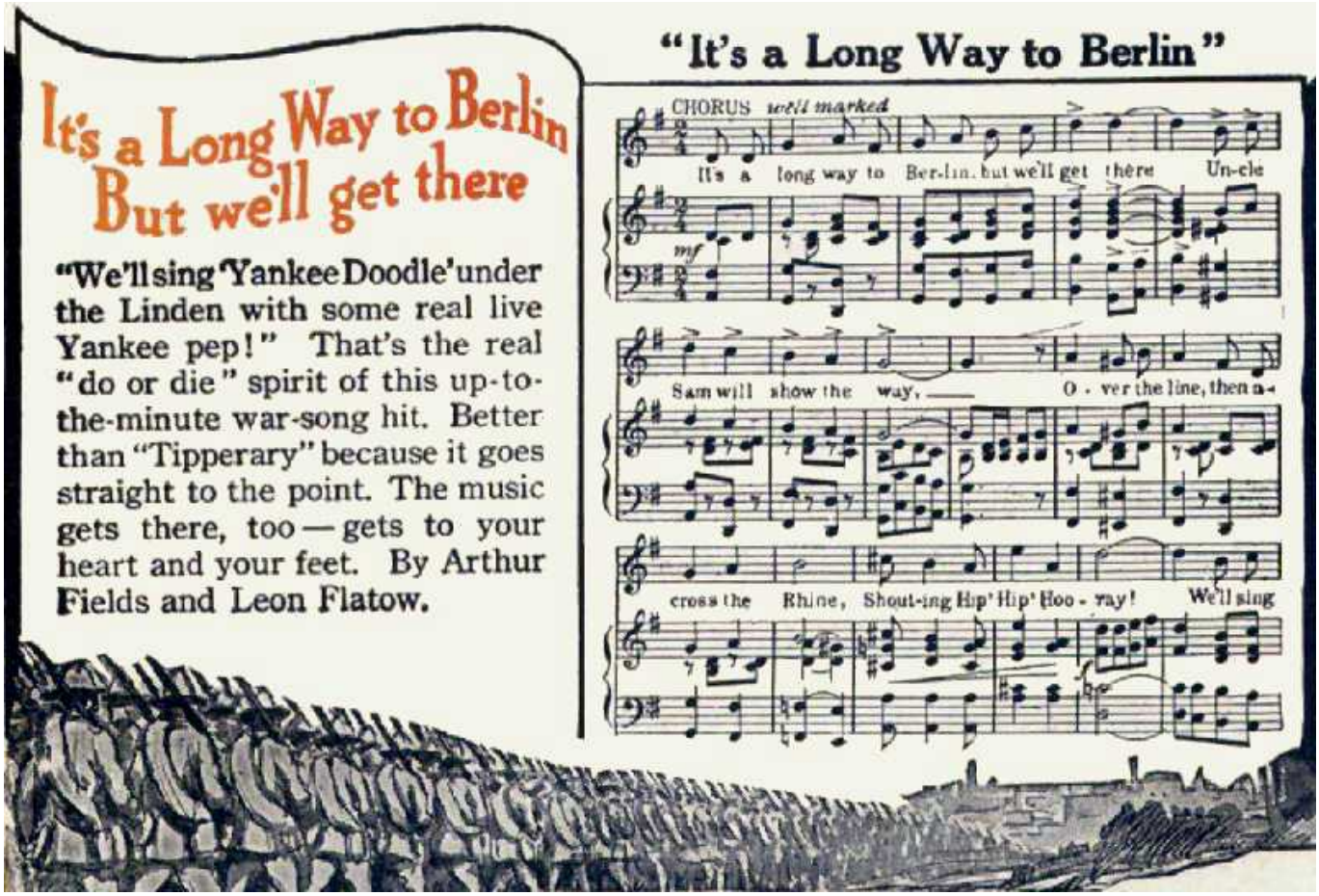
Der er ingen tid at spilde,
De vil tage danseskoene på;
De vil glide væk, og rutsje væk,
Når de hører disse lede blues.

MacNamara's Band

In Ireland popularized MacNamara's Band the Irish music. The song about MacNamara's Band from 1917 is based on an actual band, the St Mary's Fife and Drum Band, formed in Limerick in 1885. In the late 19th century the band featured four brothers, Patrick, John, Michael and Thomas McNamara, and became famous for playing shows all across Ireland. John McNamara served with the Royal Munster Fusiliers during the Second Boer War and First World War. He was killed in action on 9 May 1915. "McNamara's Band" is a popular song recorded in late 1945 by the singer Bing Crosby. A slightly earlier recording of this song appears in the 1945 film The Way to the Stars. Stanley Holloway leads the crowd in a pub close to a Royal Air Force base during in World War II. The lines of the stanza When the Prince of Wales to Ireland came, he shook me by the hand, were changed to When General Grant to Ireland came, he took me by the hand.[38]

38 I 1879. Fiore, Jordan D. (1985). Historical Commentary: "When General Grant to Ireland Came". Bridgewater Review, 3(3), 18-20.

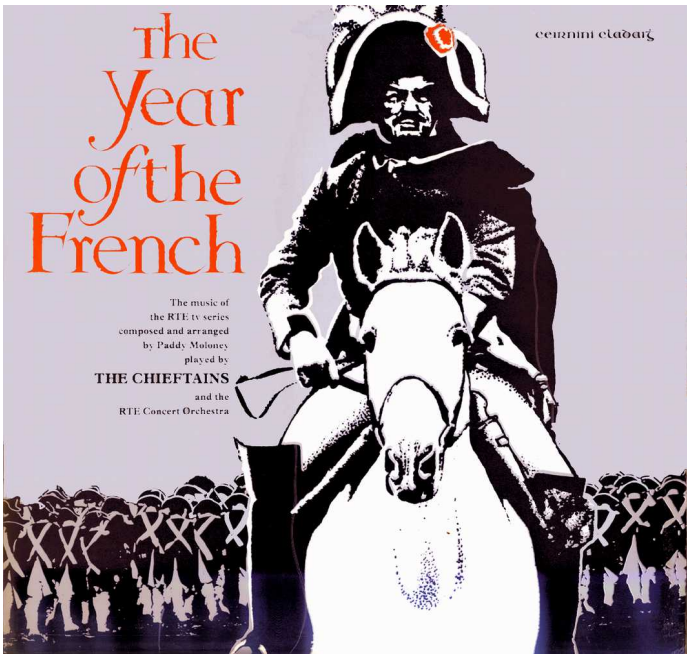
Målet amerikanerne sigtede mod var Berlin.



Soldaterne ville ikke i krig, men gjorde det alligevel og med en vis stolthed. *We Didn't want to Fight but by Jingo now we do*, sang Stanley Kirkby i 1914, året hvor USA lå i krig med Mexico, *They're on Their Way to Mexico*. USA havde tidligere, 1846-1848, været i krig med sin sydlige nabo, *General Taylor*, kaldet *Stormalong*, *Santy Anna* eller *the Plains of Mexico* og *Saint Patricks Battalion*. Sømandssangen, *General Taylor*, er indspillet i 1956 af A.L. Lloyd og Ewan MacColl på Row Bullies Row med titlen Santy Anna / The Plains of Mexico og af Fairport Convention i 1977 på, the Bonny Bunch Of Roses. General Zachary Taylor besejrede den mexicanske General Santa Ana ved Buenavista i februar 1847, han bidrog dermed til at erobre og sikre Texas og Californien for USA. Taylor blev præsident i USA efter krigen med Mexico, men døde af madforgiftning efter en kort embedsperiode, 1849-1850[39].

39 Taylor and his generals : a biography of Major-General Zachary Taylor : And sketches of the lives of Generals Worth, Wool, and Twiggs; with a full account of the various actions of their divisions in Mexico up to the present time; together with a sketch of the life of Major-General Winfield Scott, and an account of the operations of his divisions in Mexico; embellished with portraits and engravings. - Philadelphia : E.H. Butler & Co. ; New York : Burgess, Stringer & Co., 1847
- http://archive.org/details/taylorhisgeneral00inphil

The Bonny Bunch of Roses eller *Bonaparte's Retreat* / Den smukke buket roser eller Bonapartes retræte er en britisk vise som refererer til Napoleons forgæves forsøg på at inddrage Irland på fransk side i Napoleonskrigene.[40] Kort citat.



Your father raised great armies,
And likewise kings did join the throng;
He was so well provided.
Enough to sweep the world along.

But when he went to Moscow,
He was o'erpower'd by drifting snow;
And though Moscow was blazing
He lost the bonny Bunch of Roses, O.

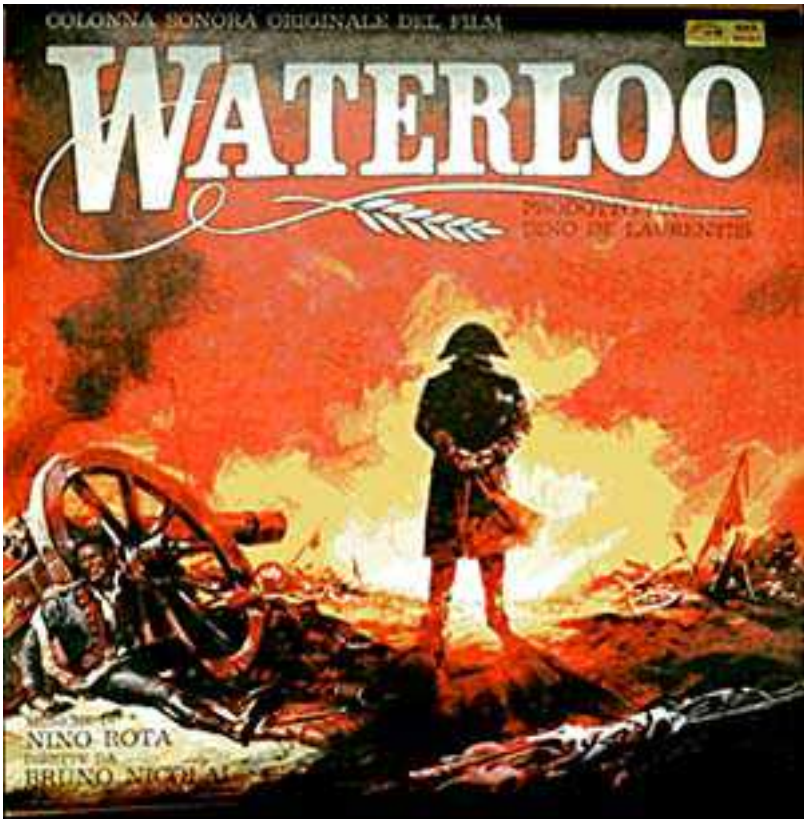
40 Samples of Britisk broadside about Napoleon: Ballads Broadside Ballads Online Bodleian Library Subjects: Napoleon I, Emperor of the French, 1769-1821
- http://ballads.bodleian.ox.ac.uk/search/title/Bonaparte

Din far rejste store hære,
Og også konger deltog i skaren;
Han var så godt forsynet.
Nok til at erobre hele verden.

Men da han drog til Moskva,
Blev han overmandet af fygesne;
Og selvom Moskva brændte
Mistede han den smukke buket roser, åh.

En af de tidligste Napoleon sange på grammofonplade er med Billy Murray fra 1917.[41]

Dansemelodien, *Bonaparte Crossing The Rhine*, kendes i mange varianter, eksempelvis Battle Call Of The Fianna, Battle Of Waterloo, The Battle Of Waterloo, Bonaparte Crossing The Alps, Bonaparte Crossing The Rockies, Bonaparte Crossing The Rocky Mountains, Bonaparte's March, Bonnie's March, County Down, Fare Thee Well Sweet Killaloe, Hot Asphalt, Listowell, Napolean Crossing The Alps, Rohallion, Shermans Maech, The Star Of Columbia, og Sweet Killaloe.



'Napoléon er en fransk historisk episk film fra 1955 instrueret af Sacha

41 Napoleon. Victor 18242; B-19069/2. Republished on Theatre Lyrics of P.G. Wodehouse featuring music by Jerome Kern. Folkways Records FWRFS601 / RF S601, 1961.
Have A Heart. / : Jerome Kern ; Pelham Grenville Wodehouse Guy Bolton. - New York : T.B. Harms, Francis, Day & Hunter, 1917. - https://archive.org/details/haveheart00kern

Guitry der skildrer de store begivenheder i Napoleon I af Frankrigs liv. Yves Montand optræder som marskal Lefebvre og Maria Schell som Marie-Louise af Østrig. Filmen har også optræden af en række bemærkelsesværdige aktører, især Erich von Stroheim som Ludwig van Beethoven, og Orson Welles som Napoleons britiske arrestforvarer Sir Hudson Lowe. Den engelske version er en moderne oversættelse lavet som en del af den oprindelige produktion, men den er ikke så lang som den franske version.'

The Battle Of Waterloo, der startede som en instrumental klagesang er bl.a. indspillet af den skotske folkemusikgruppe the Battlefield Band i 1982 på There's A Buzz. Den skotske folkemusiker og sangskriver Jim Malcolm, digtede en tekst til melodien. Et par strofer fra sangen:

Surgeon oh surgeon, leave me wi my pain,
Save your knife for others, who will surely rise again,
Surgeon oh surgeon, leave my blood to pour,
Let it drain into the bitter clay once more,

Daughter oh daughter, listen dear tae me,
Never wed a sodger, or a widow you will be
Daughter oh daughter, curse your lad to die,
Ere he catches the recruiting sergeant's eye,

Feltskær, åh kirurg, lad mig alene med min smerte,
Gem din kniv til andre, der helt sikkert vil blive raske igen,
Feltskær, åh kirurg, lad mit blod styrte,
Lad det løbe ned i den bitre ler, en gang mere,

Datter, åh datter, lyt kære til mig
Ægt aldrig en soldat eller en enke du vil blive
Datter, åh datter, forband din fyr til at dø,
Før rekrutteringssergentens øje opdager ham

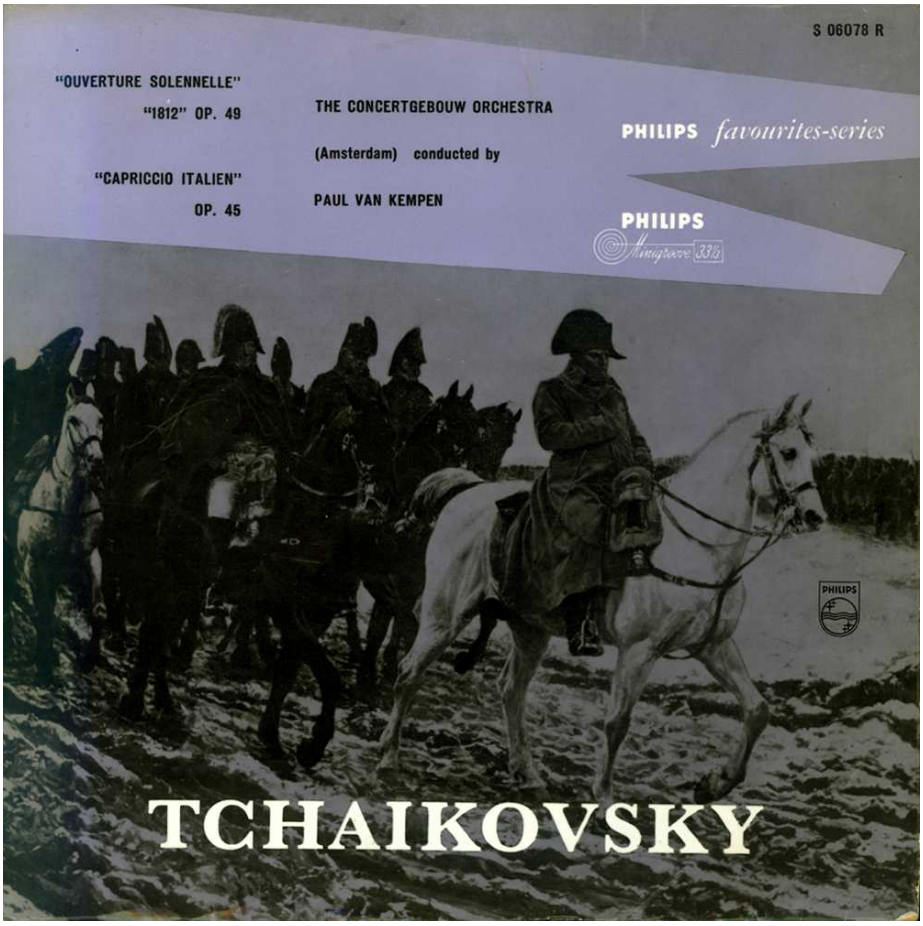
Ifølge, The Ballad Index, forvises Napoleon til den lille ø, Saint Helena (Boney on the Isle of St. Helena). Citat fra visen, der menes at være fra 1835 og af ukendt ophav:

Bonaparte is away from his wars and his fighting.
He has gone to a place he can take no delight in.
He may sit there and dwell on the glories he's seen, oh,
While alone he remains on the Isle of St. Helena.

Bonaparte er væk fra sine krige og hans kampe.
Han er taget til et sted, han ikke kan have glæde i.
Han kan sidde der og dvæle ved de herligheder han har set, åh,

Imens forbliver han alene på øen St. Helena.

Napoleonskrigene blev meget debatteret efterfølgende.



The Grand Conversation on Napoleon

Første vers:

IT was over that wild beaten track a friend of bold Buonaparte[42]
Did pace the sands and lofty rocks of St. Helena's shore,
The wind it blew a hurricane, the lightning's flash around did dark,
The sea-gulls were shrieking, and the waves around did roar;
Ah! Such, rude winds, the stranger cried, a while strange the dreary
Where last a gallant hero his envied eyes did close,
But whilst his valued limbs do rot, his name will never be forgot,
This grand conversation on Napoleon arose.

Denne store samtale om Napoleon opstod

Det var fjernt fra den vilde alfarvej en ven af dristige Buonaparte
Forcerede sand og høje klipper på St. Helenas kyst,
Vinden blæste til orkan, lyn skabte mørke,
Mågerne skreg, og bølgerne brølede
Ah! Sikken barsk vind, råbte den fremmede lidt mærkelig trist
Hvor sidst en galant helt lukkede hans misundte øjne,
Men mens hans værdsatte lemmer rådner, vil hans navn aldrig blive glemt,
Denne store samtale om Napoleon opstod.

Hymnen, *the Battle Hymn of the Republic*, skrevet af Julia Ward Howe i december 1861[43], blev populær under og efter den amerikanske borgerkrig. Den genoptrykkes som nodetryk i 1917. Det oprindelige tema er dommedagens komme.. Et par vers. herfra Den lidt ældre melodi af William Steffe genbruges i et hav af sange helt frem til og med Vietnamkrigen. Lejrene refererer til udendørs religiøse møder i nybyggersamfund, hvor der endnu ikke var bygget kirker. I 1901 moderniserer den seriøse humorist Mark Twain teksten til *the Battle Hymn of the Republic* så den bliver til en kritik

42 A.L. Lloyd recorded The Grand Conversation on Napoleon in 1956 for his Riverside LP English Street Songs. This track was included in 2008 on his 2 CD compilation Ten Thousand Miles Away: English and Australian Folk Songs
- http://mainlynorfolk.info/lloyd/songs/thegrandconversationonnapoleon.html
- http://deriv.nls.uk/dcn9/7489/74893440.9.htm
The Grand Conversation on Napoleon/The Brave Old Oak, 1818,
'Napoleonic Wars (1803-1815)'
- http://digital.nls.uk/english-ballads/pageturner.cfm?id=85447904
Collection of 2,300 broadside ballads, mostly printed in England in the 19th century. Topics range from courtship, crime, disasters and emigration to fashion, theatre, politics, laments sports and old age. Includes ballads on Scotland and Ireland. Part of the Crawford Collections on deposit from the Balcarres Heritage Trust.
The Grand Conversation: Napoleon and British Popular Balladry / : Vic Gammon.RSA Journal Vol. CXXXVII No.5398 September 1989. - http://www.mustrad.org.uk/articles/boney.htm

43 The Story of the Battle Hymn of the Republic. / : Julia Ward Howe. - New York & London, Harper, 1916.- https://archive.org/details/storyofbattlehym00hall

af den amerikanske imperialisme i anledning af den spansk-amerikanske krig om Filippinerne. I parentes bemærket skal det nævnes at folkemusikeren Jimmy Driftwood (1907-1998) i begyndelsen af Vietnamkrigen indspillede en Battle Hymn Of Peace, på Voice Of The People Monument MLP 8006 1963.

Originalteksten:

The Battle Hymn of the Republic

Mine eyes have seen the glory
Of the coming of the Lord
He is trampling out the vintage
Where the grapes of wrath are stored
He has loosed the fateful lightening
Of His terrible swift sword
His truth is marching on

I have seen him in the watch-fires
Of a hundred circling camps
They have builded him an altar
In the evening dews and damps
I can read his righteous sentence
By the dim and flaring lamps
His day is marching on

Republikken kamphymne

Mine øjne har set herligheden
Ved Herrens komme
Han tramper ned den årlige høst
Hvor Vredens Druer er gemt
Han har løst det skæbnesvangre lyn
Sit frygteligt hurtige sværd
Hans sandhed marcherer frem

Jeg har set ham i nattevagten skær
I hundredvis af lejre rundt
De har bygget ham et alter
I aftenens dug og damp
Jeg kan læse hans retfærdige straf
Ved de svage og blussende lamper
Hans dag marcherer frem

The Battle Hymn of the Republic, Updated

Mine eyes have seen the orgy of the launching of the Sword;
He is searching out the hoardings where the stranger's wealth is stored;
He hath loosed his fateful lightnings, and with woe and death has scored;
His lust is marching on.

I have seen him in the watch-fires of a hundred circling camps;
They have builded him an altar in the Eastern dews and damps;
I have read his doomful mission by the dim and flaring lamps—
His night is marching on.

I have read his bandit gospel writ in burnished rows of steel:
"As ye deal with my pretensions, so with you my wrath shall deal;
Let the faithless son of Freedom crush the patriot with his heel;
Lo, Greed is marching on!"

We have legalized the strumpet and are guarding her retreat;
Greed is seeking out commercial souls before his judgement seat;
O, be swift, ye clods, to answer him! be jubilant my feet!
Our god is marching on!

In a sordid slime harmonious Greed was born in yonder ditch,
With a longing in his bosom—and for others' goods an itch.
As Christ died to make men holy, let men die to make us rich—
Our god is marching on.

Ajourført republikken kamphymne

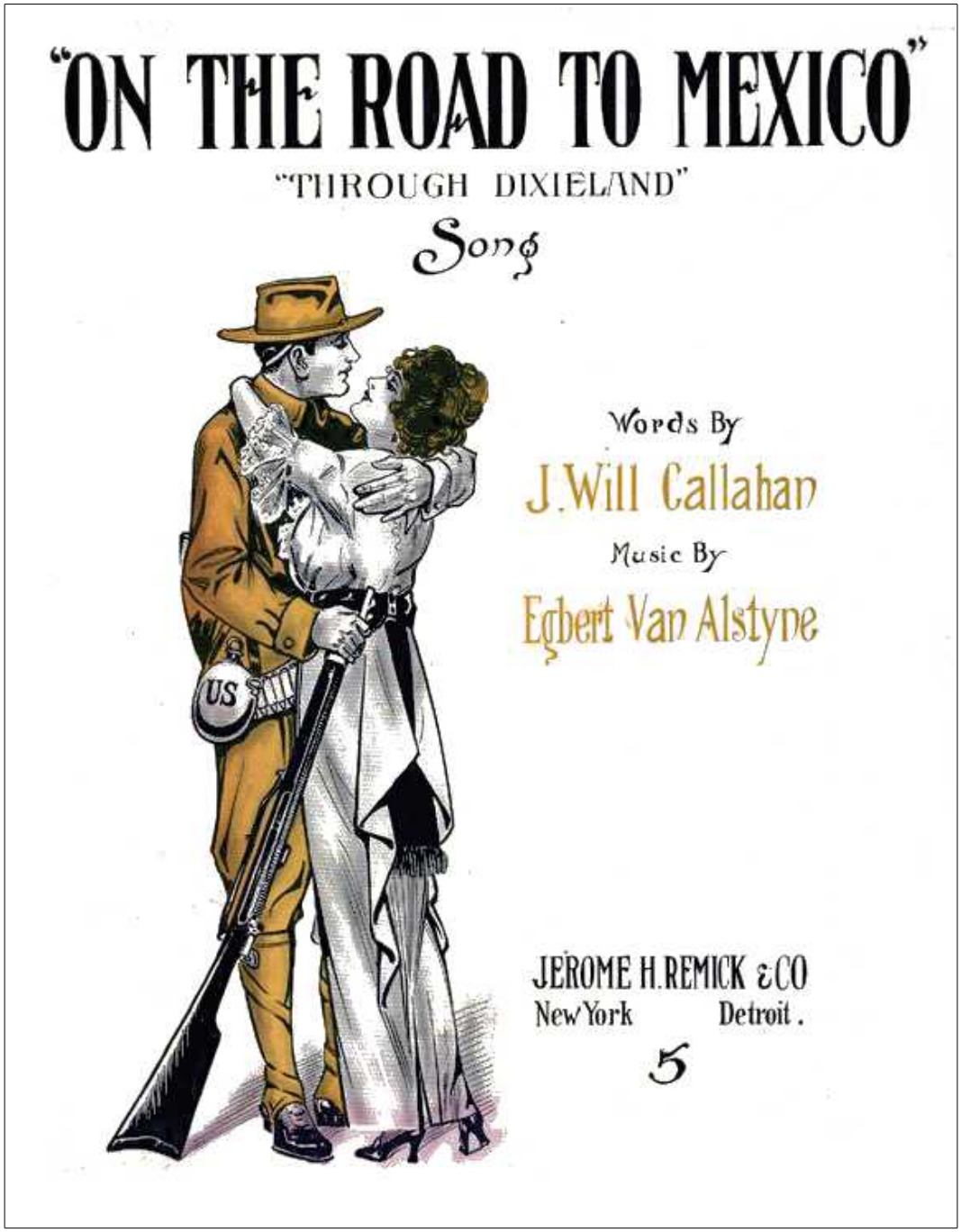
Mine øjne har set orgiet ved lanceringen af sværdet;
Han udsøger skilte som viser, hvor den fremmedes rigdom er gemt;
Han har løsnet sine skæbnesvangre lyn og med ve og død har scoret;
Hans begær marcherer frem.

Jeg har set ham i nattevagten skær i hundredvis af lejre rundt
De har bygget ham et alter i Østens dug og damp;
Jeg har læst hans undergang mission ved svage og blussende lamper
Hans aften marcherer frem.

Jeg har læst hans stævnings slyngel evangelium i polerede rækker af stål:
"Som I behandler mine virksomheder, således skal min vrede behandle dig;
Lad frihedens troløse søn knuse patrioten med sin hæl;
Se, grådigheden marcherer frem!"

Vi har legaliseret luddere og bevogter deres tilbagetog;
Grådighed søger kommercielle sjæle før hans dommersæde;
O, være hurtig, I knolde, svar ham! bliv jublende mine fødder!
Vor Gud marcherer frem!

I en beskidt slimet harmoni blev grådigheden født derovre i grøften,
Med en længsel i hans bryst - og en kløen efter andres varer.
Som Kristus døde for at gøre mænd hellige, lad mænd dø for at gøre os rige
Vor Gud marcherer frem.



Den amerikanske antimexikanske propaganda mytologiseres efterfølgende i filmen, The Martyrs of the Alamo fra 1915, om, *the Ballad Of The Alamo* / Slaget ved Alamo og, *Remember the Alamo,* oprøret i foråret 1836. samt i t*he Ballad of Davy Crockett*. The Ballad of Davy Crockett er en sang med musik af George Bruns og tekst af Thomas W. Blackburn. Sangen blev introduceret i tv miniserien Davy Crockett, hvis første fjernsynsudsendelse blev sendt den 15. december 1954 på ABC Disneyland.[44] Den

44 In Texas with Davy Crockett; a story of the Texas War of Independence. / McNeil Everett. - London [etc.] W. & R. Chambers, Limited, 1908.
- http://archive.org/details/intexaswithdavyc00mcnerich

amerikanske folkesanger og skuespiller Burl Ives (1909 – 1995) tilføjer to vers til visen. Citat:

He heard of Houston and Austin and so
To the Texas plains he just had to go
Where the land was free and there was room to grow
And he fought and died at the Alamo

> Han hørte om Houston og Austin, og så
> Til Texas sletter han bare nødes til at gå
> Hvor jord var fri, og der var plads til at vokse
> Og han kæmpede og døde i Alamo.

Davy Crockett var i parentes bemærket navnet på et taktisk amerikansk atomvåben under den kolde krig.

Der er en meget usædvanlig pacifistisk vise om de paramilitære Texas Rangers under borgerkrigen, hvor det bevæbnede politi ikke bekæmpede nordstaternes tropper, men indianere. Den unge ranger fik et såkaldt militærknæk af sine krigsoplevelser. Sangen er nedskrevet og indspillet i 1930erne. Begrebet militærknæk stammer fra tysk og er en voldsom oplevelse, som får en soldat eller dennes pårørende til at blive pacifister.

Story of the wild West and camp-fire chats : a full and complete history of the renowned pioneer quartette, Boone, Crockett, Carson and Buffalo Bill replete with graphic descriptions of wild life and thrilling adventures by famous heroes of the frontier. A record of exciting events on the western borders pushed westward to the sea; massacres, desperate battles, extraordinary bravery, marvelous fortitude, astounding heroism, grand hunts, savage encounters, adventures by flood and field, rollicking anecdotes, tales of sorrow, droll stories, curious escapades, and a melange of incidents that make up the melodrama of civilization in its march over mountains and prairies to the Pacific, including a description of Buffalo Bill's conquests in England with his Wild West exhibition where royalty from all the European nations, paid him a generous homage and made his wonderful show the greatest success of modern times. / : Buffalo Bill. - Philadelphia : Historical Publishing Co., 1888. - http://archive.org/details/storyofwildwestc00buffrich

Texas Rangers

Come all you Texas Rangers, wherever you may be,
A story I will tell you that happened to me.
My name is nothing extra. The truth to you I'll tell,
I am a roving Ranger, and I'm sure I wish you well.
'Twas at the age of sixteen I joined this jolly band.

We marched from San Antonio unto the Rio Grande.
Our captain he informed us, perhaps he thought it right,
'Before you reach the station, boys,' said he, 'you'll have to fight!'
I saw the Injuns coming, I heard them give the yell;
My feelings for one moment no tongue can ever tell.
I saw their glittering lances like arrows round my head;

My heart it sank within me, my courage almost fled.
We fought them nine hours before the strife was o'er.
The likes of the dead and wounded I never saw before.
Six as noble Rangers as ever trod the West
Lay buried by their comrades; sweet peace be to their rest.

I thought of my dear old mother, who in tears to me did say.
'Perhaps they are all strangers ; with me you'd better stay.'
But I thought her old and childish and that she did not know;
My mind was bent on soldiering and I was bound to go.

Perhaps you have a mother, likewise a sister too,
And perhaps you have a sweetheart to grieve and mourn for you.
If this be your condition, and you may wish to roam,
I advise you by experience, you'd better stay at home.

Jeg så indianere komme, jeg hørte dem råbe;
I et øjeblik kan ingen tunge nogensinde fortælle mine følelser,.
Jeg så deres glitrende lanser som pile rundt om mit hoved;
Mit hjerte sank i mig, mit mod næsten flygtede.

Ni timer kæmpede vi mod dem, før striden var ovre.
Synet af de døde og sårede, har jeg aldrig set før.
Seks så ædle Rangers som nogensinde betrådte Vesten
Lå begravet af deres kammerater, søde fred være til deres hvile

Jeg tænkte på min kære gamle mor, der i tårer sagde til mig.
"Måske er de alle fremmede; med mig, må du hellere blive."
Men jeg synes hun var gammel og barnlig og at hun ikke vidste;
Mit sind var opsat på at blive soldat og jeg var tvunget ad sted.

Måske har du en mor, eller ligeledes en søster,
Og måske har du en kæreste til at sørge og græde for dig.
Hvis dette er din tilstand, og du ønsker at strejfe om,
Jeg råder dig gennem erfaring, du må hellere blive hjemme.

Der var så vidt vides ingen amerikanske militærnægtere som fulgte opfordringen i 1914 om at rejse til Canada. Trafikken gik den modsatte vej. Canadiske militærnægtere emigrerede til USA i løbet af de første år af krigen. På samme måde som militærnægtere havde krydset de to landes grænse siden de amerikanske revolutionskrige, hvorunder Kvækerne flygtede til Canada. Alle disse mænd blev kaldt "Rømningsmænd".

> 'Så igen, op til USA 'indtræden i krigen i april 1917, gav landet et praktisk, nemt tilflugtssted for canadierne, der ikke ønsker at hverves eller at blive kaldt "driverter" for ikke at gøre det. Ironisk nok I 1917 for dissidenterne i begge lande, indførte USA værnepligt i begyndelsen af sin aktive deltagelse, hvilket foregreb den canadiske værnepligt samme år. I sidste ende, tidligt i 1918, indgik de to lande en officiel aftale om metoder, hvormed de forsøgte at kontrollere og fordele deres mandskabsstyrker.'[45]

'I USA under Første Verdenskrig, blev ordet "drivert" almindeligt anvendt til at beskrive en person, der ikke deltog i krigsindsatsen, især en, der undgik militærtjeneste, det svarer til den senere udtryk "militærnægter". Forsøg på at opspore sådanne undvigere blev kaldt "driverter razziaer".' WIKI. *When The War Breaks Out in Mexico* er indspillet af Viola McCoy & the Wright's Minstrels i 1916 og af Pete Dailey & His Chicagoans i 1948: Opfordringen om at rejse nordpå som militærnægter blev først til virkelighed et par generationer og krige efterfølgende. Sam Jackson i denne sang er formodentlig en fiktiv person.

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45 Hansen, Marcus Lee. The Mingling of the Canadian and American Peoples. Vol 1: Historical. The Relations of Canada and the United States, Ayer. - New Haven, : Yale University Press; Toronto, : The Ryerson Press; [etc., etc.] for the Carnegie Endowment for International Peace, Division of Economics and History, 1940. pp 248-249.
- https://archive.org/details/minglingofcanadi00hans

When The War Breaks Out In Mexico

Somebody told Sam Jackson 'bout the War in Mexico.
They said, "Your country needs you now, so grab your gun and go.
Go where the rifles crack and lead each mad attack."
Sam said, "I knew a hero once who got shot in the back,
And after all the folks had read about the charge he led,
They said he was a hero. Ain't it too bad he's dead?
Therefore, I must refuse to help Miss Vera Cruz.
I couldn't go to any war with just one pair of shoes."

Sam Jackson said," my head and heart are very, very brave,
But when I am in battle, my two feet will not behave.
I had a fight one day; my head wanted to stay.
In spite of all my head could do, both my feet ran away.
A soldier on a battlefield can have lots of bad luck,
For when a bullet comes along, he might forget to duck.
So when the bugles blow, and all the soldiers go,
You'll see me going mighty fast, but not to Mexico.

When the war breaks out in Mexico I'm going to Montreal.
On my forty-second cousin up in Canada I'm going to make a friendly call.
I'd like to be a hero in a suit of blue, but my insurance policy is overdue.

When the war breaks out in Mexico I'm going to Montreal.
A postal card will reach me up in Canada; I won't be coming home till fall.
'Bout my patriotism, I don't want to brag,
But I'll lean out of a window and I'll wave a flag.
When the war breaks out in Mexico
Some one else can start fighting
Just break the news to father that I'm going to Montreal.

Når krigen bryder ud i Mexico vil jeg rejse til Montreal.
Til min toogfyrretyvende fætter oppe i Canada,
har jeg tænkt mig at lave et venlig opkald.
Jeg ville gerne være en helt i en blå dragt, men min forsikringspolice er ikke betalt

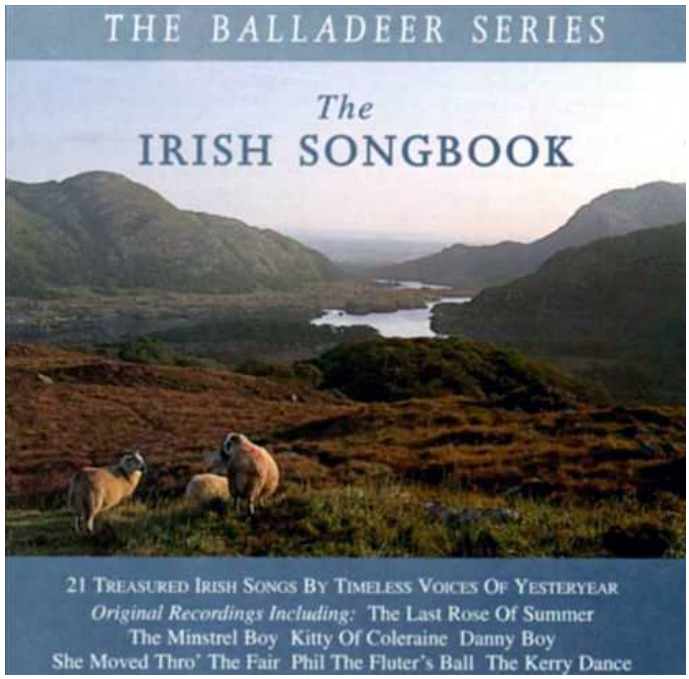
Irland var dengang en del af Det britiske imperium - og der var som altid britiske hverveofficerer på den grønne ø, hvor der ikke var værnepligt.[46]

Her havde man erfaringerne fra irernes deltagelse i den amerikanske frihedskrig, Napoleons-krigene, erobringen af Indien og Sri Lanka og Krimkrigen i frisk erindring via en række stadigt mere populære soldaterviser så som, *Mrs. McGrath* (fra 1815)[47], *Glen Of Aherlow* om *Patrick Sheehan*, *Johnny Has Gone For a Soldier* – med afsæt i middelaldervisen *Siúil A Rún*, *I'll Take You Home Again Kathleen*, *The Kerry Recruit*, *Arthur McBride* og ikke mindst *Johnny I Hardly Knew Ya,* hvor soldaten flygter fra konen og børnene.

46 Irske nodetryk og nodetryk fra irske emigranter i USA fra første verdenskrig er bl.a. registreret i / Irish sheet music prints and sheet music prints from Irish emigrants in the US from the First World War are among other things registered in: The Irish Sheet Music Archives in the Ward Irish Music Archives, Milwaukee, Wisconsin.
- http://irishsheetmusicarchives.com/Galleries/Irish-In-World-War-I-Songs.htm
Britisk-irske hverveplakater fra første verdenskrig:
World War I Recruiting Collection, Early Printed Books, Trinity College Library, Dublin
These posters and leaflets were issued by the British Army in Dublin during the war.
- http://digitalcollections.tcd.ie/content/1032/pdf/1032.pdf
They Shall Not Grow Old – Irish Soldiers and the Great War. / : Myles Dungan.
- Dublin : Four Courts Press,1997.
Ireland's Unknown Soldiers: The 16th (Irish) Division in the Great War, 1914-1918. / : Terence Denman. - Dublin : Irish Academic Press, 1992.
The Great War of 1914-18 saw the Irish soldier make his greatest sacrifice on Britain's behalf. Nearly 135,000 Irishmen volunteered (conscription was never applied in Ireland) in addition to the 50,000 Irish who were serving with the regular army and the reserves on 4 August 1914. Within a few weeks of the outbreak of the war, no less than three Irish divisions - the 10th (Irish), 16th (Irish), and 36th (Ulster) - were formed from Irishmen, Catholic, and Protestant, who responded to Lord Kitchener's call to arms. An estimated 35,000 Irish-born soldiers were killed before the armistice came in November 1918. Over 4,000 of those who died were with the 16th (Irish) Division. Yet, in spite of these facts, serious historical study of Ireland's major involvement in the War has been neglected. Indeed Easter 1916 dominates Irish historiography to such an extent that the period 1914-18 is rarely considered as a distinct era in Irish history.'
Provincial recruiting in the First World War: the Glynn's of Kilrush Co Clare. / : Paul O'Brien.
- http://www.militaryheritage.ie/news/2013/August/Paul_OBrien_Miltary_Trust_Article_July_2013.pdf
47 Mrs. McGrath er først indspillet af Pete Seeger på The Weavers' Town Hall Concerts of December 1951 / 1952 genudgivet på Kisses Sweeter Than Wine, 1994.

Selv den populære irske tenor Josef Locke (1917-1999), der begyndte at udgive grammofonplader efter anden verdenskrig sluttede sin karriere med en fredssang. Den blev udsendt i 1973 efter plader som *I'll take you home again Kathleen* 1947 - med en alternativ tekst, The Soldier's Dream / La Reve Passe 1949, *It's a grand life in the army* 1953 og altså *Let there be peace*, 1973. En stor del af Josef Loches pladeudgivelser er nu i Internetarkivet.

En patriotisk irsk musikant opfordres af sin far til at drage i krig. Harpespilleren såres dødeligt i slaget og ødelægger harpens strenge. Teksten er forfattet af den irske digter og sanger Thomas Moore (1779–1852). Klagesangen er siden ofte spillet ved irske begravelser både i Irland og blandt irske udvandrere.



The Minstrel Boy er formodentligt først indspillet af den irske tenor Tom Burke (1890-1967) i 1927. Her i en udgave fra 2007 med Kray Van Kirk

The Minstrel Boy

Tune: The Moreen

The minstrel boy to the war is gone,
In the ranks of death you'll find him;
His father's sword he has girded on,
And his wild harp slung behind him;
"Land of Song!" said the warrior bard,
"Though all the world betrays thee,
One sword, at least, thy rights shall guard,
One faithful harp shall praise thee!"

The Minstrel fell! But the foeman's chain
Could not bring his proud soul under;
The harp he loved ne'er spoke again,
For he tore its chords asunder;
And said "No chains shall sully thee,
Thou soul of love and bravery!
Thy songs were made for the pure and free
They shall never sound in slavery!"

Den unge Skjald

Den unge Skjald er draget i krige,
I dødens rækker, du finder ham;
Hans fars sværd, han har bundet på,
Og hans vilde harpe på ryggen bar;
"Sangens Land"! sagde bardekrigeren,
"Selvom hele verden forråder dig,
I det mindste skal et sværd, dine rettigheder bevogte,
Én trofast harpe skal prise dig! "

Skjalden faldt! Men avindsmanden[48] i rækken
Kunne ikke underkue hans stolte Sjæl;
Harpen han elskede talte aldrig igen,
For han rev sine strenger sønder;
Og sagde "Ingen lænker skal besudle Dig,
Du sjæl af kærlighed og tapperhed!
Dine sange blev lavet til de rene og fri
De skal aldrig lyde i slaveri! "

'Captain William Kidd (1645 – 23 May 1701) was a Scottish sailor who was tried and executed for piracy after returning from a voyage to the Indian Ocean. Some modern historians deem his piratical reputation unjust, as there is evidence that Kidd acted only as a privateer. Kidd's fame springs largely from the sensational circumstances of his questioning before the English Parliament and the ensuing trial. His actual depredations on the high seas, whether piratical or not, were both less destructive and less lucrative than those of many other contemporary pirates and privateers.' WIKI.

'Captain William Kidd sailed from Plymouth in May 1696 in command of a privateer called the Adventure galley, equipped by private subscription, but with a commission under the Great Seal to seize pirates. Kidd, however, turned pirate himself, was arrested at Boston in July 1699, transmitted to England for trial, and hanged at Execution Dock on May 23, 1701. Captain Kidd's Farewell to the Seas was a popular song and set to a popular tune. The whole ballad is only to be found in Lord Crawford's collection. '[49]

Captain Kidd was the last person to be hung at Execution Dock, Wapping on the Thames. He was sentenced for murder and piracy on the high seas on May 9, 1701 and was hung on May 23. There was a long history of piracy in the British navy. Francis Drake, the second man to circumnavigate the globe, made his profit by preying on the Spanish. The ballad was first recorded in 1954 by American folk singer Dick Wilder on Pirate Songs and Ballads.

48 Person, som bærer had eller nag til en; fjende.
49 Captain Kidd Roud 1900. After 1701. - http://www.fresnostate.edu/folklore/ballads/LK35.html Introduction to Naval Songs and Ballads 1908.

The Ballad of Captain Kidd or The Dying Words of Capt. Robert Kidd

YOU captains brave and bold, hear our cries, hear our cries,
You captains brave and bold hear our cries,
You captains brave and bold,
Tho' you seem uncontrol'd
Don't for the sake of gold lose your souls, lose your souls.

My name was Robert Kidd, when I sail'd, when I sail'd,
My name was Robert Kidd when I sail'd
My name was Robert Kidd,
God's laws I did forbid,
And so wickedly I did when I sail'd.

My parents taught me well, when I sail'd, when I sail'd,
My parents taught me well when I sail'd,
My parents taught me well
To shun the gates of hell,
But against them I did rebel, when I sail'd.

I curs'd my father dear when I sail'd, when I sail'd,
I curs'd my father dear when I sail'd,
I curs'd my father dear,
And her that did me bear,
And so wickedly did swear when I sail'd.

I made a solemn vow, when I sail'd, when I sail'd,
I made a solemn vow, when I sail'd.
I made a solemn vow,
To God I would not bow,
Nor myself one prayer allow, when I sail'd.

I'd a bible in my hand, when I sail'd, when I sail'd,
I'd a bible in my hand when I sail'd,
I'd a bible in my hand
By my father's great command,
But I sunk it in the sand when I sail'd.

I murder'd William Moore as I sail'd, as I sail'd,
I murder'd William Moore as I sail'd;
I murder'd William Moore,
And I left him in his gore,
Not many leagues from shore, as I sail'd.

And being cruel still, as I sail'd, as I sail'd,
And being cruel still, as I sail'd;
And being cruel still,
My gunner I did kill,

And his precious blood did spill as I sail'd.

My mate took sick and died, as I sail'd, as I sail'd,
My mate took sick and died, as I sail'd;
My mate took sick and died,
Which me much terrified,
When he call'd me to his bedside, as I sail'd.

And unto me did say, see me die, see me die,
And unto me did say, see me die;
And unto me did say,
Take warning now I pray
There'll come a reckoning day, you must die.

You cannot then withstand, when you die, when you die,
You cannot then withstand, when you die;
You cannot then withstand
The judgements of God's hand,
But bound in iron bands you must die.

I was sick and nigh to death as I sail'd, as I sail'd,
I was sick and nigh to death as I sail'd!
I was sick and nigh to death,
And vow'd at every breath,
To walk in wisdom's ways as I sail'd.

I thought I was undone, as I sail'd, as I sail'd,
I thought I was undone, as I sail'd;
I thought I was undone,
That my wicked glass was run,
But my health did soon return, as I sail'd.

My repentance lasted not, as I sail'd, as I sail'd,
My repentance lasted not, as I sail'd;
My repentance lasted not,
My vows I soon forgot,
Damnation's my just lot, as I sail'd.

I steer'd from sound to sound, as I sail'd, as I sail'd,
I steer'd from sound to sound, as I sail'd;
I steer'd from sound to sound,
And many ships I found,
And most of them I burn'd as I sail'd.

I spy'd three ships of France, as I sail'd, as I sail'd,
I spy'd three ships of France as I sail'd.
I spy'd three ships of France,
To them I did advance,

And took them all by chance, as I sail'd.

I spy'd three ships of Spain, as I sail'd, as I sail'd,
I spy'd three ships of Spain as I sail'd;
I spy'd three ships of Spain,
I fir'd on them, amain,
Till most of them were slain, as I sail'd.

I'd ninety bars of gold, as I sail'd, as I sail'd,
I'd ninety bars of gold as I sail'd,
I'd ninety bars of gold
And dollars manifold,
With riches uncontrol'd, as I sail'd.

Then fourteen ships I see, as I sail'd, as I sail'd,
Then fourteen ships I see, as I sail'd,
Then fourteen ships I see,
And all brave men they be,
And they were too hard for me, as I sail'd.

Thus being o'ertaken at last, I must die, I must die,
Thus being o'ertaken at last, I must die,
Thus being o'ertaken at last,
And into prison cast,
And sentence being past, I must die.

Farewell to the raging main, for I must die, for I must die,
Farewell to the raging main, for I must die,
Farewell to the raging main,
To Turkey, France & Spain,
I shall ne'er see you again, for I must die.

To Newgate now I'm cast, and must die, and must die,
To Newgate now I'm cast, and must die;
To Newgate now I'm cast,
With sad and heavy heart,
To receive my just desert, I must die.

To Execution Dock, I must go, I must go,
To Execution Dock, I must go;
To Execution Dock,
Where many thousands flock,
But I must bear my shock, and must die.

Come all ye young and old, see me die, see me die,
Come all ye young and old, see me die;
Come all ye young and old,
You're welcome to my gold,

For by it I've lost my soul, and must die.

Take warning now by me, for I must die, for I must die,
Take warning now by me, for I must die;
Take warning now by me,
And shun bad company,
Lest you come to hell with me, for I must die;
Lest you come to hell with me, for I must die.

Beretningen om Kaptajn Kidd,

Oversættelse: Erik Kjersgaard

Åh, mit navn var kaptajn Kidd, under sejl, under sejl,
åh, mit navn var kaptajn Kidd, under sejl,
mit navn var kaptajn Kidd,Guds ord
betød så lidt, når man holdt det i mod mit,
under sejl, undersejl, når manholdt det i mod mit, under sejl.

Ak, jeg lærte nok som barn, under sejl, under sejl,
jeg lærte nok som barn at undfly Satans garn;
men jeg kasted mig i skarn, under sejl, under sejl.

For jeg dræbte William Moore, under sejl, under sejl
jeg dræbte William Moore, blod vælded' fra hans sår,
dér hvor kystens brænding går, under sejl, under sejl

Jeg tog massevis af guld, under sejl, under sejl,
jeg tog en masse guld, jeg tror en tønde fuld,
for min lykke var mig huld, under sejl, under sejl.

Hvert et farvand jeg befo'r under sejl, under sejl,
hvert farvand jeg befo'r, og hvor jeg gik ombord,
var der rov og brand og mord, under sejl, under sejl

Og min grumhed kræved' mer', under sejl, under sejl
min grumhed kræved' mer', min brave kanonér
har jeg myrdet grusomt dér, under sejl, under sejl.

Fjorten skibe sås en dag under sejl, under sejl,
de skibe sås en dag, beredt og klar til slag/
og jeg led mit nederlag under sejl, under sejl.

Ud fra Newgate bli'r jeg kørt på en vogn, på en vogn,
fra Newgate bli'r jeg kørt, med hjertet dybt berørt
til min død i galgen ført på en vogn, på en vogn.

Mange tusind ser på mig, der skal dø, der skal dø,
ja mange ser på mig ved galgedokkens kaj,
hvor jeg skræmt og dødsensbleg nu skal dø, nu skal

Tag mig ej til rettesnor, når jeg dør, når jeg dør,
men lyt til mine ord: hold Jer fra rov og mord!
fanden tager mig ombord, når jeg dør, når jeg dør.

Op igennem middelalderen var skibsforlis almindelige på grund af dårligt vejr og stærke storme. I den næste engelske ballade synker krigsskibet Benjamin før eller omkring 1676 netop på grund af en storm og størstedelen af besætningen omkommer.[50] I en anden udateret klagesang beretter en af de tvangshvervede søfolk på Benjamin om sine oplevelser under forliset. Både den omtalte admiral Cole og det gode skib Benjamin er tilsyneladende forsvundet ud af historien.

50 The Benjamin's lamentation for their sad loss at sea by storms and tempests: being a brief narrative of one of his Majesty's ships, call'd, the Benjamin, that was drove into harbour at Plimouth, and received no small harm by this tempest. To a new tune, call'd, The poor Benjamin, O, &c. - [London]: Printed for F. Coles, T. Vere, J. Wright, and J. Clarke, [1676?].

The Bold Benjamin or Captain Chilver's gone to sea. The Benjamin's Lamentation for their sad loss at Sea, by Storms and Tempests

Now, Admiral Cole has gone to sea,
Oh, me boys, ohh!
Now, Admiral Cole has gone to sea-o!
Brave Admiral Cole has gone to sea
With all our good ship's company,
On board the Bold Benjamin, ohh!

We set sail for France and Spain,
Oh, me boys, ohh!
We set sail for France and Spain-o!
We set sail for France and Spain,
Our gold and silver to regain,
On board the Bold Benjamin, oh!

We set sail five hundred men,
Oh, me boys, ohh!
We set sail five hundred men-o!
We set sail five hundred men,
And we've come back but fifty-one,
They was lost on Bold Benjamin, oh!

And as we drew near Blackwall,
Oh, me boys, ohh!
And as we drew near Blackwall-o!
And as we drew near Blackwall,
Admiral Cole, loud did call:
"Here comes the Bold Benjamin, oh!"

Hear the mothers weeping for their sons,
Oh, me boys, ohh!
Hear the mothers weeping for their sons-o!
Hear the mothers weeping for their sons,
And the widows for their husbands,
They was lost on Bold Benjamin, oh!

The Benjamin's Lamentation 89

'Ah, Betty, when billows do rage and do roar
For want of thy sight I am troubled sore :
Whilst other are troubled with terror and fear,
Yet I am cheer'd up with the thought of my dear.

'No prison is like to the want of thy sight,
Which locks up my bliss, for thou art my delight:
Though distant I am, therefore only opprest,
Yet still my dear Betty doth lodge in my breast.

' In the midst of my sorrows, whilst others do mourn,
'Tis the want of my love that doth make me forlorn ;
Yet [I] would not enjoy thee in this cursed place,
Though for want of thy love my tears trickle apace.

'But be of good cheer, for every one knows
'Tis an ill wind indeed that no comfort blows ;
And again I do hope thee in England to see,
Then who'l be so happy as Betty and me?

'And now, thorough Providence, I am return'd :
By shipwrack I 'scap'd, for our ship it was burn'd;
No torment like mine was when I was a slave,
For the want of my Betty was worse than a grave.'

Under et britisk-fransk søslag i 1702 i Vestindien rammes den britiske Admiral Benbow af en fransk kanonkugle, hvorved han mister begge sine ben. Og kort tid efter dør han. Citat fra en af drikkeviserne om den tapre admiral.

Brave Benbow lost his legs
By chain shot, by chain shot
Brave Benbow lost his legs by chain shot.
Brave Benbow lost his legs,
And all on his stumps he begs,
Fight on my English lads,
'Tis our lot, 'tis our lot.

The surgeon dress'd his wounds,
Cries Benbow, cries Benbow
The surgeon dress'd his wounds, cries Benbow.
Let a cradle now in haste,
On the quarterdeck be placed
That the enemy I may face
'Til I die, 'Til I die.

Brave Benbow mistede sine ben
ved lænkekugle[51], lænkekugle
Brave Benbow mistede sine ben ved lænkekugle ramt.
Brave Benbow mistede sine ben,
Og alt på sine stumper, tigger han,
Kæmp videre mine engelske knægte,
"Dette er vores parti," dette er vores parti.

Kirurgen behandlede hans sår,
Benbow råber, Benbow råber
Kirurgen behandlede hans sår, Benbow råber.
Lad en vugge nu i hast,
På agterdækket anbringe
Så jeg kan stå over for fjenden
Til jeg dør, til jeg dør.

Det fremgår ikke om Paddy i den følgende sang fra første verdenskrig var desertør eller bare en dårlig soldat. Shirley Kellogg i London i 1915 synger 'Chinatown, My Chinatown' med B siden 'On The Road To Dublin Town', optaget med den oprindelige rollebesætning fra London Hippodrome revyen 'Push and Go" på Columbia 557.[52]

On the Road to Dublin Town

Paddy was a soldier and a fighting man was he,
And he was in the thickest of the fight across the sea;
Sure! Ev'ry time they took a wounded comrade to the rear,
Why, Paddy stopped his fighting just to whisper in his ear:

If you're going back to dear old Dublin
Tell Mavourneen O'Shea
That her Paddy boy of her is thinking
Many miles and miles away.
She is sweet and pretty as a picture
In a plain gingham gown,
And I'm certain that she is still waiting for me
On the road to Dublin town

Paddy got a letter from his sweetheart and she said,
"Please, darlin', will you write me are you injured' are you dead?"
So Paddy wrote his answer, "I'm not injured, sweetheart mine,
Well that is, not exactly I'm just half-shot all the time!"

---

51 I Danmark blev lænkekugle projektilerne bl.a. fremstillet i Frederiksværk
Johan Frederik Classen, skaber af Frederiksværk og stifter af det Classenske fideikommis / Camillus: Nyrop. Gad, 1887.

52 Columbia Records Catalogue 1916-17
- http://sounds.bl.uk/related-content/TEXTS/029I-COLXX1916X17-0000A0.pdf

Finally they made poor Pat a prisoner one day;
They tried him by court martial and he heard the captain say:
"Pat! You'll be shot tomorrow morn at sunrise by my men."
"The deuce I will!" said Paddy, "For I don't get up till ten!"

På vej til Dublin By

Paddy var en soldat og en kæmpende mand var han,
Og han var i den hårdeste kamp over havet;
Sikkert var det! Hver gang de tog en såret kammerat fra fronten,
Hvorfor, Paddy standsede hans kamp, blot at hviske i hans øre:

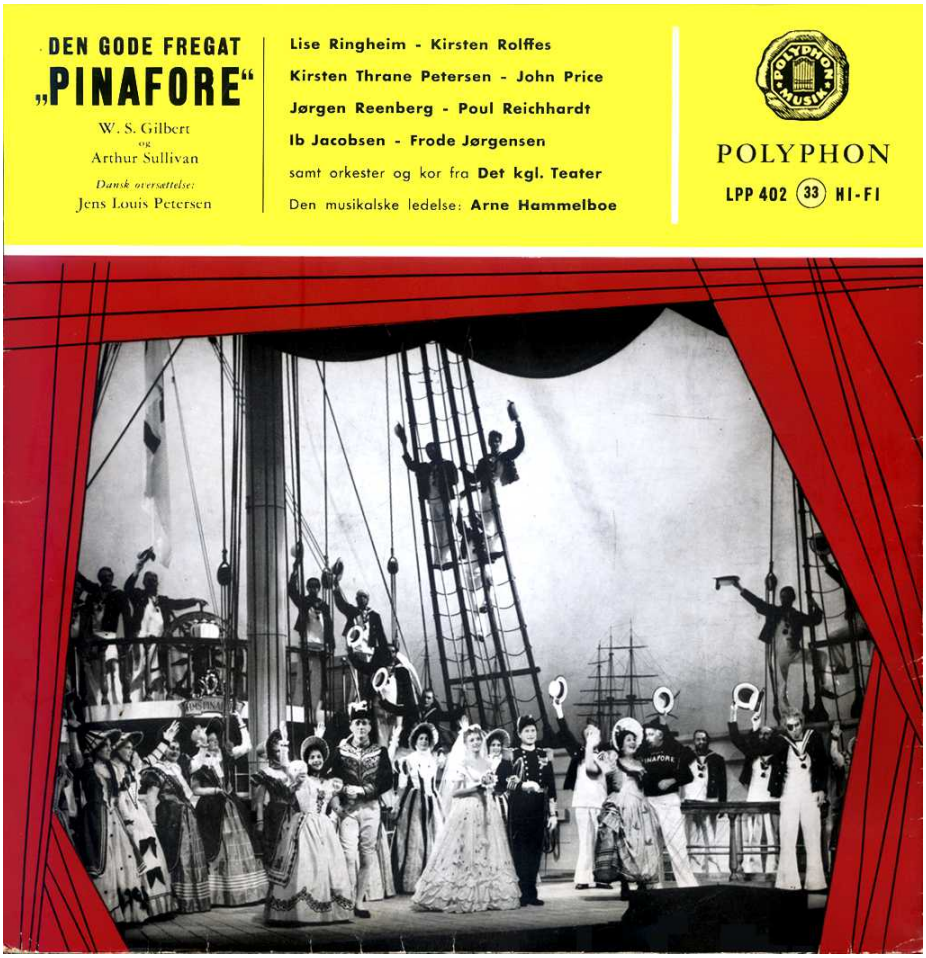
Hvis du går tilbage til kære gamle Dublin
Fortæl Mavourneen O'Shea
At hendes Paddy dreng på hende tænker
Mange kilometer og kilometervis væk.
Hun er sød og smuk som et billede
I en almindelig bomuldskjole,
Og jeg er sikker på, at hun stadig venter på mig
På vej til Dublin By

Paddy fik et brev fra sin kæreste, og hun skrev,
"Sig mig venligst, skat, vil du svare mig: er du såret 'er du død?"
Så Paddy skrev sit svar, "Jeg er ikke såret, kæreste min,
Nå det er ikke helt nøjagtigt, jeg bare halvt skudt hele tiden! "

Endelig fangede de stakkels Pat en dag;
De dømte ham ved krigsret, og han hørte kaptajnen sige:
"Pat! Du vil blive skudt i morgen tidlig ved solopgang af mine mænd."
"Pokker vil jeg!" sagde Paddy, "For jeg står ikke op før ti!"

En anden admiral der var ved at komme galt ad sted i sin praktiktid som skibsfører, var den fiktive Sir Joseph Porter som i virkeligheden menes at være den britiske politiker og publicist William Henry Smith (1825-1891).

Admiralens vise er fra operetten H.M.S. Pinafore eller på dansk Den gode fregat Pinafore af makkerparret Gilbert & Sullivan. Det er en komisk operette fra 1878, og sangen her handler den den adelige admiral Sir Joseph Porter der skal styre, men uden at have noget som helst kendskab til det. Figuren Porter har sin rod i virkeligheden, for der var faktisk året før blevet udnævnt en overadmiral; selv om at han havde aldrig været til søs, men udelukkende havde administrative evner. Admiralens vise er herhjemme bedst kendt i Jørgen Reenbergs overbevisende udgave der havde premiere på Det Kgl. Teater i december 1955. Direkte morsom og underholdende er også episoden med skibskaptajnens omgangsformer med sit mandskab. Den danske oversættelse og Lp'en stemmer ikke helt overens idet der er tilføjet et kor og bisætningen og var der stjerner til omkvædet. De originale danske grammofonplader er begge indspilninger fra anden opsætningen i 1957.



Sir Joseph Porter's Song

When I was a lad I served a term
As office boy to an attorney's firm.
I cleaned the windows and I swept the floor,
And I polished up the handle of the big front door.
I polished up that handle so carefullee
That now I am the ruler of the Queen's Navee!

CHORUS. He polished up that handle, etc.
As office boy I made such a mark
That they gave me the post of a junior clerk.
I served the writs with a smile so bland,
And I copied all the letters in a big round hand –
I copied all the letters in a hand so free,
That now I am the ruler of the Queen's Navee!

CHORUS. He copied all the letters, etc.
In serving writs I made such a name

That an articled clerk I soon became;
I wore clean collars and a brand-new suit
For the pass examination at the Institute.
And that pass examination did so well for me
That now I am the ruler of the Queen's Navee!

CHORUS. That pass examination, etc.
Of legal knowledge I acquired such a grip
That they took me into the partnership.
And that junior partnership, I ween,
Was the only ship that I ever had seen.
But that kind of ship so suited me,
That now I am the ruler of the Queen's Navee!

CHORUS. But that kind of ship, etc.
I grew so rich that I was sent
By a pocket borough into Parliament.
I always voted at my party's call,
And I never thought of thinking for myself at all.
I thought so little, they rewarded me
By making me the ruler of the Queen's Navee!

CHORUS. He thought so little, etc.
Now landsmen all, whoever you may be,
If you want to rise to the top of the tree,
If your soul isn't fettered to an office stool,
Be careful to be guided by this golden rule –
Stick close to your desks and never go to sea,
And you all may be rulers of the Queen's Navee!

Efter overtyren hilser den skønne Lille Forglemmigej mandskabet, således

> Hej, orlogsgaster - Storbritanniens brystværn!
> Nu er al krig og kamp, al blodig dyst fjern;
> gør hyren klar - ja, grib i lommens foer,
> nu er igen Forglemmigej om bord.

Den gode tjenestemand og overadmiral opsummerer senere i stykket sin lærerpladserfaringer således:

Admiralens vise

Oversat af Jens Louis Petersen[53]

Som grøn konfirmand blev jeg af mor
sat i lære på et officielt kontor.
Jeg svang min kost og pudsed' vinduesfag
og jeg gnubbed' alle hoveddørens guldbeslag.
Han gnubbed' alle hoveddørens guldbeslag.
Fordi jeg gnubbede for dem der sidder højt på strå
så endte jeg med kors og bånd og og var der stjerner på.
Fordi han gnubbede for dem der sidder højt på strå
så endte han med kors og bånd og og var der stjerner på.

Så blev jeg på grund af al min flid
kontorist på mindre end et halvt års tid.
Min flip var hvid, og mit smil var stift
og blanketterne skrev jeg ud med spids og sirlig skrift.
Blanketterne skrev han ud med spids og sirlig skrift.
Fordi skriften havde retning og stod smukt på skrå
så endte jeg med kors og bånd og var der stjerner på.
Fordi skriften havde retning og stod smukt på skrå
så endte jeg med kors og bånd og var der stjerner på.

Og jeg kom ind i en fin kommission
for i sådan én skal der altid sidde no'n!
På mit klatpapir jeg tegned otte år i træk
brugte stabler af papir og sagde ikke et kvæk.
Brugte stabler af papir og sagde ikke et kvæk.
Efter otte år med lås og slå

53 Den gode fregat Pinafore eller ladyen og matrosen. / : Arthur Sullivan, W. S. Gilbert. - København : Langkjærs Bogtrykkeri, 1956.
Dansk filmudgave H.M.S. Pinafore DR TV 26.12.1970.
- http://www.dfi.dk/faktaomfilm/film/da/77631.aspx?id=77631
Udgivet 2. oktober 2002 af Nordisk Film.
- http://www.danskkulturarv.dk/dr/h-m-s-pinafore/
Genudgivet på: Danske operette klassikere : Flagermusen, Farinelli, H.M.S. Pinafore, Valsedrømme. Mogens Dam; Ingolf David; Else Marie.; Elith Foss; Aage Fønss. Nordisk Film ; DR, 2008 og på
Den gode fregat Pinafore. Live-optagelse, Gamle Scene, Det Kongelige Teater, København 22. oktober 1960. Fra Hegermann Lindencrones båndarkiv - Uddrag og scener af Det Kongelige Teaters repertoire. Classico CLASSCD 5003, 2004.

Så endte jeg med kors og bånd og og var der stjerner på.
Efter otte år med lås og slå
Så endte han med kors og bånd og og var der stjerner på.

Politisk set var jeg liberal -
socialistisk - højresindet - radikal.
Jeg stemte altid med den største flok
og de tanker, andre tænkte, var mig mer' end nok.
og de tanker, andre tænkte, var ham mer' end nok.
Da mine egne tanker var så små og få
Så endte jeg med kors og bånd og og var der stjerner på.
Da hans egne tanker var så små og få
Så endte han med kors og bånd og og var der stjerner på.

Med strømmen flød jeg stolt min vej
for den der flyder, ja, han synker ej!
Ad små kanaler strømmen foer
til jeg landede på flådens admiralskontor.
til han landede på flådens admiralskontor.
Fordi jeg kendte vejen, som en strøm kan gå
Så endte jeg med kors og bånd og og var der stjerner på.
Fordi han kendte vejen, som en strøm kan gå
Så endte han med kors og bånd og og var der stjerner på.

I landsmænd her, som gerne vil nå op
til vor samfundsstiges allerhøjeste top,
Flyd med, men hold jer i enhver forstand
til stadighed og altid fra det dybe vand.
Til stadighed og altid fra det dybe vand.
Stå aldrig til søs! Lad de andre stå!
I får stribevis af kors og var der stjerner på!
Stå aldrig til søs!. Lad de andre stå!
I får stribevis af kors og var der stjerner på!

LPP 402

LPP 402

DEN GODE FREGAT „PINAFORE“

Operette af W. S. Gilbert og Arthur Sullivan

Dansk oversættelse: Jens Louis Petersen

Josephine, kaptajnens datter	*Lise Ringheim*
Lille Forglemmigej, en kadrejerpige fra Portsmouth	*Kirsten Rolffes*
Hebe, Sir Josephs overkusine	*Kirsten Thrane Petersen*
Kaptajn Corcoran, chef for Pinafore	*John Price*
Sir Joseph Porter, overadmiral, storkors p. p	*Jørgen Reenberg*
Ralph Rackstraw, letmatros	*Poul Reichhardt*
Dick Dødøje, matros	*Ib Jacobsen*
Bill Bobstay, bådsmand	*Frode Jørgensen*

Orkester og kor fra Det kgl. Teater

Den musikalske ledelse: Arne Hammelboe

Lise Ringheim som Josephine
Poul Reichhardt som
Ralph Rackstraw

Da „Den gode fregat PINAFORE“ den 10. december 1955 første gang satte flag på Det kgl. Teaters Nye Scene i Poul Kanneworffs iscenesættelse og dekoration og under Arne Hammelboes taktstok, fik Det kgl. Teater igen for første gang i mange år en vaskeægte operettesucces med mere end 60 udsolgte aftener i løbet af det næste halve år. Med sæsonens udgang blev forestillingen taget af plakaten; men publikum glemte den ikke, og siden genoptagelsen i december 1957 har der atter været storm på Nye Scene.

På den gode fregat hersker en sand victoriansk ånd (operetten er fra 1878). Ingen banden, endelig ingen banden, men en høflig og venlig omgangstone præger officerer og mandskab, som på det nobleste hilser Lille Forglemmigej — en forladen kvinde i de ubestemmelige fyrrer — velkommen, da hun entrer ombord for at sælge sine varer. Hun får øje på den unge matros Ralph, og hans navn fylder hende med bange anelser.

Ikke uden grund. For denne gemene gast har nemlig fattet kærlighed til kaptajnens datter Josephine. Rent bortset fra, at standsforskellen gør enhver forbindelse umulig, er det kaptajnens håb, at marineministeren, overadmiral Sir Joseph Porter, storkors p. p., vil ægte datteren.

Det vil Sir Joseph hellere end gerne og kommer i den anledning ombord sammen med alle de tanter, kusiner og søstre, som følger ham, hvor han går og står. Ulykkeligvis bryder Josephine sig imidlertid ikke spor om admiralen, og yderligere får Ralph endelig taget sig sammen og frier til hende. Først med ringe held, men da et ærligt hjerte og et godt udseende trods alt vejer tungt mod en nok så tryg tilværelse, ændres alt — ikke mindst efter at Ralph har truet med selvmord.

Medens overadmiralen og kaptajnen tror, at alt vil ende godt, planlægger besætningen at forlade skibet i nattens løb for at få Josephine og Ralph væk i land. Men styrkets skurk med det hæslige navn Dick Dødøje og et tilsvarende udseende og ry (men iøvrigt en retlinet og yderst fornuftig matros) advarer kaptajnen, som griber den nihalede kat og standser udflugtstoget, netop som det skal gå fra borde.

Uanset at Ralph kan henvise til, at han er det bedste, noget menneske kan være, nemlig en engelskmand, bliver kaptajnen så oprørt, at han ligefrem bander. Straffen er kachot med det samme, og Ralph må umiddelbart efter følge trop, da han er kommet for skade at oplyse, at Josephine og han elsker hinanden.

Alt truet nu med at ende i fortvivlelse, men Lille Forglemmigej redder situationen ved at fortælle, at kaptajnen og Ralph er forbyttede børn, således at Ralph i virkeligheden er kaptajn og kaptajnen en simpel gast.

John Price som kaptajn Corcoran

Herefter kan Sir Joseph naturligvis ikke gifte sig med Josephine, men må nøjes med sin kusine Hebe. Ralph får sin Josephine og kaptajnen Lille Forglemmigej. Så let er det.

Denne LP-plade, som bygger på Det kgl. Teaters rollebesætning ved PINAFORE's genoptagelse i 1957, skulle ved den kronologiske rækkefølge, hvori de enkelte uddrag er optaget, gøre Dem absolut sødygtig, når De nu privat afskiber PINAFORE over Deres plade-piller.

God vind.

Louis P.

Øverst: Kirsten Rolffes som Lille Forglemmigej

Nederst: Jørgen Reenberg som Sir Joseph Porter

POLYPHON

★ Denne plade må kun spilles med letvægtspick-up med mikrosafir

LPP 402 (33)

HI-FI

A/S L. IHRICHS BOGTRYKKERI

Also generals as contemporary role models takes Gilbert & Sullivan loving care of in the operetta Pirates of Penzance from 1879. The following year after Pinafore premiered. The song is not quite as well known as Sir Harry Porter's song, because it is very difficult to sing, but continued there has been written new verses to the song.

Også generalerne som moderne rollemodeller tager Gilbert og Sullivan sig kærligt af i operetten Piraterne fra Penzance fra 1879. Året efter, at Pinafore havde premiere. Sangen er ikke helt så kendt som Admiralens vise, fordi den er meget svær at synge, men der er siden digtet videre på sangen.

Det er næppe en militær hemmelighed, at kendskab til militærvæsnet historisk og aktuelt er et led i alle højere officeres uddannelse og det samme gælder for geometri, matematik og trigometri, der er forudsætningerne for viden om ballistik, læren om projektilers bevægelse. Generalmajorens andre kundskaber, specielt oldtidskundskab forekommer hobbybetonet og kan stamme fra gymnasietiden.

I Am the Very Model of a Modern Major-General

I am the very model of a modern major-general,
I've information vegetable, animal and mineral,
I know the kings of England and I quote the fights historical,
From Marathon to Waterloo[54] in order categorical.[55]

I'm very well acquainted, too, with matters mathematical,
I understand equations, both the simple and quadratical,
About binomial theorem, I'm teeming with a lot o' news --
With many cheerful facts about the square of the hypotenuse.

I'm very good at integral and differential calculus,
I know the scientific names of beings animalculous,
In short, in matters vegetable, animal and mineral,
I am the very model of a modern major-general.

I know our mythic history, King Arthur's and Sir Caradoc's,[56]
I answer hard acrostics, I've a pretty taste for paradox,
I quote in elegiacs all the crimes of Heliogabalus,
In conics, I can floor peculiarities parabolous.

I can tell undoubted Rafaels from Gerard Dowes and Zoffanys,
I know the croaking chorus of the Frogs of Aristophanes,[57]
Then I can hum a fugue[58] of which I've heard the music's din afore,
And whistle all the airs to that infernal nonsense Pinafore;

Then I can write a washing-bill in Babylonic cuneiform
And tell you every detail of Caractacus' uniform.[59]
In short, in matters vegetable, animal and mineral,
I am the very model of a modern major-general.

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54 Gilbert and Sullivan may refer to: The Fifteen Decisive Battles of the World: from Marathon to Waterloo, Sir Edward Shepherd Creasy, 1851.- New York: London, Harper & Brothers, 1908.
- https://archive.org/details/fifteendecisiveb00crearich

55 1) Battles on land, 1A) Battles before and after the invention of the long bow 2) Sea Battles etc.

56 Caradoc Vreichvras was a semi-legendary ancestor to the kings of Gwent. He lived during the 5th or 6th century. He is remembered in Arthurian legend as a Knight of the Round Table as Carados Briefbras.

57 The frogs of Aristophanes.
- London : G. Allen & sons. 1912.
- https://archive.org/details/cu31924014212686

58 Fugues are polyphonic works, made up of multiple parts. No single person can sing a fugue.

59 Caractacus didn't wear a uniform. He wore blue paint, or dye, technically, called woad.
The son of Cymbeline, he was a Saxon general who fought the Romans around 50 A.D. (The Romans had invaded England in 43 A.D., and Caractacus led resistance to this invasion.) He and his family were captured by the Romans, carried to Rome as captives, and paraded through the streets. Claudius did not execute him or his family but granted them life because he admired Caractacus's courage. - http://web.stcloudstate.edu/scogdill/pirates/caractacus.html

In fact, when I know what is meant by "mamelon" and "ravelin",[60]
When I can tell at sight a Mauser* rifle from a javelin,
When such affairs as sorties[61] and surprises I'm more wary at,
And when I know precisely what is meant by "Commissariat".[62]
When I have learnt what progress has been made in modern gunnery,
When I know more of tactics than a novice in a nunnery,
In short, when I've a smattering of elemental strategy,
You'll say a better major-general has never sat agee.
Additional verses

For my military knowledge, though I'm plucky and adventury,
Has only been brought down to the beginning of the century.
But still, in matters vegetable, animal and mineral,
I am the very model of a modern major-general.

I've knowledge in all areas artistic and didactical,
From the utilitarian to totally impractical;
I know the dates of great events both wonderful and sinister,
I even know how short a time John Turner was prime minister.

I know the laws of motion, theoretic and mechanical,
In many ways I am Encyclopaedia-Britannical,
With knowledge as gratuitous as ... how an ancient lute is played,
I'm always in demand whenever Trivial Pursuit is played!

The one thing I don't understand in anything Shakespearean,
Except it's played in theaters that I get very weary in.
But, still in matters vegetable, animal and mineral,
I am the very model of a modern major-general.

I have acquired prowess at communicating verbally,
I know how to personify and blow up with hyperbole,
I've mastered all devices entertaining and rhetorical,
From strict, anaphoristic speech to highly metaphorical;

I form ingenious pangrams, I'm a stickler for synecdoche,
I understand all accents, matters not how dialecticky,
I know our planet's history, from ammonites and belemnites,
To hippies, beatniks, and such current-century-type thelemnites.

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60 A ravelin is a triangular fortification or detached outwork, located in front of the innerworks of a fortress (the curtain walls and bastions). Originally called a demi-lune, after the lunette, the ravelin is placed outside a castle and opposite a fortification curtain.

61 A dash or sally by a besieged garrison upon an investing force.

62 A commissariat is the department of an army charged with the provision of supplies, both food and forage, for the troops. The supply of military stores such as ammunition is not included in the duties of a commissariat. In almost every army the duties of transport and supply are performed by the same corps of departmental troops. An officer of a commissariat is a commissary.

The only thing I just don't get is dialects Ebonical,
Except they get debated in the San Francisco Chronicle,
But still in matters vegetable, animal and mineral.
I am the very model of a modern major-general!

Jeg er som en moderne generalmajor, en rollemodel

Jeg er som en moderne generalmajor, en rollemodel,
Jeg har vegetabilsk, animalsk og mineralsk information,
Jeg kender kongerækken forfra og bagfra og jeg kan referere historiske slag,
Kategorisk fra Maraton til Waterloo.[63]

Jeg er også meget godt bekendt med matematiske spørgsmål,
Jeg forstår ligninger, både simple og andengradspolynomium,
Om sandsynlighedsregning, har jeg en masse nyheder -
Med mange muntre fakta om hypotenusens kvadrat.

Jeg er meget god til integreret og differentialregning,
Jeg kender de videnskabelige navne på mikroskopiske dyr ,
Kort sagt, i vegetabilske, animalske og mineralske sager,
Er jeg som en moderne generalmajor, en rollemodel.

Jeg kender vores mytiske historie, kong Arthurs og Sir Caradocs,
Jeg kan fremsige svære akrostikoner[64],
Jeg har en smuk smag for paradokser,
Jeg citerer på græsk alle Heliogabalus forbrydelser,[65]
I keglesnit, kan jeg grundlæggende geometriske parabler.

Jeg kan skelne Rafaels værker fra Gerard Dowes og Zoffanys,
Jeg kender Aristofanes kor af kvækkende frøer,[66]
Og jeg kan nynne en fuga, som jeg svagt kan mindes at have hørt,
Og fløjte alle melodierne fra det infernalske nonsens Pinafore.

Og jeg kan jeg skrive en vaskeregning på babylonsk kileskrift
Samt fortælle dig enhver detalje i Caractacus uniform.

I virkeligheden ved jeg, hvad der menes med "brystværn" og "forter"
Og jeg kan se forskel på en Mauser riffel og et spyd,
Når sådanne anliggender som togter og overraskelser jeg er mere forsigtig

63 1) Slag på landjorden, 1A) Slag før og efter opfindelsen af langbuen 2) Søslag osv.
64 En akrostikon fremkommer i et digt eller noget andet skriftligt, hvis det første bogstav, stavelse eller ord i hver linje, afsnit eller andet gennemgående træk i teksten ekspliciterer et ord eller en besked.
65 Marcus Aurelius Antoninus (ca. 203 – 222), kendt som Elagabalus eller Heliogabalus. var romersk kejser, han regerede i årene 218 – 222 e.Kr.
66 Komedien Frøerne 405 f. v t.

Og jeg ved præcis, hvad der menes med "kommissariat"
Når jeg har lært, hvad der er gjort fremskridt i moderne artilleri,
Når jeg ved mere om taktik end en novice i et nonnekloster,
Kort sagt, da jeg ved en lille smule elementært strategi,
Vil du sige, en bedre generalmajor har aldrig siddet på en hest.

Johnny I Hardly Knew Ya

While going the road to sweet Athy, hurroo, hurroo
While going the road to sweet Athy, hurroo, hurroo
While going the road to sweet Athy,
A stick in me hand and a drop in me eye,
A doleful damsel I heard cry,
Johnny I hardly knew ye.

With your drums and guns and drums and guns, hurroo, hurroo
With your drums and guns and drums and guns, hurroo, hurroo
With your drums and guns and drums and guns,
The enemy nearly slew ye[67]
Oh my darling dear, ye look so queer
Johnny I hardly knew ye.

Where are your eyes that were so mild, hurroo, hurroo
Where are your eyes that were so mild, hurroo, hurroo
Where are your eyes that were so mild,
When my heart you so beguiled
Why did ye run from me and the child
Oh Johnny, I hardly knew ye

Where are your legs that used to run, hurroo, hurroo
Where are your legs that used to run, hurroo, hurroo
Where are your legs that used to run,
When you went for to carry a gun
Indeed your dancing days are done
Oh Johnny, I hardly knew ye

It grieved my heart to see you sail, hurroo, hurroo
It grieved my heart to see you sail, hurroo, hurroo
It grieved my heart to see you sail
Though from my heart you took leg-bail
Like a cod you're doubled-up head and tail
Johnny I hardly knew ye

With your drums and guns and drums and guns, hurroo, hurroo
With your drums and guns and drums and guns, hurroo, hurroo
With your drums and guns and drums and guns,
The enemy nearly slew ye
Oh my darling dear, ye look so queer
Johnny I hardly knew ye.

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67 The Kandyan Wars (or the Kandian Wars) refers generally to the period of warfare between the British colonial forces and the Kingdom of Kandy, on the island of what is now present day Sri Lanka, between 1796 and 1818. More specifically it is used to describe the expeditionary campaigns of the British army in the Kingdom of Kandy in 1803 and 1815.

Ye haven't an arm, ye haven't a leg, hurroo, hurroo
Ye haven't an arm, ye haven't a leg, hurroo, hurroo
Ye haven't an arm, ye haven't a leg,
Ye're an armless, boneless, chickenless egg
Ye'll have to put with a bowl out to beg
Oh Johnny I hardly knew ye

I'm happy for to see ye home, hurroo, hurroo
I'm happy for to see ye home, hurroo, hurroo
I'm happy for to see ye home,
All from the island of Sulloon (**sometimes sung as 'Ceylon),[68]
So low in flesh, so high in bone
Oh Johnny I hardly knew yeBut sad as it is to see you so, hurroo, hurroo
But sad as it is to see you so, hurroo, hurroo
But sad as it is to see you so,
And I think of you now as an object of woe
Your Peggy'll still keep ye on as her beau,
Johnny, I hardly knew ye

With your drums and guns and drums and guns, hurroo, hurroo
With your drums and guns and drums and guns, hurroo, hurroo
With your drums and guns and drums and guns,
The enemy never slew ye
Oh my darling dear, ye look so queer
Johnny I hardly knew ye.

Hear also: Cannoneer Jabůrek / ***Kanonýr Jab□rek***, 1884.

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68 **All from the island of Sulloon**

In 1796, the 1st Battalion of the Madras European Regiment of the English East India Company disembarked in Sri Lanka. It was part of the expeditionary force that 'Johnny Company' had sent in order to capture Colombo from the Vereenigde Oostindische Compagnie (United East Indies Company), or VOC.

The previous year, following the French Revolution, revolutionary troops had invaded and occupied the Netherlands, ousting the Stadhouder and setting up a 'Batavian Republic'.

The Dutch colony in Sri Lanka had declared for the Batavian Republic against the Stadhouder, an ally of the British. Using this as a pretext, the English East India Company had invaded the colony to seize it from its great commercial rival.

Trincomalee was captured in 1795 and early the next year the British landed troops on the west coast, including the 1st Madras Europeans. The expeditionary force quickly captured Negombo. Following the defection from the VOC of the regiment of the Swiss, de Meuron, Colombo fell as well, making 'Johnny Company' the master of the low country.

The Madras Europeans served for a very short period on the island, several detachments being sent overseas to bloody battles in the Phillipines and elsewhere. There do not appear to be any records of further military action, for example against the rebellion of 1798. Nevertheless, it appears that the regiment's brief sojourn wore a deep groove in the collective memory of the troops.

A large number of the soldiers recruited to the regiment were originally from the county of Kildare in Ireland. Indeed, later during the 19th century, a Militia reserve for the regiment was created in co. Kildare. Several men from the Kildare town of Athy were known to have served in the regiment in the early part of the 18th century. So it is likely that Athy men served in Sri Lanka in the 1790s.

- http://www.colomboherald.com/arts-culture/all-from-the-island-of-sulloon

Johnny, jeg kendte dig næppe

På vej til søde Athy, hurroo, hurroo
På vej til søde Athy, hurroo, hurroo
På vejen til søde Athy,
En stok i min hånd og en tåre i mit øje,
En sørgende ungmø hørte jeg græde,
Johnny, jeg kendte dig næppe.

Med din trommer og kanoner og trommer og geværer, hurroo, hurroo
Med din trommer og kanoner og trommer og geværer, hurroo, hurroo
Med din trommer og kanoner og trommer og pistoler,
Fjenden dræbte dig næsten.
Åh, min kære elskede, du synes så mærkelig.
Johnny, jeg kendte dig næppe.

Hvor er dine øjne, der var så milde, hurroo, hurroo
Hvor er dine øjne, der var så milde, hurroo, hurroo
Hvor er dine øjne, der var så milde,
Dengang du forførte mit hjerte,
Hvorfor har du løbet fra mig og barnet?
Johnny, jeg kendte dig næppe.

Hvor er dine ben, der plejede at løbe, hurroo, hurroo
Hvor er dine ben, der der plejede at løbe, hurroo, hurroo
Hvor er dine ben, der plejede at løbe,
Da du gik for at bære en pistol
Dine dansende dage er ovre
Johnny, jeg kendte dig næppe.
Det bedrøvede mit hjerte at se dig sejle, hurroo, hurroo
Det bedrøvede mit hjerte at se dig sejle, hurroo, hurroo
Det bedrøvede mit hjerte at se dig sejle
Selv fra mit hjerte, løb du væk

Ligesom en torsk fordoblede du hoved og hale
Johnny, jeg kendte dig næppe.I har ikke en arm, I har ikke et ben,
Du er en uden arme, udbenet, æg uden kylling
Du bliver nødt til at sætte en skål ud for at tigge
Johnny, jeg kendte dig næppe.

Jeg er glad for at se jer hjem, hurroo, hurroo
Jeg er glad for at se jer hjem, hurroo, hurroo
Jeg er glad for at se jer hjem,
Alt fra øen Sulloon (** undertiden sunget som Ceylon)
Så mager, kun skind og ben
Johnny, jeg kendte dig næppe.

Men trist som det er at se dig så, hurroo, hurroo
Men trist som det er at se dig så, hurroo, hurroo
Men trist som det er at se dig så,
Og jeg tænker på dig som nu er et objekt for ve
Din Peggy vil stadig holde på jer som hendes kæreste,
Johnny, jeg kendte dig næppe.

Med din trommer og kanoner og trommer og geværer, hurroo, hurroo
Med din trommer og kanoner og trommer og geværer, hurroo, hurroo
Med din trommer og kanoner og trommer og pistoler,
Fjenden dræbte dig aldrig
Åh, min kære elskede, du synes så mærkelig
Johnny, jeg kendte dig næppe.

En meget tidlig amerikansk tekst variant er,

Johnny, he got shot in the leg,[69]
Hurrah! Hurrah!
Now he goes on a wooden peg,
Hurrah! Hurrah!
He lost his eyes, he lost his nose,
He [sic] bit off his ears, and lost all his toes,
And we'll all feel gay
When Johnny comes marching home.
Chorus.-- The men will cheer, &c.
Ifølge en e-mail fra folkemusikforskeren Jonathan Lighter fra maj 2014, er der et vers mere::[70]

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69 This verse appears in:

Army of cripples: Northern Civil War Amputees, Disability, and Manhood in Victorian America. / :Jalynn Olsen PadillaProQuest, 2007. Alcot: Hospital Sketches.

More than 20,000 Union Army soldiers returned from the American Civil War missing an arm or a leg. For decades and even generations after the war's end, Americans' image of the Civil War veteran often included an empty sleeve or pant leg. Although scholars of the Reconstruction and Gilded Age eras have studied the experiences of disabled veterans as recipients of federal pension benefits or as beggars on city streets, only recently have they turned to considering veterans within the framework of disability history. This dissertation examines the readjustment, work, and personal experiences of the most visible group of disabled veterans—amputees—along with the shifting cultural meanings attached to their disabled bodies. Using sources such as census and pension records, literary productions, prosthetic manufacturers' catalogs, and amputees' own writings, it explores how the presence of Civil War amputees forced Northerners to reconsider what it meant to be a "cripple" in Victorian America and how the men themselves adjusted to the loss of physical wholeness. - http://gradworks.umi.com/32/77/3277826.html

Creating a National Home: Building the Veterans' Welfare State, 1860-1900. / Patrick J. Kelly. Harvard University Press, 1997

See also: Hospital Sketches / : Louisa May Alcott (1832-1888). Boston: James Redpath, Publisher, 221 Washington Street, 1863. - http://digital.library.upenn.edu/women/alcott/sketches/sketches.html

70 Jonathan Lighter quotes in the mail: New and Popular Songs: A Collection of the Most Popular Songs of the Day.... - Philadelphia: Simpson & Co., 1864.

'It prints (pp. 60-61) a text of "When Johnny Comes Marching Home," not in the standard version but "as sung by E. F. Dixey."

To Gilmore's words Dixey has added two new concluding stanzas.

Edward Freeman Dixey (1833-1904) was a prominent Philadelphia minstrel.

When this cruel war is over,
Hurrah! Hurrah!
Johnny he'll join the Invalid corps,
Hurrah! Hurrah!
We'll dress him up in a suit of blue,
For he belongs to the fire zous-zous,
And we'll all feel gay
When Johnny comes marching home.
Chorus.-- The men will cheer, &c.

Et citat fra digtet den almindelige soldat,[71]

See, over yonder all day he stands—
And empty sleeve in the soft wind sways,
As he holds his lonely left hand out
For charity at the crossing ways.

Johnny, han blev skudt i benet,
Hurra! Hurra!
Nu går han på en pind,
Hurra! Hurra!
Han mistede sine øjne, han mistede sin næse,
Han [sic] bed hans ører af, og mistede alle sine tæer,
Og vi vil alle blive glade
Når Johnny kommer marcherende hjem.
Kor -. Mændene vil juble, & s.v..

Når denne grusomme krig er forbi,
Hurra! Hurra!
Vil Johnny slutte sig til Invalidekorpset,
Hurra! Hurra!
Vi vil iklæde ham en blå dragt,
For han hører til brandkorpset,
Og vi vil alle blive glade
Når Johnny kommer marcherende hjem.
Kor -. Mændene vil juble, & s.v..

Et citat fra digtet, den almindelige soldat

Se derovre ved vejkrydset står han hele dagen
Og det tomme ærme svajer i den blide vind,
Når han rækker sin ensomme venstre hånd ud,

The Union Army "Invalid Corps," made up of inform or recuperated soldiers still fit for support duties, was renamed the "Veteran Reserve Corps" early in 1864. The "Fire Zou-zous" was the nickname of several Zouave regiments made up of firefighters from Philadelphia and elsewhere.

71 Anecdotes, poetry, and incidents of the war: North and South. 1860-1865. / ed Frank, Moore. - New York, Publication Office, Bible House, J. Porteus, Agent, 1867 p. 407.
- https://archive.org/details/anecdotespoet00moor

Til velgørenhed.

Den næste irske soldat gik det ikke helt så galt. Efter syv års krigsdeltagelse i Napoleonskrigene sejlede han hjem til sin gamle mor uden sine ben. Sangen af ukendt ophav menes at være skrevet umiddelbart efter Napoleonskrigenes afslutning.[72]

Nogle folkemusikforskere mener dog, at sangen er meget yngre.

72 'OLochlainn: "Known to every true-born citizen of Dublin. In the years 1913-1916 it was the most popular marching song of the Irish Volunteers."Moylan: "This song of the Peninsular War dates, according to one source, to 1815. The earliest account of it in Ireland seems to be 1876 when Sam Henry's informant learned it in Belfast."

The final verse of the three Bodleian "Teddy O'Gra" broadsides seems to refer to the Peninsular War or the 1830s First Carlist War (which included Irish volunteers):Hoagland's text refers to the First Carlist War: "All foreign wars I do proclaim Between Don John and the King of Spain...."

The following note from John Moulden is quoted with permission:

"I note that all the ballad sheets of this song in Bodley or Madden are English printed. To my almost certain knowledge there is not a single one of Irish popular print origin in those libraries, the British Library, Birmingham University Library or any Irish library in either ballad sheet or 8-page song book form. This suggests that the song originated in Britain and diffused to Ireland only early in the 20th century. This is not the only possibility but the one the evidence most strongly suggests.

- http://www.fresnostate.edu/folklore/ballads/MA126.html

TEDDY O'GRA.

Pitts, Printer, wholesale Toy and Marble warehouse,
6, Great St. Andrew Street, Seven Dials

O come all you sons of Hibernia,
I'll tell you how the world begun
I'll take you where the wars begun [won.
And you shall have a share when the victory's
musha too ra loo.

O Mrs. O'Gra to the captain said,
My son shall be a boatswains mate
And on his head placed a gold lac'd hat,
Here Teddy my child should you like that.

As mistress O'Gra sat watching on the shore,
For the space of seven long years or more,
Till she spied a ship sailing on the sea
Here blood an ounds philleugh clear the way.

O now Teddy's landed without any legs,
For the loss of them he's gained two wooden pegs,
And after she had gave him a kiss or two,
Here Teddy my child it cant be you.

O my Son Teddy was tall and slim,
And he had a leg for every shin,
But now he's got no legs at all
Why the devil didn't you fly from the cannon ball.

O, was you lame, or was you blind,
How came you to leave your two legs behind,
Or was it a walking across the sea,
You wore your two legs down to your knee,

No I was not lame nor I was not blind,
When I left my two legs far behind,
But it was a fighting on the sea
That I wore my two legs off to my knee.

A mighty war I will proclaim
Against the king and the queen of Spain,
And I will make them rue the day
They shot my son Teddy's legs aw

Mrs. McGrath

Oh, Missis McGrath, the sergeant said,
Would you like to make a soldier out of your son, Ted?
With a scarlet coat, and a three-cocked hat,
Now Missis McGrath, wouldn't you like that?
Wid yer too-ri-aa, fol de diddle aa
Too-ri-oo-ri-oo-ri-aa.

Oh Mrs. McGrath lived by the seashore
For the space of seven long years or more;
Till she saw a big ship sail into the bay,
Here's my son, Ted, wisha, clear the way!
Wid yer too-ri-aa, fol de diddle aa
Too-ri-oo-ri-oo-ri-aa.

Oh, Captain, dear, where have ye been
Have you been in the Meditereen?
Will ye tell me the news of my son, Ted?
Is the poor boy livin', or is he dead?
Wid yer too-ri-aa, fol de diddle aa
Too-ri-oo-ri-oo-ri-aa.

Ah, well up comes Ted without any legs
An in their place he had two wooden pegs,
She kissed him a dozen times or two,
Saying, Holy Moses, 'tisn't you.
Wid yer too-ri-aa, fol de diddle aa
Too-ri-oo-ri-oo-ri-aa.

Oh then were ye drunk, or were ye blind
That ye left your two fine legs behind?
Or was it walkin' upon the sea
Wore your two fine legs from the knees away?
Wid yer too-ri-aa, fol de diddle aa
Too-ri-oo-ri-oo-ri-aa.

Oh, I wasn't drunk and I wasn't blind
But I left my two fine legs behind.
For a cannon ball, on the fifth of May,
Took my two fine legs from the knees away.
Wid yer too-ri-aa, fol de diddle aa
Too-ri-oo-ri-oo-ri-aa.
Oh, Teddy, me boy, the old widow cried,
Yer two fine legs were yer mammy's pride,
Them stumps of a tree wouldn't do at all,
Why didn't ye run from the big cannon ball?
Wid yer too-ri-aa, fol de diddle aa

Too-ri-oo-ri-oo-ri-aa.

All foreign wars I do proclaim
Between Don John[73] and the King of Spain[74]
And by herrins I'll make them rue the time
That they swept the legs from a child of mine.
Wid yer too-ri-aa, fol de diddle aa
Too-ri-oo-ri-oo-ri-aa.

Fru McGrath

Åh, Fru McGrath, sagde sergenten,
Vil du gerne gøre din søn, Ted til soldat?
Med en rød frakke, og en trekantet hat,
Nu Fru McGrath, skulle du ikke lide det?

Oh Mrs McGrath levede ved kysten
I et tidsrum af syv lange år eller mere;
Indtil hun så et stort skib sejle ind i bugten,
Her er min søn, Ted, gør plads!

Åh, kære kaptajn, hvor har I været
Har I været i Middelhavet?
Vil I fortælle mig nyt om min søn, Ted?
Lever den stakkels dreng, eller er han død?

Åh, frem kommer Ted, uden ben
Og i deres sted, havde han to træpinde,
Hun kyssede ham en halv snes gange eller to,
Siger: du gode Gud, er det ikke dig.

Åh, var I så beruset, eller var I blind
Da I efterlod jeres to fine ben agterud?
Eller var det vandring på havet
Der sled Jeres to fine ben fra knæene væk?

Åh, jeg var ikke fuld, og jeg var ikke blind
Da jeg efterlod mine to fine ben agterud.
For på den femte maj en kanonkugle,
Tog mine to fine ben fra knæene væk.

Åh, Teddy, mig dreng, råbte den gamle enke
Jeres to fine ben var Jeres moders stolthed,
De stubbe af et træ, de er det ikke,
Hvorfor har I ikke løbet fra den store kanonkugle?

73 John of Austria (1547-1578)
74 The Eighty Years' War, or The Dutch War of Independence (1568–1648).

Alle udenlandske krige erklærer jeg
Mellem Don Juan og kongen af Spanien[75]
Og ved Gud vil jeg få dem dem til at angre den stund
Hvor de fejede benene væk fra et af mine børn.

Allerede den engelske forfatter George Farquhar (1678-1707), kritiserede, i skuespillet The Recruiting Officer fra 1706, den militære hvervning som de stavnsbundnes eneste legale måde, at komme væk fra de hjemlige pligter. Sangen kendes også senere som Twa Sergeants eller Twa Recruitin' Sergeants, om skotter i britisk krigstjeneste.

75 Firsårskrigen eller det hollandske oprør varede fra 1568 til 1648 og var Nederlands frihedskamp mod Spanien.

Over The Hills

To wipe his scoundrel Master's Shoes,
For now he's free to sing and play
Over the Hills and far away.
Over the Hills and O'er the Main,[76]
To Flanders, Portugal and Spain,
The queen commands and we'll obey
Over the Hills and far away.

We all shall lead more happy lives
By getting rid of brats and wives
That scold and bawl both night and day -
Over the Hills and far away.
Over the Hills and O'er the Main,
To Flanders, Portugal and Spain,
The queen commands and we'll obey
Over the Hills and far away.

Courage, boys, 'tis one to ten,
But we return all gentlemen
All gentlemen as well as they,
Over the hills and far away.
Over the Hills and O'er the Main,
To Flanders, Portugal and Spain,
The queen commands and we'll obey
Over the Hills and far away.

76 Main, en flod i Tyskland. Den er 524 km lang og flyder gennem delstaterne Bayern og Hessen og er den vigtigste biflod til Rhinen.

Over bakkerne

At tørre sin slyngel mesters sko,
For nu er han fri til at synge og spille
Over bakkerne og langt væk.
Over bakkerne og over Main,
Til Flandern, Portugal og Spanien,
Dronningen kommanderer og vi vil adlyde
Over bakkerne og langt væk.

Vi skal alle føre et lykkeligere liv
Ved at slippe af med møgunger og hustruer
Der skælde og smælder både nat og dag

Mod, drenge vi er en ud af ti,
Men vi vender alle tilbage som herrer
Alle herrer såvel som de.

Citat fra Twa Recruitin' Sergeants

Twa recruiting sergeants came frae the Black Watch
Tae markets and fairs, some recruits for tae catch.
But a' that they 'listed was forty and twa:
Enlist my bonnie laddie an' come awa.

To rekrutteringssergenter kom fra regimentet
Til markeder og gøgl, for at fange nogle rekrutter.
Men alt, hvad de hvervede var to og fyrre:
Lad dig hverve min kønne dreng og kom væk.

I den næste sangs historiske pejlemærker refereres der til at være "sendt til Frankrig", som kunne henvise til Irlands deltagelse i den gloværdige revolution 1688-89 som var resultatet af og kulminationen på en årelang magtkamp mellem kongemagten og parlamentet i England, de ni års krig 1688-1697, kaldet den Pfalziske Arvefølgekrig eller de Vilhelminske Irlandskrige - også betitlet de Jacobinske Irlandske krige eller De to Kongers Krig (1689-1691). Arthur McBride kendes i bogtryk fra 1840erne. Den er først indspillet af den skotske folkemusikgruppe The Exiles på, Freedom Come All Ye Topic 12 T 143 1966.

Arthur McBride

Oh, me and my cousin, one Arthur McBride
As we went a walking down by the seaside
Now mark what followed and what did betide
For it being on Christmas morning.

Out for recreation, we went on a tramp
There we met Sergeant Napper and Corporal Vamp
And a little wee drummer, intending to camp
For the day being pleasant and charming.

"Good morning, Good morning!" the sergeant did cry
"And the same to you gentlemen " we did reply,
Intending no harm but meant to pass by
For it being on Christmas morning.

But says he, "My fine fellows if you will enlist,
It's ten guineas in gold I will slip in your fist
And a crown in the bargain for to kick up the dust
And drink the King's health in the morning.

For a soldier he leads a very fine life
And he always is blessed with a charming young wife
He pays all his debts without sorrow or strife
And always lives pleasant and charming.

And a soldier he always is decent and clean
In the finest of clothing he's constantly seen
While other poor fellows go dirty and mean
And sup on thin gruel in the morning."

"But", says Arthur, "I wouldn't be proud of your clothes
For you've only the lend of them as I suppose
And you dare not change them one night, for you know
If you do you'll be flogged in the morning."

"And although that we are single and free
we take great delight in our own company
And we have no desire strange faces to see
Although that your offers are charming."

"And we have no desire to take your advance
All hazards and dangers we barter on chance
For you would have no scruples for to send us to France
Where we would get shot without warning".
"Oh now! ", says the sergeant "I'll have no such chat
And I neither will take it from spalpeen or brat

For if you insult me with one other word
I'll cut off your heads in the morning".

Then Arthur and I we soon drew our hods
And we scarce gave them time for to draw their own blades
When a trusty shillelagh came over their heads
And bade them take that as fair warning.

And their old rusty rapiers that hung by their side
We flung them as far as we could in the tide
"Now take them out, Devils!", cried Arthur McBride
"And temper their edge in the morning".

And the little wee drummer we flattened his pow
And we made a football of his row-de-dow-dow
Threw it in the tide for to rock and to row
And bade it a tedious returning.

And we having no money, paid them off in cracks
And we paid no respect to their two bloody backs
For we lathered them there like a pair of wet sacks
And left them for dead in the morning.

And now to conclude and to finish disputes
We obligingly asked if they wanted recruits
For we were the lads who would give them hard clouts
And bid them look sharp in the morning.

Oh me and my cousin, one Arthur McBride
As we went a walking down by the seaside,
Now mark what followed and what did betide
For it being on Christmas morning

Arthur McBride

Da vi vandrede nede ved havet
Åh, mig og min fætter, en Arthur McBride
Nu lyt efter, hvad der fulgte og ramaskriget
For det skete på julemorgen

Vi spadserede bare rundt på må og få
Der mødte vi Sergent Lurer og korporal Ruffer
Og en bitte trommeslager var også med
For dagen var rar og dejlig.

"Godmorgen, Godmorgen!" Råbte sergenten.
"Og det samme til jer, de herrer" svarede vi,
Vi ønskede ingen fortræd men ville bare forbi
For det var på julemorgen..

Men han siger, "Mine fine fyre, hvis i vil hverves,
De ti guineas i guld jeg vil glide ned i jeres næver
Og en krone oven i købet for at sparke støv op
Og skåle for kongens helbred om morgennen

For en soldat han fører et maget fint liv
Og han er altid velsignet med en charmerende ung kone
Han betaler al hans gæld uden sorg eller trætte
Og lever altid behageligt og charmerende

Og en soldat han er altid anstændigt og ren
I den fineste tøj er han altidt set
Mens andre stakkels fyre er beskidte og fattige
Og søber tynd vælling om morgenen. "

"Men," siger Arthur, "Jeg ville ikke være stolt af dit tøj
For du har kun lånt det som jeg formoder
Og du tør ikke skifte det én nat, for du ved
Hvis du gør det, vil du blive pisket om morgenen. "

"Og selvom vi er single og fri
Vi tager stor glæde i vores eget selskab
Og vi har intet ønske om at se fremmede ansigter
Selvom at dine tilbud er charmerende. "

"Og vi har ikke lyst til at tage dit forskud
Al risiko og farer, får vi i et risikobetonet forehavende
For du ikke ville have nogen skrupler med at sende os til Frankrig
Hvor vi ville blive skudt uden varsel. "

"Åh nu! "Siger sergenten" Jeg vil ikke have sådan noget snak
Og ej høre det fra slamperten eller møgungen
For, hvis I fornærmer mig med et ord mere
Vil jeg skære jeres hoveder af om morgen ".

Så hurtigt trak Arthur og jeg vores kraftige stokke
Og vi gav dem knapt tid til at drage deres klinger
Så kom en fuldgod knippelsuppe over deres hoveder
Og vi bød dem tage det som retfærdig advarsel

Og deres gamle rustne kårder der hang ved deres side
Vi kastede dem så langt ud i tidevandet, som vi kunne
"Tag nu dem ud, Djævle!", Udbrød Arthur McBride
"Og sløv deres kant om morgenen".

Og vi fladtrykte den bitte trommeslagers paryk
Og vi lavede en fodbold af hans tromme
Smed den i strømmen for at bølge op og ned
Og bød den et kedelig på gensyn.

Og vi uden penge, betalt dem med tæsk
Og vi viste ingen respekt for deres to blodige rygge
For vi slog dem ligesom et par våde sække
Og efterlod dem døende om morgenen

Og nu at indgå og afslutte tvister
Imødekommende spurgte vi om de ønskede rekrutter
For vi var de drenge, der ville give dem hårde klæ
Og byde dem se klart om morgenen.

Da vi vandrede nede ved havet
Åh, mig og min fætter, en Arthur McBride
Nu lyt efter, hvad der fulgte og ramaskriget
For det skete på julemorgen

Nok om hvervesange i denne omgang. Mere senere.
Nedenstående er en skotsk hverveplakat fra 1914.

48th Highlanders

1200 MEN
WANTED AT ONCE
FOR THE
134th
HIGHLANDERS
OVERSEAS BATTALION
UNDER LT.-COL. DUNCAN DONALD

PAY
COMMENCES AT ONCE
UNIFORMS ALL READY

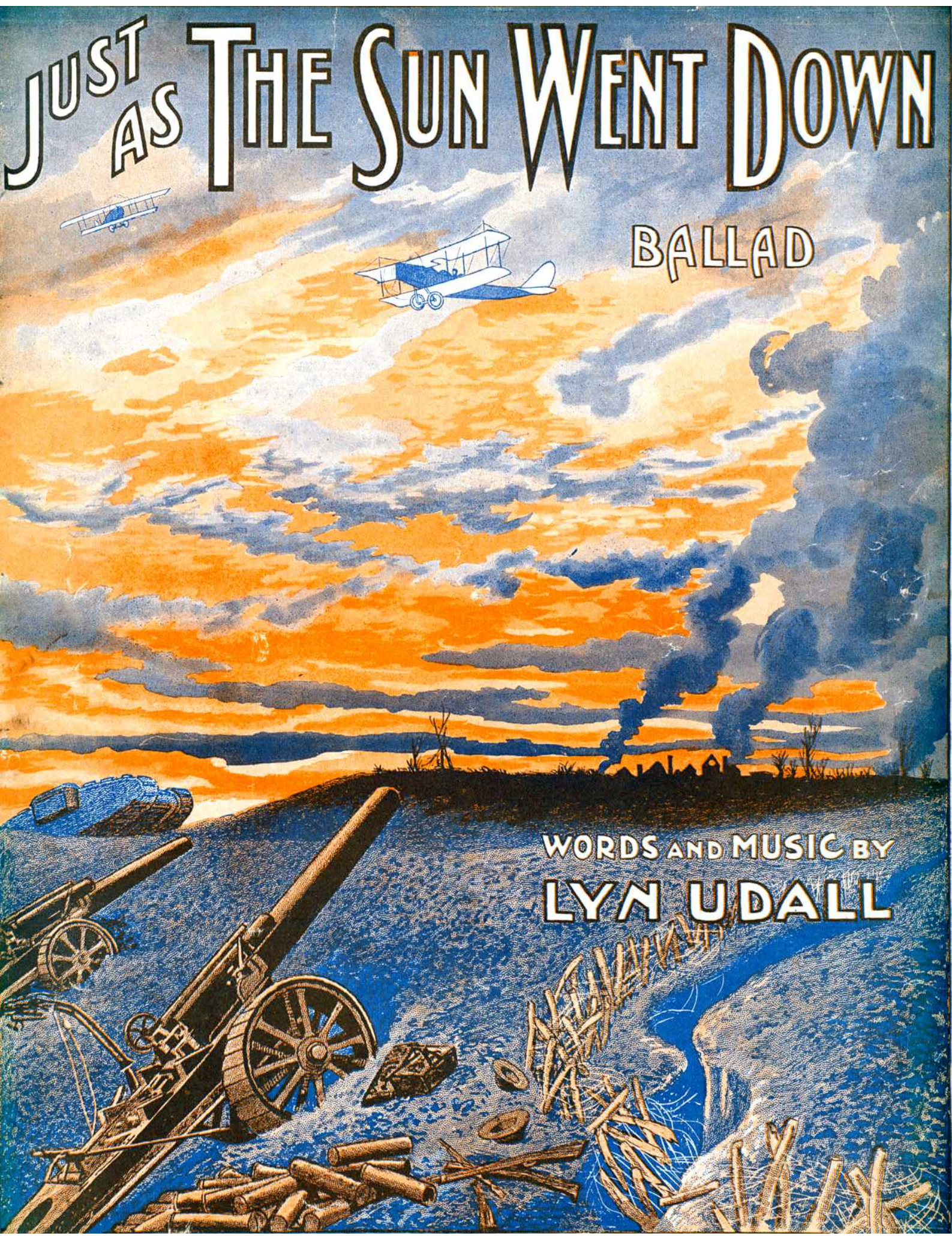
Apply

48th HIGHLANDERS
ORDERLY ROOM
ARMOURIES

Avenge St. Julien

JUST AS THE SUN WENT DOWN

BALLAD



WORDS AND MUSIC BY

LYN UDALL

We're In The Army Now

From the looks of things, we've got to join the army.
Uncle Sammy means to do just what he says.
It won't be long before we're in the trenches,
A-fighting for the dear old USA,
So when anything goes wrong,
We'll sing this little song:

We're in the army now.[77]
We're not behind a plow.
We'll never get rich a-diggin' a ditch.
We're in the army now.
We're in the army now.
Suppose you wonder how.
But don't you fear. You'll soon be here.
We're in the army now.

Now you see the boys as they go marching by you,
In their uniforms and colors, they look grand.
To the tune of "Yankee Doodle he's a dandy,"
They're marching for the dear old Yankee land.
So when anything goes wrong,
We'll sing this little song

Vi er i hæren nu

Som det ser ud, har vi meldt os til hæren.
Onkel Sam ønsker at gøre netop det, han siger.
Det vil ikke vare længe, før vi er i skyttegravene,
Kæmpende for det kære gamle USA,
Så når noget går galt,
Synger vi denne lille sang:

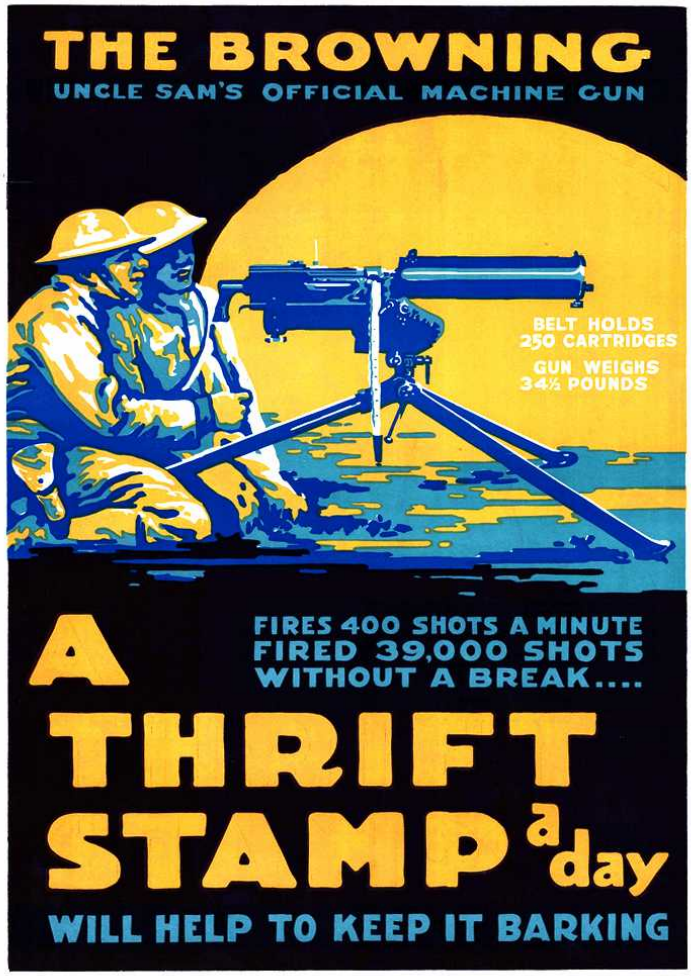
Vi er i hæren nu
Vi er ikke bag en plov;
Vi vil aldrig blive rig af at grave et grøft,
Vi er i hæren nu.
Vi er i hæren nu
Måske, spekulerer du på, hvordan.
Men frygt ikke du. Du vil snart være her.
Vi er i hæren nu

77 Camp Devens: Described and Photographed. / : Roger Batchelder. - Boston : Small, Maynard & Company, 1918.- http://archive.org/details/campdevens00batc

Nu ser du drengene, der går marcherende ved siden af dig,
I deres uniformer og farver, ser de storslået ud.
Til tonerne af "Yankee Doodle, han er vaks,"
De marcherer for det kære gamle Yankee land.
Så når noget går galt,
Synger vi denne lille sang.

Krigen i Europa udviklede sig imidlertid helt anderledes end hvervesangene forudså.

Krigen var blevet industrialiseret og mekaniseret med nye våbensystemer og en teknologiudvikling som var løbet fra krigsplanlæggerne og officererne som stadig befandt sig på fortidens hesterygge og i fortidens væbnede belejringer. De gamle officerer i generalstabene forstod simpelthen ikke den teknologiske udvikling som havde fundet sted i takt med industrialiseringens udbredelse.



Schulte Cigar Stores Thrift Stamp Series—Poster 6

Blandt nye våbensystemer som blev taget i anvendelse i stor skala under krigen kan nævnes kemiske våben, flammekastere, fly og ubåde. Der var stillingskrigen med sine skyttegrave. Artillerislagene og de motoriserede eller mekaniske slag til land, søs og i luften.

Bombed last Night og *Down in the U 17 ("A Musical Torpedo")*[78]. Soldaterne døde som resultat af denne udvikling som fluer.

I Europa forsvandt hvervesangene derfor meget hurtigt fra musikernes og pladeselskabernes repetuare.

> I nu mere end to år har jeg forsøgt at glemme de første måneder af krigen. De måneder, hvor Black Watch og de andre regimenter i den udødelige "foragtelig lille hær" marcherede ind i det ukendte mod den voldsomme, mest effektive militære magt i verden havde kendt op til det tidspunkt; de måneder, hvor skjulte fjender slog hurtigt mystificerende slag med mærkelige våben, des mere forfærdeligt, fordi vi

78 The VICTOR TALKING MACHINE COMPANY: A Comprehensive and Annotated Discography of Billy Murray's Victor Recordings. Part II, 1914—1941. Compiled by Ryan Barna. The Official Website of Billy Murray 1877—1954.

ikke forstår dem og havde aldrig forestillet deres kraft og antal.

I mere end to år har jeg sædvanligvis søgt at tænke på andre emner, men jeg kan stadig huske de dage i mindste detalje. Jeg kan høre det pludselige trommespil af de maskerede maskingeværer som gigantiske geværsalver; kan høre det syngende brøl af de preussiske flyvemaskiner, som i de dage, på grund af knaphed på britiske fly, der praktisk taget ingen modsvar var til, og jeg gennemlever igen de frygtelige nætter, når vi holdt ud ved Marne. [79]

Et par år før verdenskrigen indspilles den populære, *Just Before the Battle, Mother*, fra borgerkrigen. Visen er skrevet, komponeret og udgivet af George F. Root[80] (1820 – 1895) i 1863. Og den handler om de unge soldaters stærke følelsesmæssige tilknytning til deres mødre. Et meget anvendt tema i soldatersange i alle krige.

79 Joe Cassells: The Black Watch : A Record in Action. New York: Doubleday, Page & Company, 1918 s. 3.

80 George F. Root, Civil War songwriter : a biography / Polly H. Carder..
- Jefferson, N.C. : McFarland ; London : Eurospan [distributor], 2008.
The Story of a Musical Life: An Autobiography / George F. Root.
- Cincinnati : John Church Co.1891.
- https://archive.org/details/storyofmusicalli00root
The Bugle Call / George F. Root.
- Chicago : Root & Cady, 1863.
- https://archive.org/details/buglecall00root
'The bugle-call – Stand up for Uncle Sam, my boys – The harp of the Union band – The Union League – America – Clear the way – God save the nation – The skedaddle rangers – The ship of Union – Gone to the war – Flag of the fearless free – Call 'em names Jeff – Stand by the president – "What's the matter?" – The battle–cry of freedom – Where home is – Toll the bell – "O, wrap the flag around me, boys" – A new ballad of Lord Lovell – Our soldiers stand upon the field – Hail, Columbia – The star–spangled banner (lyrics only) – What's the cause of this commotion – Picking lint – After the battle – Unite – Uncle Sam's funeral – Ho! for the gun–boats – The battle–call – Brave boys are they – Jefferson D., Sir – Come rouse up! brave boys – Never forget the dear ones – Grafted into the army – English neutrality – Fine old Union gentleman (lyrics only) – Watchman, what of the night? – Men that dare! – Kingdom coming – Freedom and Union (lyrics only) – There's a good time coming – Thrice hail happy day – Patriotic anthem – God speed the right'
Just before the battle, Mother : song and chorus / George F. Root.
- Chicago : Root & Cady, 1863.

Just Before the Battle, Mother

Just before the battle, Mother,
I am thinking most of you,
While upon the field we're watching,
With the enemy in view.
Comrades brave are round me lying,
Filled with tho'ts of home and God;
For well they know that on the morrow
Some will sleep beneath the sod.

Farewell, Mother, you may never, you may never, Mother,
Press me to your breast again,
But, oh, you'll not forget me, Mother, (you will not forget me)
If I'm numbered with the slain.

Hark! I hear the bugles sounding,
'Tis the signal for the fight;
Now, may God protect us, Mother,
As He ever does the right.
Hear the "Battle-Cry of Freedom,"
How it swells upon the air;
Oh, yes, we'll rally round the standard,
Or we'll perish nobly there.

Lige før slaget, mor

Lige før slaget, mor,
Jeg tænker mest på dig,
Mens på marken, vi ser,
Med fjenden i sigte.
Modige kammerater rundt om mig ligger,
Fyldt med tanker om hjemmet og Gud;
For de ved godt, at den næste dag
Vil nogle sove under græstørv.

Farvel, mor, måske kan du aldrig, kan du aldrig, mor,
Trykke mig til dit bryst igen,
Men, åh, du vil ikke glemme mig, mor, (du vil ikke glemme mig)
Hvis jeg tælles blandt de dræbte

Giv agt! Jeg hører signalhornenes kald,
Dette signal til kamp;
Nu må Gud beskytte os, mor,
Da han altid gør det rigtige.
Hør "Battle-Cry of Freedom",
Hvordan den fylder luften;
Åh ja, vi slutte os til fanen,
Eller vil vi omkomme ædelt der

Bombed Last Night

Bombed last night, and bombed the night before.
Going to get bombed tonight if we never get bombed anymore.
When we're bombed, we're scared as we can be.
Can't stop the bombing from old Higher Germany.

They're warning us, they're warning us.
One shell hole for just the four of us.
Thank your lucky stars there are no more of us.
So one of us can fill it all alone.

Gassed last night, and gassed the night before.
Going to get gassed tonight if we never get gassed anymore.
When we're gassed, we're sick as we can be.
For phosgene and mustard gas is much too much for me.

They're killing us, they're killing us.
One respirator for the four of us.
Thank your lucky stars that we can all run fast.
So one of us can take it all alone.

Bombet i går aftes

Bombet i går aftes, og bombet natten før.
Kommer til at få bomber i aften, hvis vi aldrig får bombet mer'.
Når vi er bombet, er vi så bange som tænkes kan.
Kan ikke stoppe bombningen fra gamle Stortyskland.

De advarer os, de advarer os.
Et granat skjul til blot fire af os.
Tak dine heldige stjerner der ikke er flere af os.
Så en af os kan være der helt alene

Gasset i aftes, og gasset aftenen før.
Kommer til at få gasser i aften, hvis vi aldrig få gas mer'.
Når vi er gasset, er vi syge, som vi kan være.
For phosgen og sennepsgas er alt for meget for mig.

De dræber os, de dræber os.
En respirator til fire af os.
Tak dine heldige stjerner, vi alle kan løbe hurtigt.
Så en af os kan få den hele alene.

Et Dødsfald

[Telegram from War Office.] August 18.
Regret to inform you that Lieut. D. O. Barnett, Leinster Regt. reported wounded 15th August further particulars will be telegraphed when received. Secretary War Office.

[Telegram from War Office.] August 20.
Deeply regret to inform you that Lieut. D. O. Barnett, Leinster Regt. died of wounds 6th August. Lord Kitchener expresses his sympathy. Secretary War Office.

[Telegram from Buckingham Palace.] August 21.
The King and Queen deeply regret the loss you and the army have sustained by the death of Lieut. D. O. Barnett in the service of his country. Their Majesties truly sympathies with you in your sorrow. Keeper of the Privy Purse.

[From the Military Secretary, War Office.]
M. A. 3. (Cas.) War Office, Whitehall, S.W.,
6th September, 1915.
The Military Secretary presents his compliments to Mr. P. A. Barnett and begs to inform him that a report has just been received from Army Head-Quarters in the Field which states that the late Lieutenant D. O. Barnett, Leinster Regiment, was buried in the Cemetery at Poperinghe.
(Ref Sheet 28 Belgium. Square G. 8. c. 6. 8.)

Sakset fra: Denis Oliver Barnett: in happy memory: His letters from France and Flanders, October 1914-August 1915 (1915) s. 221-224

Faktaboks 2

Slagene ved Sonne

Slagene ved Somme var en britisk-fransk offensiv under Første Verdenskrig indledt 1. juli 1916 i nærheden af Albert i Nordfrankrig med 13 britiske og fem franske divisioner. Den øverst ansvarlige på den britiske side var general Douglas Haig, som i modsætning til modstanderen general Erich Ludendorff var modstander af overraskelsesmomentet i krig. Haig gik ind for nedslidning af fjenden, men det medførte i stedet nedslidning af hans egne tropper.
Efter 4½ måneders kamp, hvorunder fronten flyttedes nogle få kilometer, stabiliseredes situationen. Slagets første dag medførte det største enkeltdagstabstal (60.000 – heraf en tredjedel døde) som følge af en krigshandling i den britiske historie. Slaget var primært sat i gang for at lette presset på franskmændene ved Verdun og havde kun ringe militær betydning.
Dansk Wikipedia

Slaget ved Somme, udkæmpet i sommeren og efteråret 1916, var et af de største slag under Første Verdenskrig.
.

Med mere end en million ofre, var det også et af de blodigste slag i menneskets historie. De allierede styrker forsøgte at bryde gennem de tyske linjer langs en 40 km front, nord og syd af floden Somme i Nordfrankrig. Et af formålene med kampen var at trække tyske styrker væk fra Slaget ved Verdun, men ved afslutningen på Somme havde tabene overskredet dem i Verdun ... slaget er bedst husket for sin første dag, 1. juli, 1916, på hvilken briterne led 57.470 tilskadekomne, herunder 19.240 døde den blodigste dag i historien om den britiske hær.
New World Encyclopedia
Forskningsoversigter, primærkilder og fremstillinger:
Van Hartesveldt, Fred R. The Battles of the Somme, 1916: Historiography and Annotated Bibliography Greenwood Press 1996.
Imperial War Museum Viewing Guide: The Battle of the Somme. Undated.
Buchan, John: The battle of the Somme. - New York, George H. Doran company, 1917.

Den næste sang blev ofte sunget af britiske soldater, når de kom ud fra den forreste frontlinje og passerede andre, på vej til fronten.

The Bells of Hell Go Ting-a-ling-a-ling'

Tune: Ting-a-ling-a-ling-ting[81]

The Bells of Hell go ting-a-ling-a-ling
For you but not for me.
For me the angels sing-a-ling-a-ling
They've got the goods for me.

O Death, where is thy sting-a-ling-a-ling?
O Grave, thy victoree?
The Bells of Hell go ting-a-ling-a-ling
For you but not for me!

Alternative vers

The bells of Hell go ting-a-ling-a-ling
For you and not for me,
And the little devils how they sing-a-ling-a-ling
For you but not for me.

O, Death, where is thy sting-a-ling-a-ling?
O, grave, thy victory?
The bells of hell go ting-a-ling-a-ling,
For you but not for me.

Klokkerne i helvede kimer - ding, dong, dingeling

Klokkerne i helvede kimer - ding, dong, dingeling
For dig, men ikke for mig.
For mig synger englene ding, dong, dingeling
De har godter til mig.

O, Død, hvor er din brod - ding, dong, dingeling?
Åh, grav, din sejr?
Klokkerne i helvede kimer - ding, dong, dingeling
For dig, men ikke for mig.

"Den franske hærs mytteri i 1917 fandt sted blandt de franske tropper på vestfronten i det nordlige Frankrig. De begyndte lige efter afslutningen af det katastrofale andet slag ved Aisne, den vigtigste del af Nivelle offensiven og involverede i forskellige grader, næsten halvdelen af de franske infanteridivisioner stationeret på vestfronten. Mytteriet blev

81 Ting-a-ling-a-ling-ting: Harry Dacre. Copyright, 1892, T. B. Harms & Co.
The Vermilion Box / Edward Verrall Lucas George H. Doran Company, 1916 s. 263.
- https://archive.org/details/vermilionbox00lucaiala

holdt hemmeligt, og dets fulde udstrækning og intensitet blev ikke afsløret før i den sidste tredjedel af det tyvende århundrede. " WIKI"[82] WIKI.

Dans les tranchées de Lagny

En face d'une rivière
Du côté de Lagny
Près des amas de pierres
Qui restent de Lagny,
Dans la Tranchée des Peupliers
Vite on se défile en cachette
Braquant le fusil sur l'ennemi
Prêt à presser sur la gâchette.

Aux abords de Lagny
Lorsque descend la nuit
Dans les boyaux on s'défile en cachette,
Car la mitraille nous fait baisser la tête.
Si parfois un obus
Fait tomber un poilu
Près du cimetière on dérobe ses débris
Aux abords de Lagny.

Le jour on se repose
Après six jours de turbin,
Ce qu'on fait, c'est la même chose
On va se laver un brin.
Aux abord de Metz, c'est ça qui est bath
De regarder tous ces militaires
Se laver, se brosse, se frotter les pattes
Aux effets de la bonne eau claire.

Au village de Lagny
Lorsque descend la nuit,
Après la soupe, devant quelques bouteilles,
Les Poitevins se comportent à merveille.
Allons, mon vieux cabot,
Vite encore un kilo
Afin d'nous faire oublier les ennuis
Des environs de Lagny.

V'la la soupe qui s'achève,
On prépare son fourbi,

---

82 - http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/French_Army_Mutinies
See also: Bibliothèque de Documentation Internationale Contemporaine - Les mutineries de 1917. - http://www.bdic.fr/desobeir/les-mutineries-de-1917

Car ce soir, c'est la relève,
On va quitter Lagny.
Des provisions et son bidon,
Voilà ce que jamais on n'oublie.
Au petit bois, je connais l'endroit
Où l'on surveille sa patrie.

Den næste sang er forbundet med dette mytteri og sangens omkvæd bliver sunget i Åh! Hvilken herlig krig. Sangen var forbudt i Frankrig indtil 1974.

La Chanson de Craonne

Paroles diffusées par Raymond Lefebvre

Chanson: Bonsoir M'Amour (Charles Sablon)

Quand au bout d'huit jours le r'pos terminé
On va reprendre les tranchées,
Notre place est si utile
Que sans nous on prend la pile
Mais c'est bien fini, on en a assez
Personne ne veut plus marcher
Et le cœur bien gros, comm' dans un sanglot
On dit adieu aux civ'lots
Même sans tambours, même sans trompettes
On s'en va là-haut en baissant la tête

Adieu la vie, adieu l'amour,
Adieu toutes les femmes
C'est bien fini, c'est pour toujours
De cette guerre infâme
C'est à Craonne sur le plateau
Qu'on doit laisser sa peau
Car nous sommes tous condamnés
Nous sommes les sacrifiés

Huit jours de tranchée, huit jours de souffrance
Pourtant on a l'espérance
Que ce soir viendra la r'lève
Que nous attendons sans trêve
Soudain dans la nuit et dans le silence
On voit quelqu'un qui s'avance
C'est un officier de chasseurs à pied
Qui vient pour nous remplacer
Doucement dans l'ombre sous la pluie qui tombe
Les petits chasseurs vont chercher leurs tombes

C'est malheureux d'voir sur les grands boulevards
Tous ces gros qui font la foire
Si pour eux la vie est rose
Pour nous c'est pas la même chose
Au lieu d'se cacher tous ces embusqués
F'raient mieux d'monter aux tranchées
Pour défendre leur bien, car nous n'avons rien
Nous autres les pauv' purotins
Tous les camarades sont enterrés là
Pour défendr' les biens de ces messieurs là

Ceux qu'ont l'pognon, ceux-là r'viendront
Car c'est pour eux qu'on crève
Mais c'est fini, car les trouffions
Vont tous se mettre en grève
Ce s'ra votre tour, messieurs les gros
De monter sur le plateau
Car si vous voulez faire la guerre
Payez-la de votre peau

Paroles diffusées par Henry Poulaille

Quand au bout d'huit jours le repos terminé
On va reprendre les tranchées,
Notre place est si utile
Que sans nous on prend la pile
Mais c'est bien fini, on en a assez
Personne ne veut plus marcher
Et le cœur bien gros, comm' dans un sanglot
On dit adieu aux civ'lots
Même sans tambours et sans trompettes
On s'en va là-bas en baissant la tête

Adieu la vie, adieu l'amour,
Adieu toutes les femmes
C'est bien fini, c'est pour toujours
De cette guerre infâme
C'est à Craonne sur le plateau
Qu'on doit laisser sa peau
Car nous sommes tous des condamnés
C'est nous les sacrifiés

Huit jours de tranchée, huit jours de souffrance
Pourtant on a l'espérance
Que ce soir viendra la r'lève
Que nous attendons sans trêve
Soudain dans la nuit et le silence
On voit quelqu'un qui s'avance

C'est un officier de chasseurs à pied
Qui vient pour nous remplacer
Doucement dans l'ombre sous la pluie qui tombe
Nos pauvr' remplaçants vont chercher leurs tombes

C'est malheureux d'voir sur les grands boulevards
Tous ces gros qui font la foire
Si pour eux la vie est rose
Pour nous c'est pas la même chose
Au lieu d'se cacher tous ces embusqués
F'raient mieux d'monter aux tranchées
Pour défendre leurs biens, car nous n'avons rien
Nous autres les pauv' purotins
Et les camarades sont étendus là
Pour défendr' les biens de ces messieurs là

Ceux qu'ont le pognon, ceux-là reviendront
Car c'est pour eux qu'on crève
Mais c'est fini, nous, les troufions
On va se mettre en grève
Ce sera vot' tour messieurs les gros
De monter sur le plateau
Si vous voulez faire la guerre
Payez-la de votre peau

Craonne sangen

Når de otte dages hvile er endt
Vil vi gå tilbage til skyttegravene
Vores sted er så nyttig
At uden det tog vi pryglene
Men det er for meget og vi fik nok
Ingen ønsker, at marchere længere,
Et tungt hjerte og med en hulken
Sagde vi farvel til de civile,
Også selvom vi ikke får trommer og trompeter
Går vi derop, bøjer hovedet.

Farvel liv, farvel kærlighed, Farvel alle kvinder
Det er for alvor forbi, da denne infame krig aldrig ender
Der er på højdedraget Craonne
Det er os som skal ofres,
Fordi vi alle er dømte,
Vi er de ofrede.

Otte dage i skyttegravene, otte dages lidelser,
Men vi håber,
At det vil slutte i aften
Vi forventer ingen pusterum.
Pludselig i mørket og stilheden
Ser vi en person, der bevæger sig,
Det er en infanteriofficer
Der kommer for at erstatte os.
Stille i skyggen under den faldende regn,
Vil de små soldater finde deres grav.

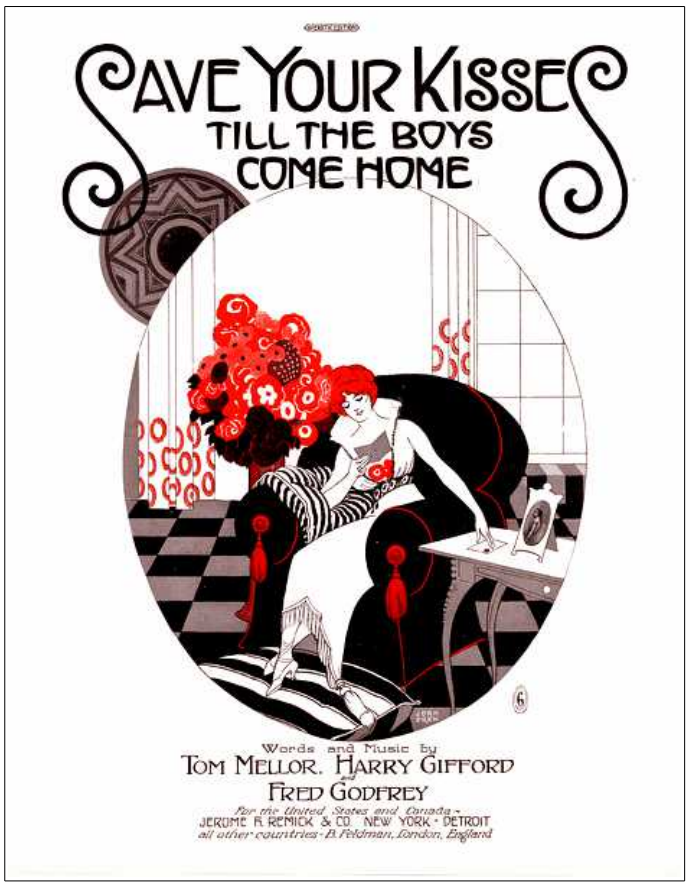
På de store boulevarder gør det ondt at se
De rige og magtfulde og de succesrige
For dem er livet lyserødt
For os er det ej det samme.
I stedet for at skjule sig, burde sheikerne
Gå til skyttegravene for at forsvare, hvad de har
At forsvare deres ejendom, fordi vi ikke har noget
Vi, de fattige stakler
Kammerater alle er begravet der
For at forsvare den ejendom, disse herrer har.

De som har gysser, vil komme tilbage,
For det er for dem, vi dør.
Men alt er forbi nu,
For alle de menige kommer til at strejke.
Det bliver jeres tur, alle i rige og magtfulde herrer,

At gå op på højdedraget.
Og hvis i ønsker at føre krig,
Så betal for det med eget skind.

Donald McGill
"I WONDER WHO 'S KISSING HER NOW ?"
"Savoir qui l'embrasse en ce moment."

AFTER THE WAR IS OVER
WILL THERE BE ANY "HOME SWEET HOME"
WORDS BY
E.J. POLIRMON
MUSIC BY
JOSEPH WOODRUFF
Joe Morris Music Co.
145 W. 45th St., New York
FEATURED BY J. WOODRUFF
PFEIFFER ILLUSTRATING CO. N.Y. CITY


SAVE YOUR KISSES
TILL THE BOYS
COME HOME
Words and Music by
TOM MELLOR, HARRY GIFFORD
and
FRED GODFREY
For the United States and Canada -
JEROME H. REMICK & CO. NEW YORK - DETROIT
all other countries - B. Feldman, London, England

Kærestesorger

I borgerlig ideologi spiller familien og familiesammenholdet en meget stor rolle. Frivillig eller tvungen tjeneste fjerner familiemedlemmer fra hjemmet. Dette finder også sted inden for andre erhverv, så som transportsektoren; men militæret er specielt, erhvervsmæssigt betragtet, fordi det har den største andel af erhvervsrelaterede personskadet når der er krig. Og det ved soldaterne og deres familier godt.

Kærestester og soldater harmonerer som hovedregel ikke godt sammen, specielt ikke hvis de adskilles i kortere eller længere tid. Dette er et velkendt og universelt problem for parforholdsdannelsen. Vi starter denne problematik et eller andet ukendt sted i Bulgarien, mens landet var besat af det Osmanniske rige 1396–1878. Folkedansen og balladen om den kønne Marie.

Девойко Мари Хубава / Devojko Mari Hubava

O pretty girl
Pour me some wine
Wine and white rakija

So we can drink
Tell me your problem.
Whose problems are greater?

Crazy hero, and young,
My problem is greater.
Because I have clothes (a Hope Chest) to make.

My problem is greater, girl,
Because I have (military) duties to perform.
Because I don't have a home built.
My problem is greater.
Because never will we be together.

Soldaternes sange kan inddeles i nogle kategorier: Livet i skyttegravene, hjemve, nostalgi, kærestesorger samt familier, grædekoner og pårørendes klagesange over de i krigen døde soldater. En af de mest kendte klagesange over døde soldater er den skotske, *Flowers of the Forest*, skrevet af Jean Elliot i 1756, som en klagesang over James IV, samt, de mange af hans adelsmænd og de over 10.000 mand, blomsterne i skoven. der døde i slaget ved Flodden Field i det nordlige England i 1513. Grammofonpladeindspilninger og bogtryk af klagesangen kendes fra cirka 1904-1905[83].

Det engelske folk-rock band Fairport Convention indspillede sangen på deres 1970 LP,

83 Se eksempelvis: Scottish Vernacular Discography, 1888-1960. / : William Dean-Myatt. Draft. December 2012. Preview copy. - http://www.nls.uk/media/1056403/section-02-a.pdf

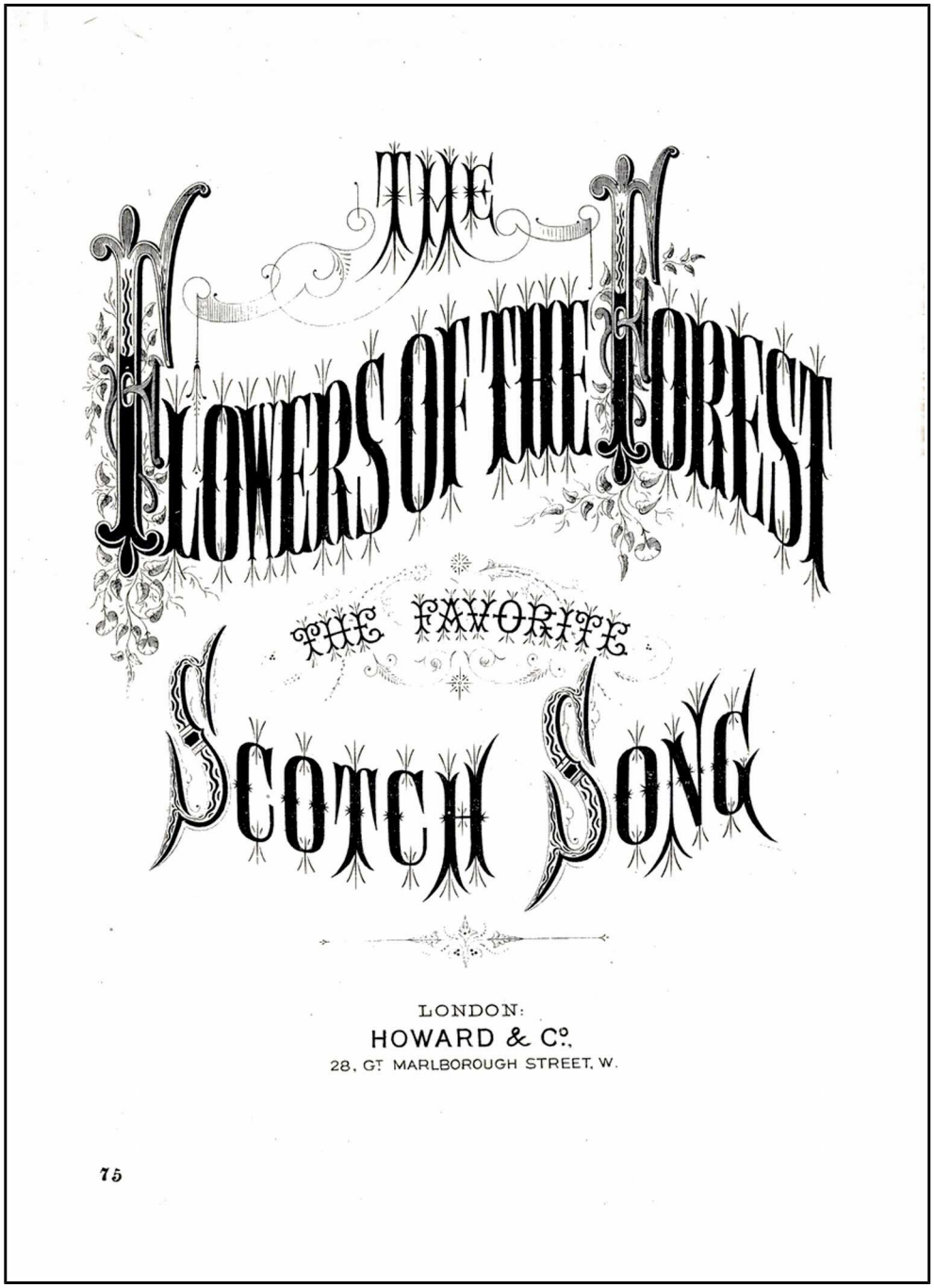
Full House og den skotsk-australske sangskriver Eric Bogle henviser til *Flowers of the Forest* i hans sang Ingenmandsland, hvor han funderer ved en soldat fra første verdenskrigs grav, og overvejer, om, *Flowers of the Forest*, blev spillet ved soldatens begravelse:

> Slog de langsomt på tromme og spillede piben stille,
> Spillede de dødsmarchen, da de sænkede dig ned?
> Spillede bandet Den sidste post og omkvæd?
> Og spillede sækkepiperne blomsterne i skoven?

Pibe-og-tromme ses dog også i mere officielle situationer, forklarer musikeren og historiefortælleren Poul Høxbro i forbindelse med udgivelsen af CDen Tu tu pan pan i 1995. 'F.eks. som trio ledende en infanterienhed eller på hesteryg i en kongelig festprocession og som lydkulisse til turneringer og jousts... Man inddelte dengang musikinstrumenter i to hovedgrupper afhængigt af instrumentets lydstyrke. De kraftige som f.eks. trompeter, horn og skalmejer kaldtes haut (høje) instrumenter og alle strengeinstrumenter, fløjter og portativ benævntes bas (lave). De to klasser af musikinstrumenter blev som hovedregel holdt klart adskilt og optrådte ikke i samme ensemble. Men her danner pibe-og-tromme tilsyneladende en interessant undtagelse, idet den på de mange afbildninger, hvor den er repræsenteret, det ene sted spiller med trompet, skalmeje og sækkepibe, det andet med harpe, lut, psalterium, rebec og fiddel.'

Det er nu almindelig praksis i det britiske og canadiske militær for at bruge denne melodi til at markere en soldats død i Afghanistan under den officielle mindehøjtidelighed.

Endeligt skal det tilføjes, at den irske folkesanger Pat Woods sammenkæder: *The Green Fields Of France* med melodien til *The Flowers of the Forest*, spillet på fløjte, på The Cream of Irish Folk Vol. 2, Bellevue 1999.


THE
FLOWERS OF THE FOREST
THE FAVORITE
SCOTCH SONG
LONDON:
HOWARD & Co.
28, Gt MARLBOROUGH STREET, W.
75

The Flowers Of The Forest

I've heard the lilting, at the yowe-milking,
Lasses a-lilting before dawn o' day;
But now they are moaning on ilka green loaning;
"The Flowers of the Forest are a' wede away".
As buchts, in the morning, nae blythe lads are scorning;
The lasses are lonely and dowie and wae.
Nae daffin', nae gabbin', but sighing and sobbing,
Ilk ane lifts her leglen, and hies her away.

In hairst, at the shearing, nae youths now are jeering,
The Bandsters are lyart, and runkled and grey.
At fair or at preaching, nae wooing, nae fleeching,
The Flowers of the Forest are a' wede away.

At e'en, in the gloaming, nae swankies are roaming,
'Bout stacks wi' the lasses at bogle to play.
But ilk ane sits drearie, lamenting her dearie,
The Flowers of the Forest are a' wede away.

Dule and wae for the order sent our lads to the Border;
The English, for ance, by guile wan the day:
The Flowers of the Forest, that foucht aye the foremost,
The prime o' our land are cauld in the clay.

We'll hae nae mair lilting, at the yowe-milking,
Women and bairns are dowie and wae.
Sighing and moaning, on ilka green loaning,
The Flowers of the forest are all wede away.

Skovens blomster

Jeg har hørt dem synge til aftenmalkningen
Pigerne synger før dagen gryr.
Nu er der en stønnen på hver en grønne eng.
Skovens blomster er alle visnet bort.

Ved malkestien om morgenen, ingen ubekymrede drenge foragter
Pigerne er ensomme og triste og sorgfulde.
Ingen leger, ingen sladder, kun suk og hulk.
Hver løfter sin mælkespand og så skynder hun sig væk.

Ved aften tusmørket, ingen unge mænd vandrer,
I høstakke med pigerne og leger skjul;
Men hver pige sidder sorgfuld, beklagede hendes kære.
Skovens blomster er alle visnet bort.

I høsten klipning, er der nu ingen hujende unge,
Høstarbejderne er rynket, med hvidt striber hår, eller gråt;
Ingen frieri, ingen sladder på markedet eller ved prædikenen.
Skovens blomster er alle visnet bort.

Ak og ve for ordren som sendte vores drenge til grænsen,
De engelske, ved svig, for en gangs skyld vandt den dag.
Skovens blomster, der kæmpede forrest,
Det fineste i vort land er i den kolde ler.

Vi har ikke mere sang til aftenmalkningen.
Kvinder og børn er triste og sorgfulde,
Sukkende og klagende, i hver en grønne eng,
Skovens blomster er alle visnet bort

Enker er temaet for den næste sang som foregår i begyndelsen af 1640erne under den engelske borgerkrig. Sangens alder og ophav er ukendt. den findes på en lokalhistorisk grammofonplade, Brummagem Ballads, fra 1976.

> 'The Battle of Camp Hill (or the Battle of Birmingham) took place in and around Camp Hill, during the First English Civil War, on Easter Monday, 3 April 1643, when a company of Parliamentarians from the Lichfield garrison with the support of some of the local townsmen, in all about 300 men, attempted to stop a detachment of Royalists, of about 1,200 cavalry and dragoons and 600 to 700 foot, under the command of Prince Rupert from passing through the unfortified parliamentary town of Birmingham.' WIKI

The Armourer's Widow

When Rupert came to Byrmingeham[84]
We were in sorry plyght
Our blood God's earth ystained by daye,
Our homes in blazing ruins laye
And stained the skye at night.

With matchlock and with culverin,
With caliver[85] ***and drake,***[86]
He battered down our ancient town,
He shot our sons and fathers down,
And Hell on earth did make.
Our children's cries, our widows's prayers,
Ascended with the flame,

84 Tales Of Sutton Town And Chase, With Other Tales, & Some Sketches Collected By "TAU" {pseudonym of Thomas A.Vaughton}, And Now Imprinted For The First Time."Battle of Birmingham: Printed and Published by Hudson and Son, Edmund Street and Livery Street 1904.
-http://www.bgfl.org/bgfl/custom/resources_ftp/client_ftp/teacher/history/jm_jones/jmj_battle_of_birm/index.htm

85 An early form of hand gun, variety of the arquebus; originally a gun having a regular size of bore.

86 A small cannon, used esp. in the 17th and 18th centuries.

And called down the wrath divine
Upon the Royal murderer's line,
And brought his kin to shame.

Våbensmedens Enke

Da Rupert kom til Birmingham,
Kom vi i en sørgelig fatning,
Vores blod farvede Guds jord i dagevis,
Vores hjem lå i flammende ruiner,
Og farvede himlen om natten.

Med arkebuse og med musket
Med pistoler og kanoner,
Voldsramte han vores gamle by ned,
Han skød vores sønner og fædre ned,
Og skabte helvede på jorden.

Vore børns råb, vores enker bønner,
Opstegne med flammen,
Og nedkaldte guddommelig vrede
Over den kongelige morder front,
Og bragte hans slægt til skamme.

Kærestesorger kunne også være årsag til at unge mænd blev soldater. Her et citat fra børnesangen, *Going to the Mexican War, fra 1846:*

Pretty little pink, I once did think,
You and I would marry.
But now that you have turned me down,
I'll no longer tarry.

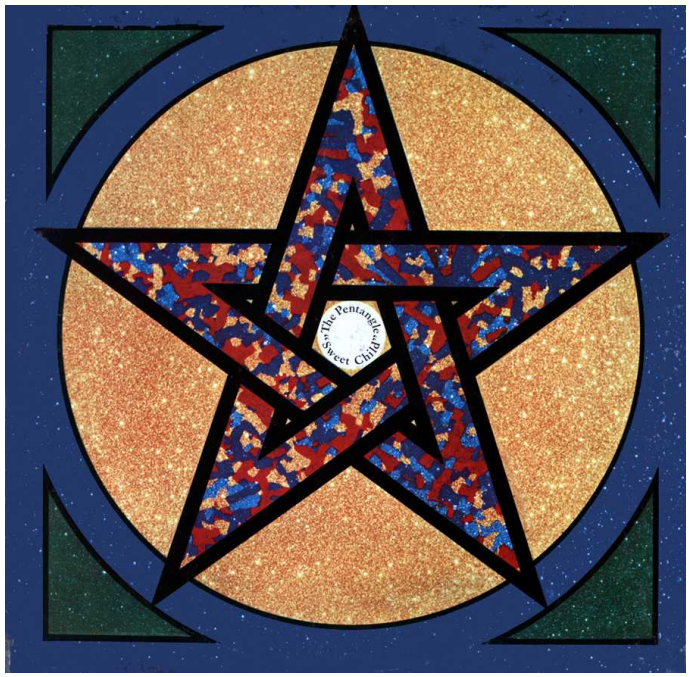
I put my knapsack on my back,
My gun upon my shoulder,
Fly away to Mexico
To be a valiant soldier.

Smukke lille tøs, jeg troede engang,
Du og jeg ville giftes.
Men nu, da du har afvist mig,
Vil jeg ikke længere bie.[87]
Jeg sætter mit tornyster på ryggen,
Min skyder på min skulder,
Flyer væk til Mexico
For at være en tapper soldat

87 Vente tålmodigt.

Sangen er bl.a. publiceret i Carl Sandburgs American Songbag 1927 og i William Wells Newells, Games and Songs of American Children, 1883, hvori der er tekstvarianten:

To march away to Quebec town..



Hjemve og nostalgi blandt soldater – beskrevet som sygdomme - kendes siden middelalderen[88]. Kærestesorger og klagesange optræder i alle krige gennem historien fra oldtiden til nutiden. Den populære skotske middelaldervise, sømandssang og kærlighedsvise, *So early, early in the spring* er indspillet bl.a. af Pentangle på Sweet Child fra 1968. En ung mand mønstrer som værnepligtig på et krigsskib:

Early, early in the spring
I went on board to serve my king
And left my dearest dear behind,
Who ofttime said her heart was mine.

Tekstvariant i linje to:

Early, early in the spring,
I was forced on board to serve my king[89]
A-leaving of my dear behind
Who loved and set her heart towards mine.

Tidlig, i det tidlige forår
Gik jeg om bord for at tjene min konge
Og forlod mit kæreste kære agterud,
Som tit og ofte sagde, hun var mig tro.

Tidlig, i det tidlige forår,
Blev jeg tvunget om bord for at tjene min konge
forladende min kære agterud
som elskede mig så hjerteligt

88 Nostalgi: Hjemstavnslængsel, hjemve.
Nostalgibegrebet blev udviklet i en lægevidenskabelig afhandling. Afhandlingen, Dissertatio Medica De Nostalgia, oder Heimwehe, blev forsvaret 22. juni 1688 af den schweiziske læge Johannes Hofer (1669-1752), som beskrev, hvad man dengang kaldte den schweiziske syge: mal du Suisse, Swiss illness, eller Schweizerheimweh. En epidemi af denne sygdom var brudt ud blandt unge mere eller mindre tvangshvervede schweiziske lejesoldater i Frankrig og i Italien. Kuren på sygdommen var nedsættelse af tjenestetiden og hjemsendelse.

89 California Gold: Northern California Music From the Thirties: Ben Rice "I Was Forced On Board To Serve my King."
- http://www.loc.gov/item/afc9999005.6664 ;
- http://mudcat.org/thread.cfm?threadid=61371

Den første amerikanske vise om værnepligt er fra 1862, fra borgerkrigens tid og den er skrevet af den kendte sangskriver Henry Clay Work.

Grafted Into the Army

Our Jimmy has gone for to live in a tent,
They have grafted him into the army;
He finally pucker'd up his courage and went,
When they grafted him into the army.
I told them he was too young, alas!
At the captain's forequarters, they said he would pass.
They'd train him up well in the infantry class,
So they grafted him into the army.

Oh, Jimmy, farewell! Your brothers fell
Way down in Alabarmy;
I thought they would spare a lone widder's heir,
But they grafted him into the army.

Drest up in his unicorn -- dear little chap;
They have grafted him into the army;
It seems but a day since he sot in my lap,
But they grafted him into the army.
And these are the trousies he used to wear --
Them very same buttons -- the patch and the tear --
But Uncle Sam gave him a bran' new pair
When they grafted him into the army.

Now in my provisions I see him revealed --
They have grafted him into the army;
A picket beside the contented field.
They have grafted him into the army.
He looks kinda sickish -- begins to cry --
A big volunteer standing right in his eye!
On, what if the ducky should up and die
Now they've grafted him into the army.

Indpodet i hæren

Vores Jimmy er gået for at leve i et telt,
De har podet ham ind i hæren;
Han mandede sig op og gik,
Da de podede ham ind i hæren.
Jeg fortalte dem, at han var for ung, ak!
I kaptajnens kvarter sagde de, at han ville passere.
De ville opøve ham godt i infanteriklassen,
Så de podede ham ind i hæren.

Åh, Jimmy, farvel! Dine brødre faldt
Langt nede i Alabamy;
Jeg troede, de ville skåne en enlig enkes arving,
Men de podede ham ind i hæren.

Klædt på i hans uniforn - kære lille fyr;
De har podet ham ind i hæren;
Det synes, kort tid siden, da han sad i mit skød,
Men de podede ham ind i hæren.
Og det er disse bukser han brugte have på -
De kendte knapper - plasteret og tårer -
Men Onkel Sam gav ham eet helt nyt par
Da de podede ham ind i hæren.

Nu, efter min mening, ser jeg ham afsløret -
De har podet ham ind i hæren;
En vagt ved siden af det tilfredse felt.
De har podet ham ind i hæren.
Han ser lidt sygelig - begynder at græde -
En stor frivillig stående lige i øjet!
Fordi, hvad hvis kæresten skulle gå hen og dø
Nu har de podet ham ind i hæren?

Den næste sang er fransk i engelsk oversættelse. Jeg har desværre ikke kunnet finde denne gamle desertørvise på fransk. Den er fra før 1895.

The [French] Deserter

Oversætter Alfred M. Williams.

"For eight long years within the troop I served",
Without a furlough to relieve my pain.
The longing took me to desert the ranks,
To my fair land to turn my steps again.

"I had a luckless meeting on my way,
Three grenadiers before me made a halt.
With handcuffs hard and cold they bound my hands,
And led me to Bordeaux to a prison vault.

"Ah, is it then for love of a brown maid,
That in a cell I lie in dismal mood;
My only couch the hard planks of the floor,
Water and black bread my only drink and food."

But when the maiden heard these words of grief,
Both night and day she walked her love to see.
"Courage, my dear love," through the grate she said,
"I will find out a way to rescue thee.

"I will run out, and seek your captain kind,
Your captain kind, and your brave colonel too.
I will beseech them, and implore a pardon,
I will give them gold to free my lover true!"

"I am deeply grieved, my little shepherdess,
That for this grenadier you should moan and cry.
Before the court of war he must soon appear,
And at the drum will be condemned to die!"

When the maiden heard the cruel words he said,
Her cheeks grew white that were so rosy red.
The captain threw his arm around her waist,
And kindly bade her lift her drooping head.

"Fair shepherdess, take me for your lover,
I will love you well, and free your heart from pain."
Tears within her eyes, and kerchief to her face,
"No, no," she said, "I cannot love again."

Også drikkeri kunne være årsag til soldatertjeneste, The bold deserter eller, Why did I desert?, The Deserter. Her er originalteksten til visen, som menes at være fra Irland og er baseret på en dansemelodi fra 1790'erne. Den er indspillet af Jil Chambless & Scooter Muse på The Laverock Sang, 2011. The Deserter er også et barsk digt, skrevet

i 1916 af den engelske digter Winifred Mary Letts (1882-1972) i antologien Hallow-e'en, and poems of the war, samt titlen på en håndfuld film, herunder den canadiske Le déserteur fra 2008. Den fortæller historien om Georges Guenette, en desertør fra den canadiske hær under Anden Verdenskrig, der blev skudt og dræbt af medlemmer af Royal Canadian Mounted Police.

The Bold Deserter

My parents rear'd me tenderly, I being their only son
Little did they think I was to follow the fife and drum,
At length I courted a pretty girl and she did gain my heart,
She first advised me to list and then for to desert

She was my mother's waiting maid, no fairer to be found,
Her checks were of the rosey red, her hair was lovely brown,
Her skin as white as any snow, her teeth all in a row,
And neat, complete and handsome, but with me would not go.

Once I thought I ne'er should he in this defected state,
A poor forlorn stranger born, to suffer hardships great,
The birds that fly from tree to lite with sorrow striket my heart,
And the morning star alarms me—O why did I desert?

If was curs'd whiskey ruin'd me, from my colours I did fly,
For the want of pay or cowardice, both these I do deny,
It was curs'd whiskey ruin'd me, and bad company too,
So here in pain I must remain, I know not what to do.

My cap, my coat, my scarlet cloak, - I now must trow aside,
And in some silent shady grove my body I must hide:
To these light bobs I'll bid adieu where once I took delight,
My journey far I must pursue, and travel it all night.

My brother he's a sailor bold, he knows not I am here,
Aloud in vain I cry'd to him, his ship to draw near,
The wind and tide forc'd him away, his boats could not lay to,
So here in pain I must remain, I know not what to do.

Now to conclude and make an end of my deserting song
I hope to shine in armour bright, and that before it's long
My officers and serjeants have clothes for me in store,
And if they would but pardon me, desert I would no more.

Den dristige desertør

Mine forældre opdrog mig ømt, jeg er deres eneste søn
De anede knapt næppe, jeg skulle følge piben og trommen,
Engang bejlede jeg en smuk pige, og hun vandt mit hjerte,
Hun først rådede mig til at indrullere, og derefter til at desertere

Det var forbandet whisky som ødelagde mig; fra min uniform, jeg rendte,
Af mangel på løn eller fejhed, begge disse vil jeg benægte,
Det var forbandet whisky som ødelagde mig, og også dårligt selskab,
Så her i smerte jeg skal forblive, jeg ved ikke, hvad jeg skal gøre.

Min kasket, min frakke, min skarlagenskappe - Jeg skal nu kaste bort,
Og i en tavs skyggefuld lund min krop jeg må skjule:
Infanteriet, hvortil jeg tog hen med glæde, jeg byder adieu
Min lange rejse, jeg skal begynde, og rejse hele natten.

Min bror er han en dristig sømand, han ved ikke, jeg er her,
Forgæves jeg råbte højt til ham, hans skib at komme nær,
Vind og tidevand tvang ham væk, hans både kunne ikke lægge til,
Så her i smerte skal jeg forblive, jeg ved ikke, hvad jeg skal gøre..

Nu, for at konkludere og slutte min deserteringssang
Håber jeg, at skinne i strålende rustning, inden alt for længe,
Mine officerer og sergenter har tøj til mig på lager.
Og, hvis de bare vil tilgive mig, vil jeg ikke desertere mere.

Den engelske sangerinde Sandy Denny (1947 – 1978), sang middelaldervisen the Deserter på Fairport Conventions banebrydende Liege & Lief fra 1969. Visen kendes i flere tekstvarianter.

The Deserter

I'm a rich merchant's son who'd both honour and fame,
And I dwelt in the city called Oxford by name;
Till my parents turned from me and bid me to go,
To seek for a master, which proved my overthrow.[90]

A-drinking, a-drinking, a-drinking went I,
Till a recruiting party came beating down by;
They 'listed me and treated me, until I did not know,
That to the King's barracks they had forced me to go.

The first time I deserted I thought myself free,
But my cruel comrades informed on me;
I was quickly followed after and brought back with speed,
I was handcuffed and guarded, heavily ironed indeed.

The second time I deserted I thought myself free,
Until my cruel sweetheart informed on me;
They came to the house and soon took me away,
To the prison, where heavily ironed I lay.

The third time I deserted I thought myself free,
Until my cruel brother informed on me;
Again they came for me and knocked at the door,
And ironed me safe and to prison me bore.

Court martial, court martial they held upon me -
Three hundred lasses and three score and three;
May the Lord have mercy for such cruelty,
Oh, now the King's duty falls heavy on me.

The fourth time I deserted I thought myself free,
But my cruel father informed on me;
I was soon followed after and was not forgot,
And the sentence passed on me was for to be shot.

Now the day being come and his coffin all fixed,
King George[91] *he came by in his carriage and six;*
When the coffin he saw he cried, 'Let him go free,
For he'll make a good soldier in his [own] country.'

---

90 Sætningen kendes fra den gamle engelske ballade Reynardine.:
The sentence is known from the old English ballad Reynardine:
'I said my pretty creature don't let your parents know,
For if you do they'll ruin me and prove my overthrow.'
91 Kan være George III (1738–1820).

Den dristige desertør

Jeg er en rig købmand søn, både æret og berømt,
Og jeg boede i byen kaldet Oxford ved navn;
Till mine forældre vendte sig fra mig og bød mig at gå,
At søge efter en mester, som bøjede min ret.

Drikkende, drikkende, drikkende jeg gik,
Til hvervene kom trommende forbi
De indrullerede mig og mishandlede mig, indtil jeg ikke vidste,
De tvang mig til at gå til kongens kaserne.

Første gang jeg deserterede, tænkte jeg mig fri,
Men mine grusomme kammerater, sladrede om mig;
Jeg blev hurtigt efterfulgt, og med hast bragt tilbage,
Jeg var i håndjern og bevogtet, faktisk i tungt jern

Anden gang jeg deserterede, tænkte jeg mig fri,
Indtil min grusomme kæreste, sladrede om mig;
De kom til huset, og snart tog mig væk,
Til fængslet, hvor jeg hentærer i jern.

Den tredje gang, jeg deserterede, tænkte jeg mig fri,
Indtil min grusomme bror, sladrede om mig;
Igen kom de efter mig og bankede på døren,
og lænkede mig sikkert, og til fængslet mig bar.

Fjerde gang, jeg deserterede, tænkte jeg mig fri,
Men min grusomme far, sladrede om mig;
Jeg blev hurtigt efterfulgt, og blev ikke glemt,
Og dommen over mig var, at blive skudt

Nu er dagen kommet og hans kiste er klar,
Kong George kom i sin vogn med seks-spand
Da han så kisten, råbte han: "Lad ham gå fri,
For han vil blive en god soldat i hans [eget] land."

The Deserter, 1916

There was a man, - don't mind his name,[92]
Whom Fear had dogged by night and day.
He could not face the German guns
And so he turned and ran away.
Just that – he turned and ran away,
But who can judge him, you or I?
God makes a man of flesh and blood
Who yearns to live and not to die.
And this man when he feared to die
Was scared as any frightened child,
His knees were shaking under him,
His breath came fast, his eyes were wild.
I've seen a hare with eyes as wild,
With throbbing heart and sobbing breath.
But oh! it shames one's soul to see
A man in abject fear of death,
But fear had gripped him, so had death;
His number had gone up that day,
They might not heed his frightened eyes,
They shot him when the dawn was grey.
Blindfolded, when the dawn was grey,
He stood there in a place apart,
The shots rang out and down he fell,
An English bullet in his heart.
An English bullet in his heart !
But here's the irony of life, -
His mother thinks he fought and fell
A hero, foremost in the strife.
So she goes proudly; to the strife
Her best, her hero son she gave.
O well for her she does not know
He lies in a deserter's grave.

---

92 In World War One, the executions of 306 British and Commonwealth soldiers took place. Such executions, for crimes such as desertion and cowardice, remain a source of controversy with some believing that many of those executed should be pardoned as they were suffering from what is now called shell shock. The executions, primarily of non-commissioned ranks, included 25 Canadians, 22 Irishmen and 5 New Zealanders.

A new law passed on November 8th 2006 and included as part of the Armed Forces Act has pardoned men in the British and Commonwealth armies who were executed in World War One. The law removes the stain of dishonor with regards to executions on war records but it does not cancel out sentences. Defence Secretary Des Browne said:

"I believe it is better to acknowledge that injustices were clearly done in some cases - even if we cannot say which - and to acknowledge that all these men were victims of war. I hope that pardoning these men will finally remove the stigma with which their families have lived for years."

- http://www.theguardian.com/uk/2006/aug/16/military.immigrationpolicy

Desertøren, 1916

Der var en mand, - hans navn er ligegyldigt,
Hvem Frygt havde forfulgt både nat og dag.
Han kunne ikke klare de tyske kanoner
Og så vendte han sig og løb væk.
Netop det - han vendte sig og løb væk,
Men hvem kan dømme ham, du eller jeg?

Gud skaber en mand af kød og blod
Hvem længes efter at leve og ikke dø.
Og denne mand, da han frygtede at dø
Var bange, som ethvert skræmt barn,
Hans knæ rystede under ham,
Hans åndedræt var hurtigt, hans øjne var vilde.

Jeg har set en hare med øjne så vilde,
Med dunkende hjerte og hulkende ånde.
Åh! Men, det bringer skam over ens sjæl at se
En mand i ussel frygt for døden,
Men frygt havde grebet ham, så havde døden;
Hans nummer blev trukket den dag,
De kan ikke agte hans skræmte øjne,
De skød ham, da daggryet var gråt.
Bind for øjnene, da daggryet var gråt.

Skuddene lød og ned faldt han,
En engelsk kugle i hans hjerte.
En engelsk kugle i sit hjerte!
Men her er livets ironi, -
Hans mor tror, han kæmpede og faldt
En helt, først og fremmest i kampen.
Så hun går stolt; til skænderier
Hendes bedste, hendes helt søn gav hun.
Åh, godt for hende, at hun ikke ved
Han ligger i en desertørs grav.

Genbrug fra anden Boer krigen i Sydafrika, 1902.

Goodbye Dolly Gray

I have come to say goodbye, Dolly Gray,
It's no use to ask me why, Dolly Gray,
There's a murmur in the air, you can hear it everywhere,
It's the time to do and dare, Dolly Gray.

So if you hear the sound of feet, Dolly Gray,
Sounding through the village street, Dolly Gray,
It's the tramp of soldiers' true in their uniforms so blue,
I must say goodbye to you, Dolly Gray.

Goodbye Dolly I must leave you, though it breaks my heart to go,
Something tells me I am needed at the front to fight the foe,
See – the boys in blue are marching and I can no longer stay,
Hark – I hear the bugle calling, goodbye Dolly Gray.

Farvel, Dolly Gray

Jeg er kommet for at sige farvel, Dolly Gray,
Det nytter ikke at spørge mig, hvorfor, Dolly Gray,
Der er en mumlen i luften, kan du høre det overalt,
Det er tid til at gøre, og turde, Dolly Gray.

Så hvis du hører lyden af fødder, Dolly Gray,
Klingende gennem landsbygaden, Dolly Gray,
Det er soldaternes tramp, klædt i deres uniformer, så blå,
Jeg må sige farvel til dig, Dolly Gray

Farvel Dolly, jeg må forlade dig, selvom det knuser mit hjerte at gå,
Noget siger mig, jeg er nødvendig ved fronten for at bekæmpe fjenden,
Se - drengene i blåt marcherer, og jeg kan ikke blive længere,
Lyt - jeg hører signalhornets kald, farvel, Dolly Gray.

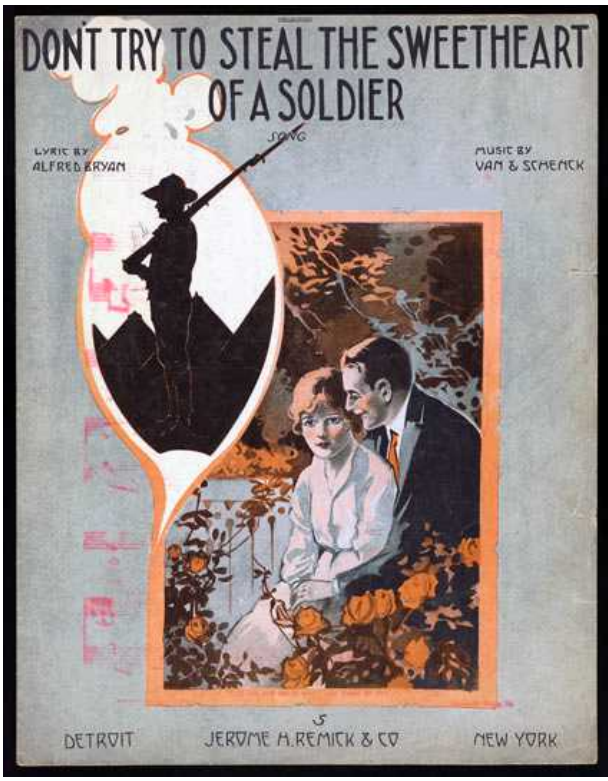
Også, *På Samsø Var En Pige*...

Kort før starten på Den anden Boer-krig (1899-1902), skriver den engelske digter Alfred Edward Housman (1859–1936) antologien A Shropshire Lad / Den engelske rose med 36 digte udgivet i 1896 for Housman egen regning efter at flere forlag havde afvist den.

Bogen solgte langsomt i starten, men under Den anden Boer-krig blev Housmans nostalgiske skildring af livet i landdistrikterne og unge mænds tidlige dødsfald en succes og bestseller hos engelske læsere. Før og under verdenskrigen blev nogle af digtene sat i musik, hvilket yderligere øgede deres popularitet på begge sider af Atlanten. Amerikansk udgave, John Lane, 1917. Komponisten, George Butterworth (1885 – 5 August 1916), bliver dræbt under slagene ved Somme.

Blandt digtene kan nævnes: In summertime on Bredon, The street sounds to the soldiers' tread, og The lads in their hundreds, herfra:

The lads in their hundreds to Ludlow come in for the fair[93],
There 's men from the barn and the forge
and the mill and the fold.
The lads for the girls and the lads for the liquor are there,
And there with the rest are the lads that will never be old.

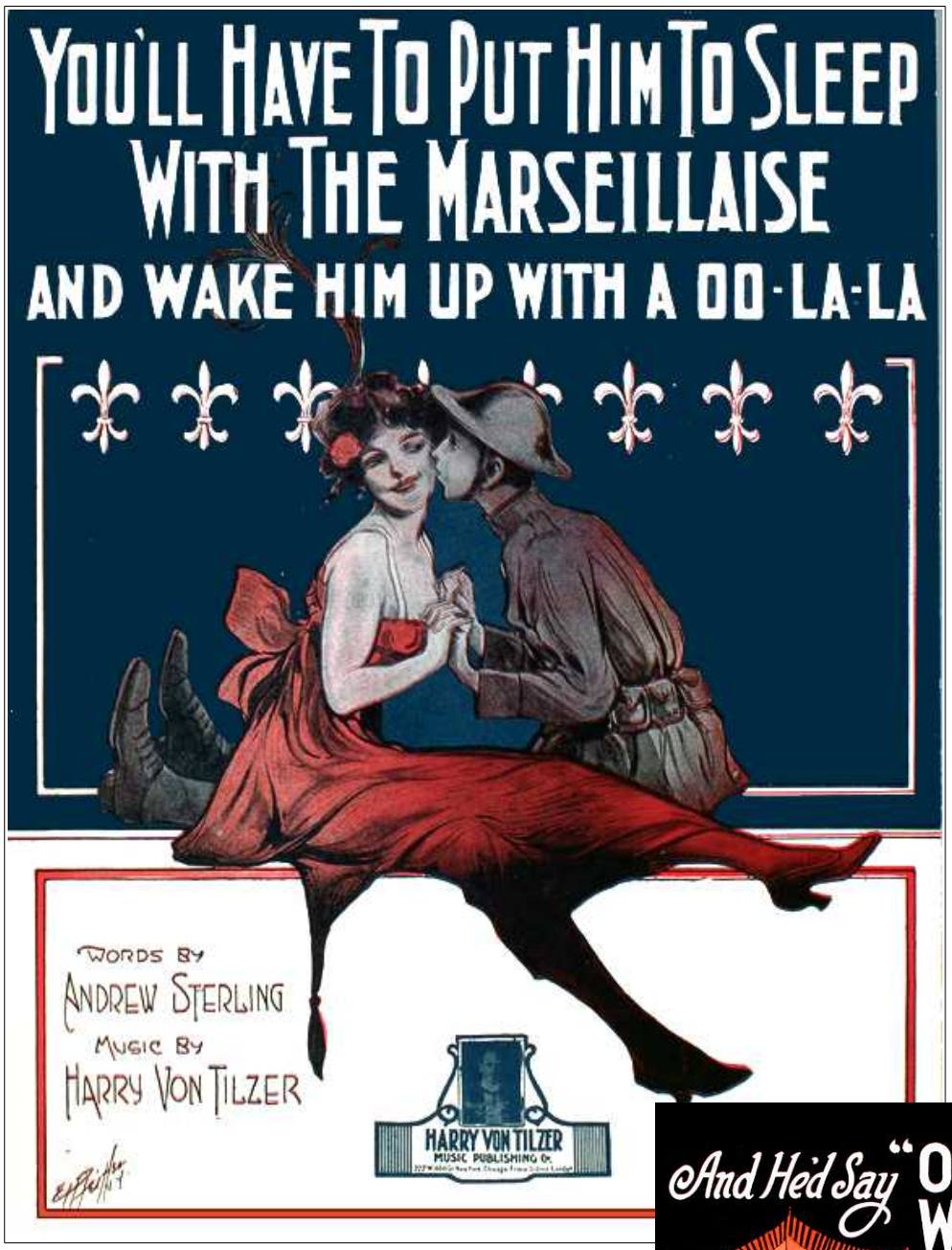


Drengene kom i hundredvis til Ludlow markedet,
Der er mænd fra stald og smedje
og møllen og folden.
Drengene til pigerne og drengene til spiritus er der,
Og der, med resten, er drengene, som aldrig vil blive gamle.

En variant er, *All the brave soldiers that cannot get older*, på Crosby, Stills, Nash & Young's, Daylight Again.

De amerikanske soldater ved fronten havde også det problem, at de ikke kunne tale fransk, *When Yankee Doodle Learns To parlez vous francais,* blev det bare til*, And He'd Say "OO-La-La-Wee-Wee", Wee, Wee, Marie (Will You Do This For Me), Hinky pinky parlay-voo eller Mademoiselle from Armentières*.

93 Ludlow er en købstad i Shropshire, som ligger ved grænsen mellem England og Wales. Ludlow ligger også meget nær grænsen mellem Shropshire og Herefordshire. I Domesday Book var Ludlow en del af Herefordshire. På grund af sin beliggenhed var byen et administrativt og politik centrum i Middelalderen. WIKI.



Wee, Wee, Marie (Will You Do This For Me)

Poor Johnny's heart went pitty pat,
Somewhere in sunny France
He met a girl by chance with ze naughty naughty glance,
She looked just like a kitty kitty cat,
She loved to dance and play,
Tho' he learned no French when he left the trench,
He knew well enough to say:

They walked along the boule boulevard,
He whispered "You for me,

Some day in gay Paree I will make you marry me",
Just then a bunch of bully bully boys,
Threw kisses on the sly,
Marie got wise when they rolled their eyes,
They sang as they passed her by.

Wee Wee Marie, will you do zis for me
Wee Wee Marie, then I'll do zat for you,
I love your eyes they make me feel so spoony,
You'll drive me loony, you're teasing me,
Why can't we parleyvous like other sweethearts do,
I want a kiss or two from Ma Cherie,
Wee Wee Marie, if you'll do zis for me
Then I'll do zat for you, Wee Wee Marie.

Stakkels Johnnys hjerte slog bekymret,
Et eller andet sted i det solrige Frankrig
Han mødte en pige ved en tilfældighed med ze frække frække blik,
Hun lignede en kattekilling,
Hun elskede at danse og spille,
Selv om han intet fransk lærte, da han forlod skyttegraven,
Vidste han godt nok til at sige:

De gik langs boule, boulevarden,
Han hviskede, "Du for mig,
En dag i glade Paree vil jeg få dig til gifte dig med mig ",
Netop da en flok mobbe, mobbe drenge
Kastede kys i smug,
Marie blev vis, da de rullede med øjnene
De sang, da de gik forbi hende.

Den uartige udgave.

Hinky pinky parlay-voo, Mademoiselle from Armentières

A big Marine went over to France,
Parleyvoo,
A big Marine went over to France,
Parleyvoo,
A big Marine went over to France,
With seventeen inches in his pants,
Hinky Dinky Parleyvoo.
And there he met a damsel fair,
Parleyvoo,
And there he met a damsel fair,
Parleyvoo,

And there he met a damsel fair,
With big blue eyes and curly hair,
Hinky Dinky Parleyvoo.

The first three months and all went well,
Parleyvoo,
The second three months she began to swell,
Parleyvoo,
The third three months she gave a grunt,
And a little Marine jumped out of her cunt,
Hinky Dinky Parleyvoo.

The little Marine he grew and grew,
Parleyvoo,
The little Marine he grew and grew,
Parleyvoo,
The little Marine he grew and grew,
And learned to fuck the girlies too,
Hinky Dinky Parleyvoo.

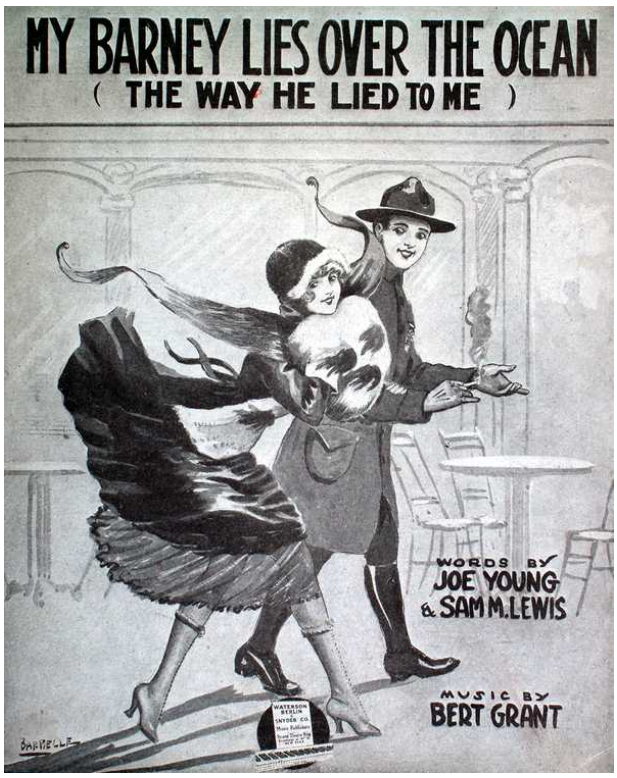
Oh the French they are a dirty race,
Parleyvoo,
The French they are a dirty race,
Parleyvoo,
The French they are a dirty race,
They fight with their feet, fuck with their face,
Hinky Dinky Parleyvoo.

If you don't believe the story I tell,
Parleyvoo,
If you don't believe the story I tell,
Parleyvoo,
If you don't believe the story I tell,
You can kiss my ass and go to hell,
Hinky Dinky Parleyvoo.

Alle sange om soldater og deres kærester beskriver udelukkende hetrosexuelle forhold, ung mand og ung kvinde. Alt andet var utænkeligt dengang, i al fald på tryk og på grammofonplade.

De franske og belgiske kvinder, *My Belgian Rose,* kunne heller ikke tale engelsk, hvilket dog ikke forhindrede nogle af ungmøerne i at blive gravide og få deres helt eget lille regiment af krigsbørn, *War Children*. Og kæresterne på hjemmefronten var ingenmandsland for alle andre som ikke måtte stjæle soldaternes kærester, *Don't Try to Steal The Sweetheart Of A Soldier*. Almindelig tvivl og jalousi nagede også iblandt,

I Wonder What They Are Doing Tonight (Your Girl And Mine) og *I Wonder Who's Kissing Her Now* – men også på hjemmefronten undrede pigerne sig over, hvad soldaterne lavede, når de var på orlov i det fremmede *og* også storken havde travlt med spædbørnene ovre i det amerikanske. Kærester ville som tiden gik, have deres mænd hjem fra krigen. *Bring Back My Barnie To Me,* forlangte de med afsæt i den gamle skotske sømandssang. I anden verdenskrig sad *My Bonnie* i en bombemaskine.



Vender vi et kort øjeblik tilbage til den virkelige verden uden for lyrikken, så er det meget sandsynligt, at *My Bonnie* blev smittet med den spanske syge eller blev smittet med den dengang uhelbredelige folkesygdom tuberkulose, *My Bonny Has Tuberculosis*.

My Bonnie has tuberculosis
My Bonnie has only one lung
She coughs up a bloody solution
And rolls it around on her tongue

Min kæreste har tuberkulose
Min kæreste har kun én lunge
Hun hoster en blodig opløsning op
Og ruller den rundt på hendes tunge

Tilbage til musikken.

Soldater som var utro mod deres kærester er et kendt tema over hele verden. Den næste skotske sang blev indspillet allerede i 1914.[94] Floden Allan er en flod i det centrale Skotland. Den starter i Ochil Hills, løber gennem Strathallan til Dunblane og Allan Bro før sammenføjningen med floden Forth. To skillingstryk ballader henviser til floden Allan. Ifølge den første, en skotsk ballade, er floden Allan bred og dyb, og min kære Anny er meget kærlig, Bred er strædet, der løber over det, og hvis det var mit, vil jeg give alt til Anny". Den anden, mere velkendte, engelske ballade begynder med "På bredden af floden Allan" og relaterer til en møllerens datters død, hvis elsker, en soldat er utro. Denne version, populariseret af CE Horn i hans komiske opera, Rige og fattige (1812), synges af Batseba Everdene ved fårehyrdernes aftensmad i Thomas Hardys roman Far From The Madding Crowd (1874). "

On The Banks Of Allan Water

On the banks of Allan Water
When the sweet spring time did fall,
Was the miller's lovely daughter
Fairest of them all
For his bride a soldier sought her
And a winning tongue had he
On the banks of Allan Water
None so gay as she
On the banks of Allan Water
When brown autumn spread his store
There I saw the miller's daughter

94 On The Banks Of Allan Water, Edison Blue Amberol: 23156 British series.

But she smiled no more
For the summer, grief had brought her
And the soldier false was he
On the banks of Allan Water
None so sad as she

On the banks of Allan Water
When the winter snow fell fast
Still was seen the miller's daughter
Chilling blew the blast
But the miller's lovely daughter
Both from cold and care was free
On the banks of Allan Water
There a corpse lay she

På bredden af floden Allan

På bredden af floden Allan
Når det søde forår kom,
Var møllerens dejlige datter
Skønnest af dem alle
For sin brud en soldat søgte hende
Og en vindende tunge havde han
På bredden af floden Allan
Ingen så glad som hun

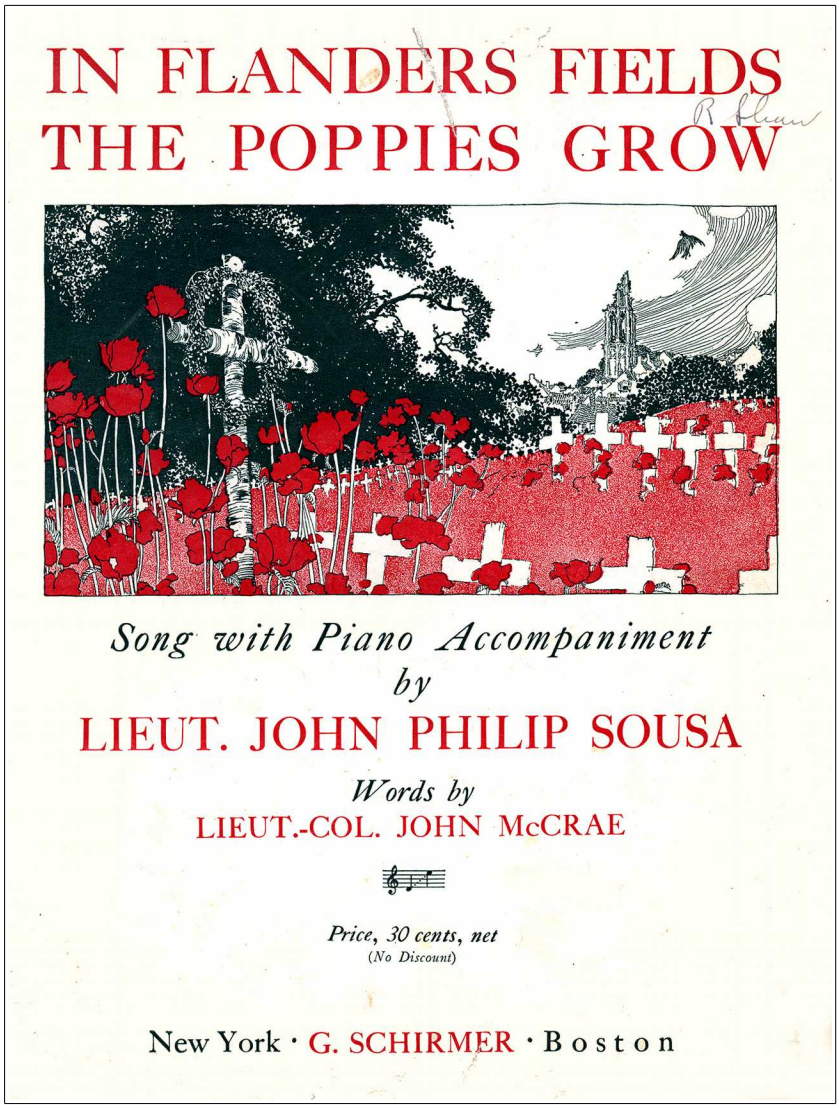
På bredden af floden Allan
Når det brune efterår spreder sin pragt
Der så jeg møllerens datter
Men hun smilede ikke mere
Sommeren, havde bragt hende sorg
Og soldaten han var falsk
På bredden af floden Allan
Ingen så trist, som hun

På bredden af floden Allan
Mens vintersneen hurtigt faldt
Blev møllerens datter stadig set
Isnende føg blæsten
Men møllerens dejlige datter
Både fra kulde og pleje var fri
På bredden af floden Allan
Der et lig, lå hun

Spørgsmålet var naturligvis, hvornår kommer soldaterne tilbage og hvad vil der så ske? *When You Come Back*. En af krigsskuepladserne på vestfronten var Flandern i Belgien, *Fun in Flanders*, *There's a Green Hill Out In Flanders* og *In Flanders Fields*.

Valmuerne i Flandern

Flandern er en region i Belgien, navnet stammer fra en middelalderlig stat, der omfattede dele af det, som nu Belgien og Nordfrankrig. Imidlertid henviste soldaterne i Første Verdenskrig ofte til deres tjeneste på Vestfronten som "Frankrig", hvad enten det var i Frankrig selv eller Belgien. Den vigtigste by, omkring hvilken kampene i Flandern kredsede var Ypres. Denne region blev der kæmpet om fra oktober 1914 til næsten slutningen af krigen i november 1918.



In Flanders Fields[95]

In Flanders fields the poppies grow
Between the crosses, row on row
That mark our place: and in the sky
The larks still bravely singing, fly
Scarce heard amid the guns below.
We are the Dead. Short days ago
We lived, felt dawn, saw sunset glow,
Loved, and were loved, and now we lie
In Flanders fields.
Take up our quarrel with the foe:
To you from failing hands we throw

95 In Flanders Fields by John McCrae [Canadian Poet, 1872—1918]. With an Essay in Character by Sir Andrew Macphail. New York, 1919.
John McCrae, physician, soldier, and poet, died in France. Lieutenant—Colonel with the Canadian forces.

The Torch: be yours to hold it high!
If ye break faith with us who die
We shall not sleep, though poppies grow
In Flanders fields.

I Flanderns Jord

I Flanderns jord valmuer gror,
hvor kors på kors og døden bor.
Der er vort sted; hvor højt fra sky
man lærkers sang i morgengry
knapt høres for kanoners kor.

Vi er de døde; kort før nu
vi var, så solens gang som du,
elsket, blev elsket, ligger nu
i Flanderns jord.

Tag vor kamp med fjenden op,
Til dig fra svigtende hænder vi kaster,
du faklen får før frem vor trop!
For svigter du, vi som dør,
ej søvn vi får, om end valmuer gror
i Flanderns jord.

Slaget ved Flandern er beskrevet poetisk i, A Song of the Guns in Flanders, af Gilbert Frankau..[96]

Turn sideways from your lover,
Shudder and swerve and run,
Tilt; stagger; and plunge over
Ablaze against the sun,—
Doves dead in air, who climb to dare
The hawks that guide the gun.

Vend sidelæns fra din kæreste,
Gys og sno sig og kør,
Vip, vakle, og spring i løb
Op mod solen, —
duerne døde i luften, stigende op for at udfordre,
Høgene der styrer geværerne.

Der kendes to originale svenske sange med afsæt i første verdenskrig. I den ene, Den smukkeste vise om kærlighed, eller som Eddie Skoller i 1977 forkorter titlen til Den

96 New York, Federal Printing Company, 1916.

Smukkeste Vise[97], Den vackraste visan om kärleken, begræder den svenske journalist og idealist Ture Nerman (1886-1969) al den potentielle kultur og poesi der gik til samtidig med de døde soldater. Sangen fra 1916 blev sat i musik i 1939 og blev indspillet i henholdsvis 1941 og 1944. Den første indspilning er med Eva Helena Grill & Sven Arefeldts orkester. Orkesteret bruges også i den anden indspilning, hvor sangeren er Ander Börje.

Den vackraste visan om kärleken

Den vackraste visan om kärleken
kom aldrig på pränt.
Den blev kvar i en dröm på Montmartre
hos en fattig parisstudent.

Den skulle ha lyst över länderna
och bringat en vår på knä,
och en värld skulle tryckt till sitt hjärta
en ny, en ny Musset.

Han skulle ha vandrat längs kajerna
med en blåögd liten Lucile
och diktat violer och kyssar
nu en natt i april.

Men den vackraste visan om kärleken
kom aldrig på pränt.
Den begrovs i en massgrav i Flandern
med en fattig parisstudent.

Soldaterne blev dræbt af fjenden, blev lemlæstet, fik granatchok og krigen trak ud[98].

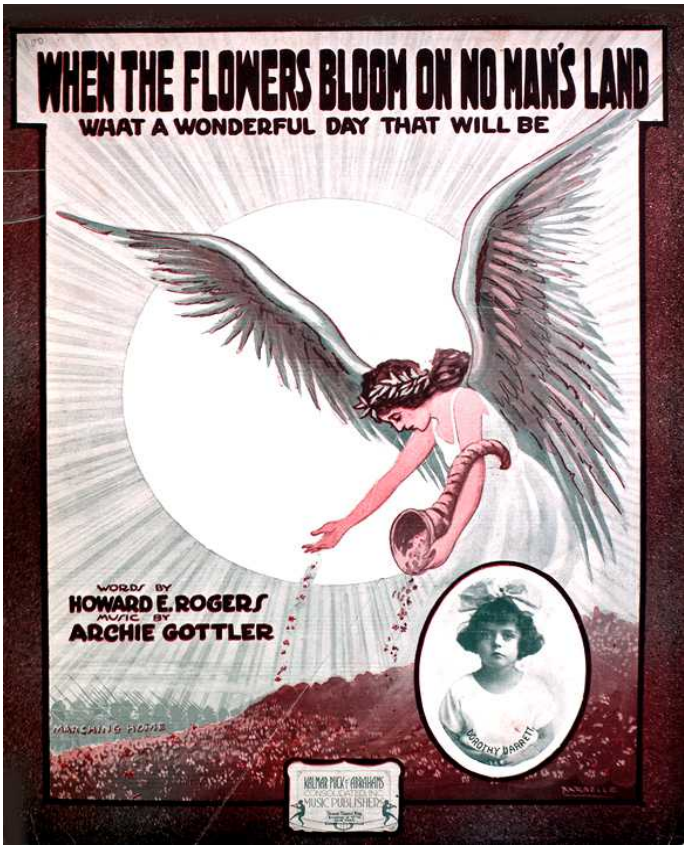
Det er fra hospitalerne, psykiaterne og kirkegårdenes gravpladser sandheden om krigens sårede, lemlæstede, sindssyge og døde erfares[99]. Det er også her krigens langsigtede virkninger skal findes. Arkiverne fra de tyske sindssygeanstalter er en stadig i dag chokerende dokumentation af verdenskrigens rædsler.[100] For nogle familiers vedkommende sluttede første verdenskrig først generationer senere.

97 En Aften Med Eddie Skoller. EMI - 6C 058-39225, 1977

98 Se eksempelvis: Trauma—induced dissociative amnesia in World War 1 combat soldiers. Onno van der Hart et al. Australian and New Zealand Journal of Psychiatry, 1999; 33:37—46.

99 Ellen La Motte: The Backwash of War. The Wreckage of the Battlefield as Witnessed by an American nurse. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons, 1916.

100 Krieg dem Kriege (Im Original: Krieg dem Kriege! Guerre à la Guerre! War against War! Oorlog aan den Oorlog!) ist ein erstmals 1924 erschienenes Buch des Antimilitaristen Ernst Friedrich.



På grund af den manglende motorisering blev krigen til en udmarvende skyttegravskrig med et ingenmandsland mellem hærene på vestfronten, som de tilbagevæ rende børn ikke forstod meget af, mens mor græd, når de var gået i seng, En aften fik telefonistinden en besked fra et bekymret barn: Jeg vil gerne ringe til far i ingenmandsland, *Hello Central! Give Me No Man's Land*. Et andet bekymret barn er så velinformeret, at det ved at ingenmandsland er et eller andet sted i Frankrig for, *Somewhere In France Is Daddy*.

Hello Central, Give Me France

A little girl woke when the dawn was near,
And the nurse said "See your new brother, dear,"
She went to her mother with wondering stare
And their thoughts were of Dad who's "over there."
The little girl crept down the stairs all alone,
And this love call she sent through the telephone:

The little girl smiled, then the clock struck one,
As the Central called White House, Washington,
The President heard and he understood,
Like the father of this great country should.
He cabled in code every word Central said;
In the trenches in France the proud Daddy read:

Hello, Central, give me France,
I want to talk to Daddy dear,
Because I'd like to tell him while I got the chance,
The stork brought a brand new baby here.
Won't you say that its "me"
And he'll answer you'll see;
So hurry, please, and get him on the phone,

Hello, Central, give me France,
'Cause we want our Daddy dear back home.

Hej telefoncentral, giv mig Frankrig

Hej Central, giv mig Frankrig
En lille pige vågnede, da daggry var nær,
Og sygeplejersken sagde "Se din nye bror, du kære."
Hun gik hen til sin mor med undrende stirren
Og deres tanker gik til far, der er "over there".
Den lille pige krøb ned ad trappen helt alene,
Og dette kærlighedsbudskab sendte hun via telefon:

Den lille pige smilede, da klokken slog et,
Centralen kaldte Det Hvide Hus, Washington,
Præsidenten hørte og han forstod,
Ligesom dette store lands far burde.
Han telegraferede i kode hvert ord Centralen sagde;
I skyttegravene i Frankrig den stolte far læste:

Hej, Central, giv mig Frankrig,
Jeg vil tale med kære farmand,
Fordi jeg vil gerne fortælle ham, mens jeg har muligheden,
Storken bragt en helt ny baby her.
Vil du ikke sige, at det er "mig"
Og han vil svare, vil du se;
Så skynd dig, venligst, og få ham til telefonen,
Hej, Central, giv mig Frankrig,
For vi vil have vores kære far herhjemme.

Og nu til den barske udgave af balladerne inden for dette tema, skrevet og komponeret af den svensk-amerikanske fagforeningsagitator, Joe Hill.[101]

101 Udgivet som nodetryk af den syndikalistiske fagforening, Industrial Workers of the World, 1916. Indspillet på CD, To Fan the Flames of Discontent: The Living Songs of Joe Hill, Udateret.

Don't Take My Papa Away From Me

A little girl with her father stayed, in a cabin across the sea,
Her mother dear in the cold grave lay; with her father she'd always be --
But then one day the great war broke out and the father was told to go;
The little girl pleaded -- her father she needed.
She begged, cried and pleaded so:

Don't take my papa away from me, don't leave me there all alone.
He has cared for me so tenderly, ever since mother was gone.
Nobody ever like him can be, no one can so with me play.
Don't take my papa away from me; please don't take papa away.

Her tender pleadings were all in vain, and her father went to the war.
He'll never kiss her good night again, for he fell 'mid the cannon's roar.
Greater a soldier was never born, but his brave heart was pierced one day;
And as he was dying, he heard some one crying, A girl's voice from far away.

Tag ikke mit far væk fra mig

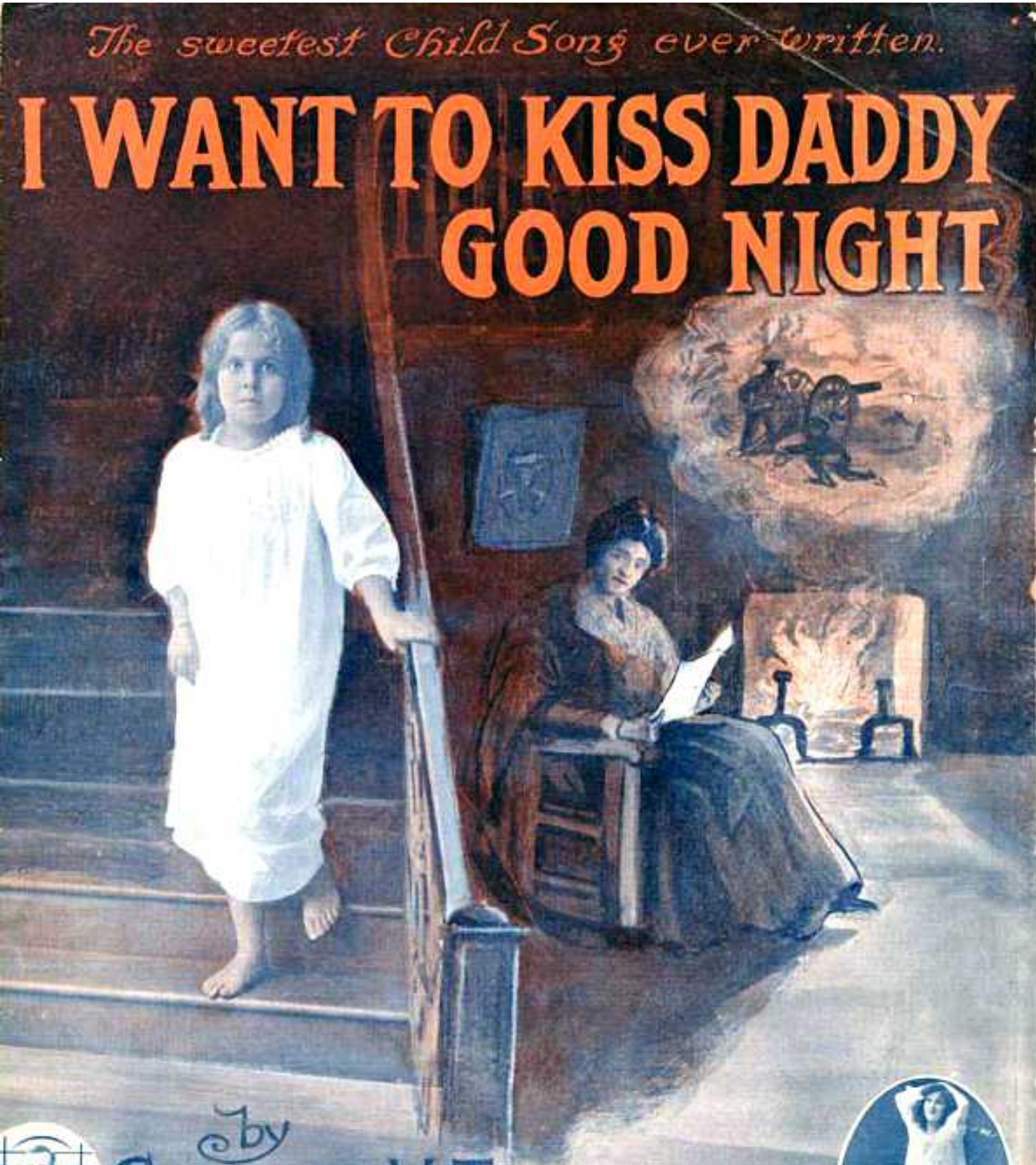
Tværs over havet boede en lille pige med sin far i en hytte,
Hendes kære mor i den kolde grav lå; hun ville altid være hos sin far,
Men så en dag brød den store krig ud, og faderen blev beordret bort,
Den lille pige tryglede - hun havde brug for sin far.
Hun tiggede, græd og bønfaldt så:

Tag ikke mit far væk fra mig, lad ikke mig helt alene.
Han har passet mig så ømt, siden mor blev borte.
Ingen kan nogensinde være som ham, ingen kan således lege med mig.
Tag ikke mit far bort fra mig, tag ikke far bort.

Hendes kære bønner var alle forgæves, og hendes far gik i krig.
Han vil aldrig kysse hende godnat igen, for han faldt under kanonenernes brøl.
En større soldat var aldrig født, men hans tapre hjerte blev gennemboret en dag;
Og da han var ved at dø, hørte han nogens gråd, en piges stemme langt borte fra.

The sweetest Child Song ever written.

I WANT TO KISS DADDY GOOD NIGHT



by

GORDON V. THOMPSON

WRITER OF
"WHEN YOUR BOY COMES BACK TO YOU,"
"KHAKI"—"WHEN JACK COMES BACK" ETC.

PUBLISHED FOR
BAND 50¢
ORCHESTRA 50¢

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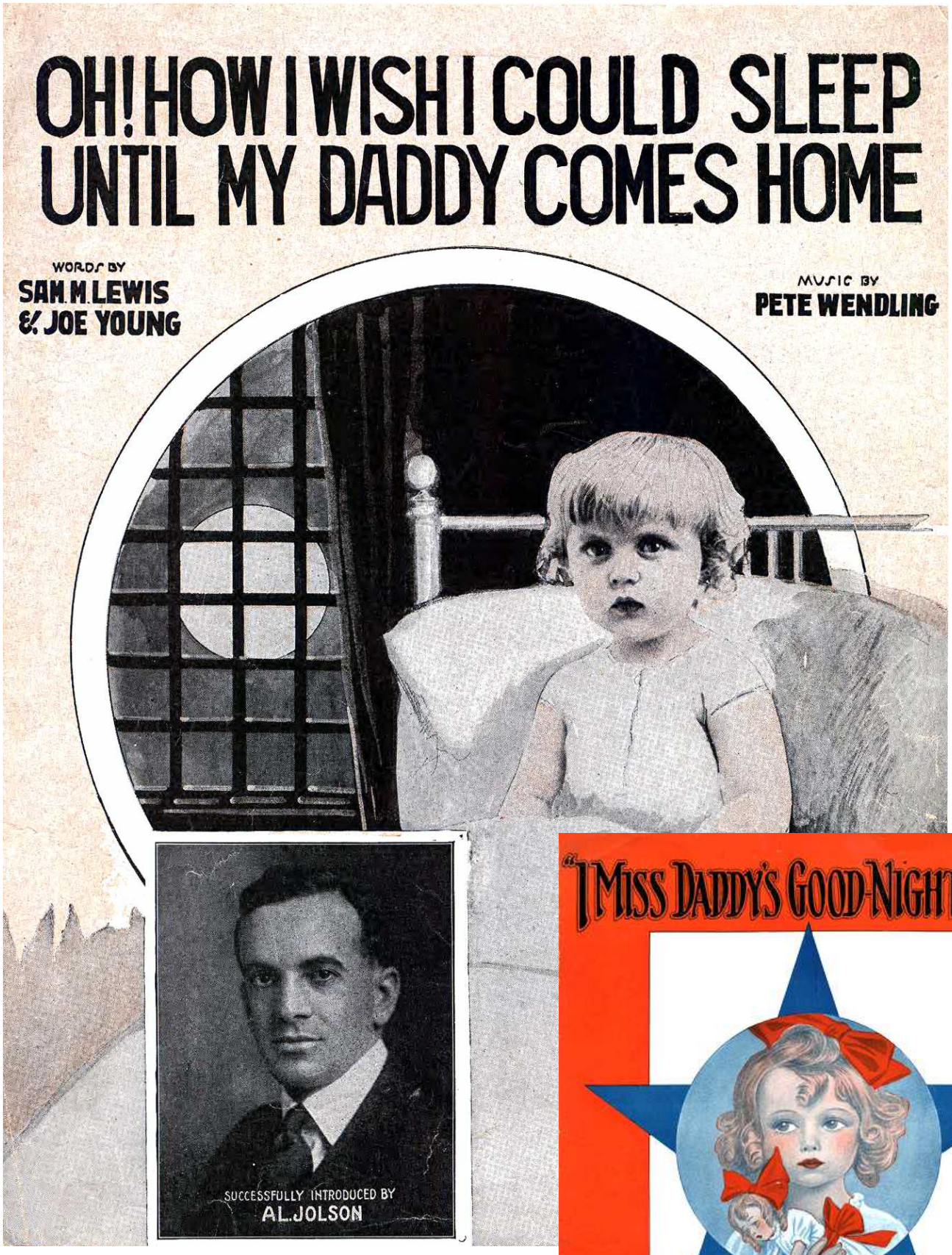
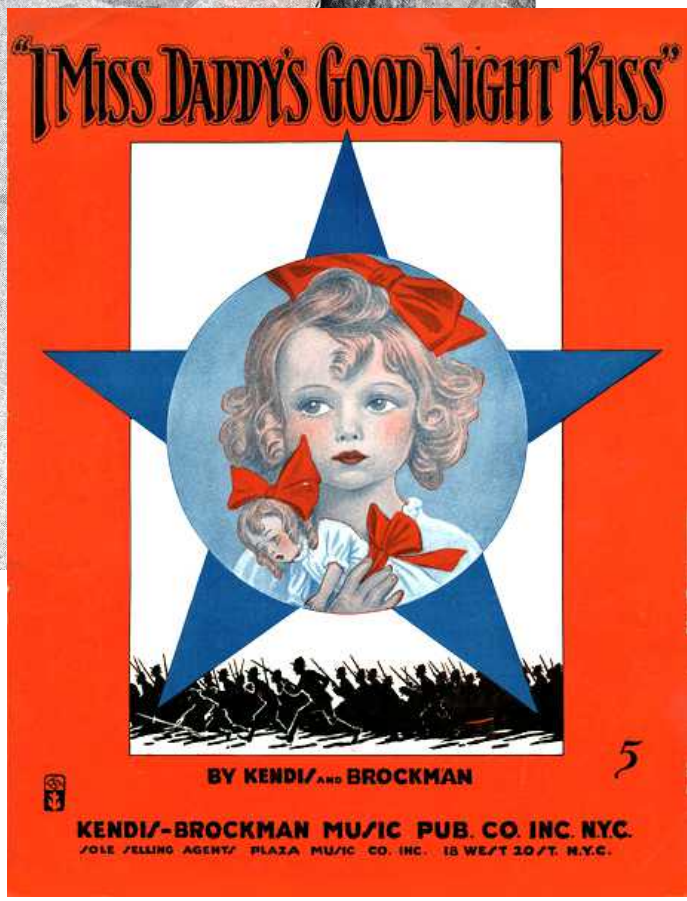




Åh! Hvor ville jeg ønske jeg kunne sove indtil min far kommer hjem, *Oh! How I Wish I Could*

Sleep Until My Daddy Comes Home, fortsætter et tredje barn.

En pige fejrer trist sin fødselsdag. Hun savner sin far. Et tema der går igen i amerikanske sange helt frem til og med Vietnamkrigen

Bring Back My Daddy To Me

A sweet little girl, with bright golden curls,
Sat playing with toys on the floor,
Her dad went away, to enter the fray,
At the start of this long bitter war;
Her mother said, "Dear your birthday is near,
Tomorrow your presents I'll buy."
The dear little child, quickly looked up and smiled,
And said with a tear in her eye:

"I don't want a dress or a do-ly,
'Cause dollies get broken 'round here,
I don't want the skates, the books or the slates,
You bought for my birthday last year;
If you'll bring the present I ask for,
Dear Mother, how happy I'll be;
You can give all my toys To some poor girls and boys,
But bring back my Daddy to me!"

Skaf min far tilbage til mig

En sød lille pige med lyse gyldne krøller,
Sad og legede med legetøj på gulvet,
Hendes far gik bort, for at komme med i kampen,
Ved starten af denne lange bitre krig;

Hendes mor sagde, "Kære din fødselsdag er nær,
I morgen vil jeg købe dine gaver. "
Det kære lille barn, kiggede hurtigt op og smilte,
Og sagde med en tåre i hendes øje:

"Jeg vil ikke have en kjole eller en dukke,
fordi dukker går itu her omkring,
Jeg ønsker ikke skøjter, bøger eller tavler,
Du har købt til min fødselsdag sidste år;
Hvis du vil give gaven jeg beder om,
Kære Mor, hvor glad jeg vil være;
Du kan give alt min legetøj til fattige piger og drenge,
Men skaf min far tilbage til mig! "

Just A Baby's Prayer At Twilight (for Her Daddy Over There)

I've heard the prayers of mothers,
Some of them old and gray
I've heard the prayers of others
For those who went away

Oft times a prayer will teach one
The meaning of good bye
I felt the pain of each one,
But this one made me cry

Just a baby's prayer at twilight
When lights are low
Poor baby's years
are filled with tears

There's a mother there at twilight
Who's proud to know
Her precious little tot
Is Dad's forget-me-not

After saying "Goodnight, Mama"
She climbs up stairs
Quite unawares
And says her prayers

"Oh! kindly tell my daddy
That he must take care"
That's a baby's prayer at twilight
For her daddy, "over there"

The gold that some folks pray for,
Brings nothing but regrets
Some day this gold won't pay for
Their many lifelong debts.

Some prayers may be neglected
Beyond the Gold Gates.
But when they're all collected,
Here's one that never waits;

Just a baby's prayer at twilight
When lights are low
Poor baby's years
are filled with

There's a mother there at twilight

Who's proud to know
Her precious little tot
Is Dad's forget-me-not

After saying, "Goodnight, Mama"
She climbs up stairs
Quite unawares
And says her prayers

"Oh! kindly tell my daddy
That he must take care"
That's a baby's prayer at twilight
For her daddy, "over there"

I ingenmandslandet fejres julen 1914, *Jul i ingenmandsland*, beretter Lars Lilholt Band mange år senere. Soldaterne var grundigt trætte af krigen og hader at stå op om morgenen. *Oh! How I Hate To Get Up In The Morning*, meddeler komponisten Irving Berlin (1888-1989) og sangeren Eddie Cantor i 1917. Sangen er fra teaterforestillingen Yip, Yip, Yaphank, 1918. Visen genbruges i teaterforestillingen og filmen, This is the Army, under anden verdenskrig.

Oh! How I Hate To Get Up In The Morning

Oh! how I'd love to remain in bed;
For the hardest blow of all,
Is to hear the bugler call:
You've got to get up,
You've got to get up this morning!

Some day I'm going to murder the bugler;
Some day they're going to find him dead;
I'll amputate his reveille,
And step upon it heavily,
And spend the rest of my life in bed.

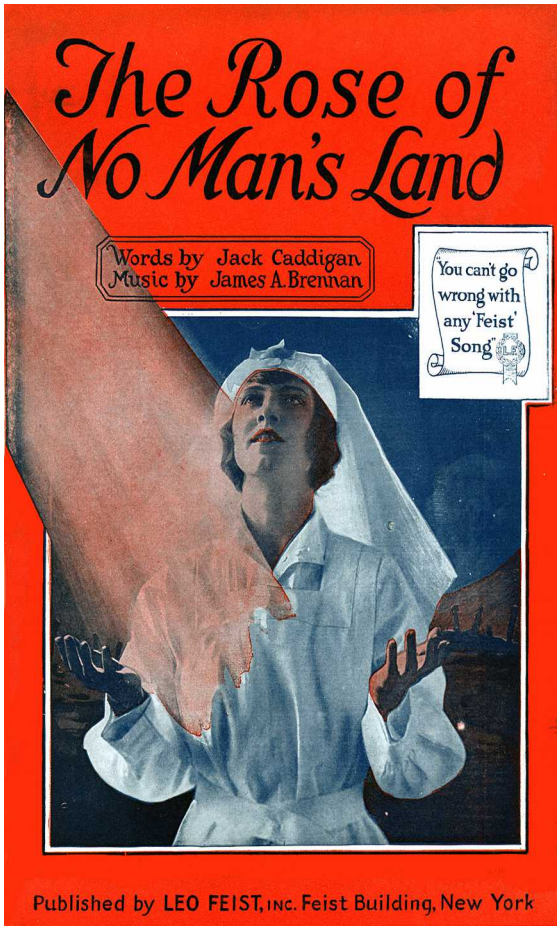
A bugler in the army is the luckiest of men,
He wakes the boys at five and then goes back to bed again;
He doesn't have to blow again until the afternoon,
If ev'ry thing goes well with me I'll be a bugler soon.

Åh, hvor jeg hader at stå op om morgenen

Åh! hvor jeg ville elske, at blive i sengen;
For det hårdeste slag for alle,
Er at høre hornblæseren kalde.
Du skal stå op,
Du skal stå op her til morgen!

En dag vil jeg myrde hornblæseren;
En dag kommer de til at finde ham død;
Jeg vil amputere hans reveille,
Og træde på den tungt,
Og tilbringe resten af mit liv i sengen.

Den heldigste mænd i hæren er en hornblæser,
Han vækker drengene klokken fem og går derefter tilbage i seng igen;
Han behøver ikke at blæse igen før om eftermiddagen,
Hvis alt går godt med mig, vil jeg snart være en hornblæser.



Et lyspunkt var det dog, at der var roser mellem pigtråden, *the Rose Of No Mans Land*, som også udkom i en fransk udgave, C'est la Roses des Boulets. Roserne var Røde Kors sygeplejersker. Nogle af deres personligt oplevede beretninger blev censureret i samtiden.

I've seen some beautiful flowers,
Grow in life's garden fair,
I've spent some wonderful hours,
Lost in their fragrance rare;
But I have found another,
Wondrous beyond compare.

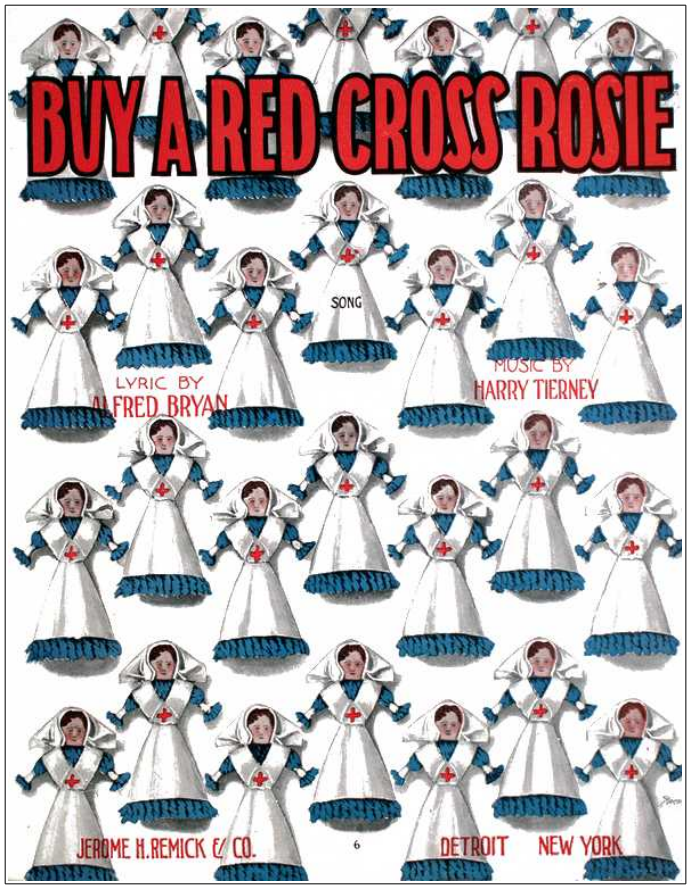
There's a rose that grows on "No Man's Land"
And it's wonderful to see,
Tho' its spray'd with tears, it will live for years,
In my garden of memory.
It's the one red rose the soldier knows,
It's the work of the Master's hand;
Mid the War's great curse,
Stands the Red Cross Nurse,
She's the rose of "No Man's Land".

Hun er ingenmandslands rose

Jeg har set nogle smukke blomster
Vokse i livets smukke have
Jeg har tilbragt nogle dejlige timer
Fortabt i deres sjældne dufter
Men jeg har fundet en anden
vidunderlig uden sammenligning ....

Der er en rose, der vokser i ingenmandsland
Og den er dejlig at se
Selvom den er tilsprøjtet med tårer,
vil den leve i årevis
I min haves hukommelse

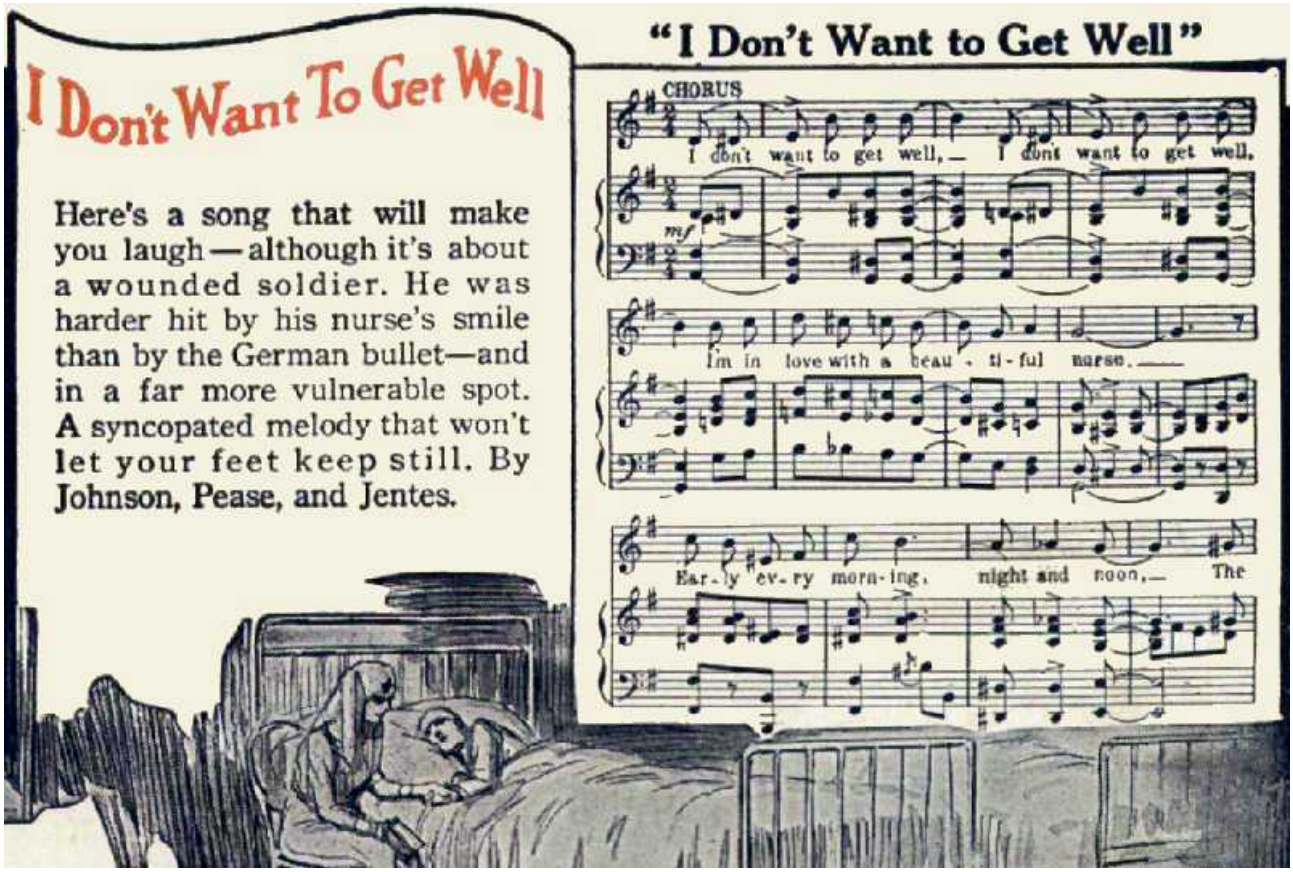
Det er den ene røde rose soldaten kender
Det er arbejdet i Mesterens hånd
I krigen store forbandelse
står en Røde Kors sygeplejerske
Hun er ingenmandslands rose



Det internationale Røde Kors modtog Nobels Fredspris for 1917 og igen for 1944.

Litteratur: History of the American Field Service in France, "Friends of France," 1914-1917, I-III. - Boston ; New York: Houghton Mifflin Company, 1920.

Soldaterne blev så glade for lægerne og sygeplejerskernes omsorg, at de ikke ville helbredes og dermed tilbage til fronten.

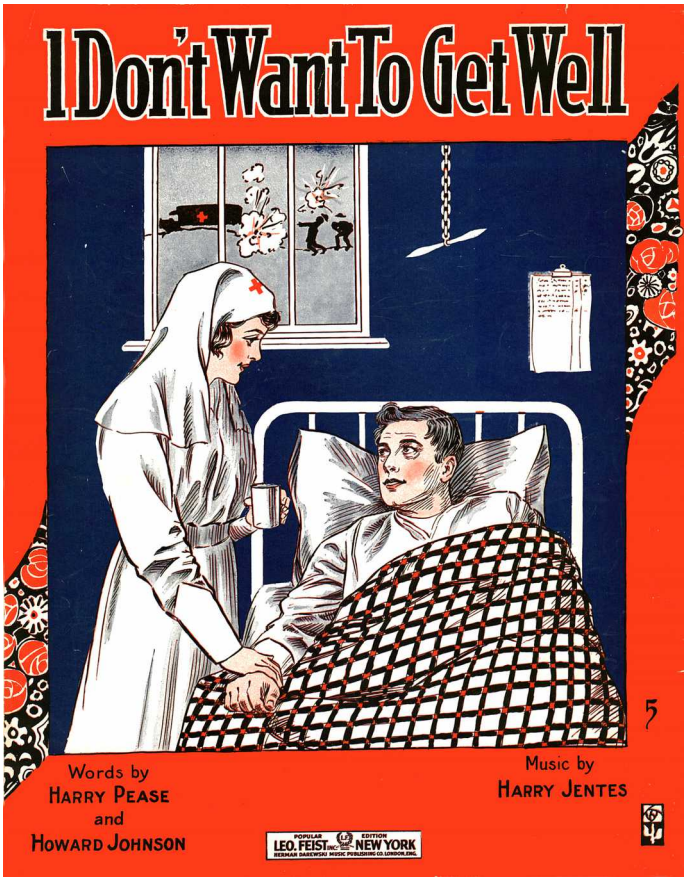


I Don't Want To Get Well

I just received an answer to a letter
that I wrote,
From a pal who marched away,
He was wounded in the trenches
somewhere in France
And I worried about him night and day,
"Are you getting well," was what I wrote,
This is what he answered in his note:

I don't want to get well,
I don't want to get well,
I'm in love with a beautiful nurse.
Early every morning, night and noon,
The cutest little girlie comes
and feeds me with a spoon;
I don't want to get well,
I don't want to get well,

I'm glad they shot me on the fighting line, fine,



The doctor says that I'm in bad condition,
But Oh, Oh, Oh, I've got so much ambition,
I don't want to get well,
I don't want to get well,
For I'm having a wonderful time.

Jeg ønsker ikke at blive rask

Jeg har lige modtaget et svar på et brev, som jeg skrev,
Fra en kammerat, der marcherede væk,
Han blev såret i skyttegravene et eller andet sted i Frankrig
Og jeg blev bekymret for ham nat og dag,
"Har du godt," var, hvad jeg skrev,
Dette er hvad han svarede i sit notat:

Jeg ønsker ikke at blive rask,
Jeg ønsker ikke at blive rask,
Jeg er forelsket i en smuk sygeplejerske.
Tidligt hver morgen, middag og aften,
Kommer den sødeste lille pige og mader mig med en ske;
Jeg ønsker ikke at blive rask,
Jeg ønsker ikke at blive rask.

Jeg er glad for de skød mig på frontlinjen, fint,
Lægen siger, at jeg er i dårlig stand,
Men Åh, åh, åh, jeg har fået så meget ambition,
Jeg ønsker ikke at blive rask,
Jeg ønsker ikke at blive rask,
For jeg har en vidunderlig tid.

Hverdagen for de menige soldater i skyttegrave skabte hjemve. Både soldaterne savnede deres familier og kærester — og familierne og kæresterne savnede soldaterne ved fronterne, *Roses of Picardy*. En enkelt soldat har ikke engang en familie at sige farvel til ved afrejsen, klagede den canadisk—amerikanske tenor Henry Burr i, *I Wish I Had Someone to Say Goodbye To,* fra 1918.

Der var roser i Picardy, mindes soldaterne.

Roses Of Picardy

She is watching by the poplars
Colinette with the sea blue eyes
She is watching and longing and waiting
Where the long white roadway lies
And a song stirs in the silence
As the wind in the boughs above
She listens and starts and trembles
'Tis the first little song of love

Roses are shining in Picardy
In the hush of the silver dew
Roses are flowering in Picardy
But there's never a rose like you
And the roses will die with the summer time
And our roads may be far apart
But there's one rose that dies not in Picardy
'Tis the rose that I keep in my heart

And the years fly on forever
Til the shadows veil their sighs
But he loves to hold her little hand
And look in her sea blue eyes.
And he sees the rose by the poplars
Where they met in the bygone years
For the first little song of the roses
Is the last little song she hears

She is watching by the poplars
Colinette with the sea blue eyes
She is watching and longing and waiting
Where the long white roadway lies
And a song stirs in the silence
As the wind in the boughs above
She listens and starts and trembles
'Tis the first little song of love.

Angst for, hvad fremtiden bragte med sig af lidelser og sorg havde også sine muntre sider. De britiske soldater ville væk fra fronten, lige meget hvor. Til Liverpool, Leeds eller endda helt til Birmingham.

TAKE ME BACK TO DEAR OLD BLIGHTY. (2).

Take me back to dear old Blighty, put me on the train —
for London town,
Take me over there, drop me anywhere,
Birmingham, Leeds, or Manchester—well, I don't care!
I should love to see my best girl, cuddling up again we
soon shall be;
Whoa! Tiddley-iddley-ighty, hurry me home to Blighty—
Blighty is the place for me.

BAMFORTH COPYRIGHT

Take Me Back To Dear Old Blighty

Jack Dunn, son of a gun, over in France today,
Keeps fit doing his bit up to his eyes in clay.
Each night after a fight to pass the time along,
He's got a little gramophone that plays this song:

Take me back to dear old Blighty![102]
Put me on the train for London town!
Take me over there,
Drop me ANYWHERE,
Liverpool, Leeds, or Birmingham, well, I don't care!

Tag mig tilbage til kære gamle England!

Skiderikken Jack Dunn er i Frankrig i dag
Passer sin pligt og gør sin del i mudder op til halsen
Hver nat, efter en kamp for at få tiden til at gå
Har han en lille grammofon, der spiller denne sang:

Tag mig tilbage til kære gamle England!
Sæt mig på toget til London by!
Tag mig derover,
Drop mig overalt,
Liverpool, Leeds, eller Birmingham, ja, jeg er ligeglad!

Veteranernes ofte traumatiserende krigserfaringer opsummeres i arbejdersangen *I Ain't Going to Study War No More,* med Fisk University Jubilee Singers udsendt i december 1920.

102Arabisk, persisk: Provinsen Britanien.

I Ain't Going To Study War No More

I'm going to lay down my sword and shield,
I'm going to lay down my sword and shield,
Down by the riverside, down by the riverside,
I'm going to lay down my sword and shield.

Omkvæd:

I ain't gong to study war no more
I ain't gong to study war no more
I ain't gong to study war no more
I ain't gong to study war no more.[103]

Jeg har tænkt mig at sætte mit sværd og skjold,
Jeg har tænkt mig at sætte mit sværd og skjold,
Nede ved flodbredden, nede ved ved flodbredden,
Jeg har tænkt mig at sætte mit sværd og skjold.
Jeg vil aldrig studér krig mer'.
Jeg sætter mit sværd og skjold,
Jeg sætter mit sværd og skjold,
Nede ved flodbredden, nede ved flodbredden
Jeg vil aldrig studere krig mer'.

En lignende konklusion er der i Sir Harry Lauders *Don't Let Us Sing Any More About War*. Soldaterne ville ikke krig mere, ej heller endda synge om den:

When the cry of peace went ringing through the ranks of the English-speaking race
There were shouts of joy from ev'ry soldier boy and a big smile on his face
Then they all gathered 'round the old dugout where their home has been for long
Then cried, "Hurray! we've won the day! Let us sing this song!

Da råbet om fred kimede gennem det engelsktalende folks rækker
Kom der glædesråb fra hvert en soldat, og et stort smil på hans ansigt
Så samledes de alle i den gamle pæreskude, hvor deres hjem har været i lang tid
Og råbte: "Hurra vi har sejret! Lad os synge denne sang!

Officererne blev både under og efter krigen ringagtet af soldaterne for deres militære, altså faglige inkompetence. Selv underofficererne, de meniges nærmeste overordnede, gik det hårdt ud over i en britisk march fra 1929, der kendes i et utal af varianter.

103Moderniseret retskrivning.

Hanging on the Old Barbed Wire

If you want to find the Sergeant,
I know where he is,
I know where he is,
I know where he is.
If you want to find the Sergeant,
I know where he is,
He's drunk on the dug-out floor.

cho: I saw him,
I saw him,
Drunk on the dug-out floor,
I saw him,
Drunk on the dug-out floor.

If you want to find the Captain
He's off on a seven-day leave

If you want to find the Colonel
He's pinning another medal on his chest

If you want the old battalion,
We know where they are,
We know where they are,
We know where they are.
If you want the old battalion,
We know where they are,
They're hangin' on the old barbed wire.

We've seen them,
We've seen them,
Hangin' on the old barbed wire,
We've seen them,
Hangin' on the old barbed wire.

Hængende på det gamle pigtrådshegn

Hvis du ønsker at finde sergenten,
Ved jeg, hvor han er,
Ved jeg, hvor han er,
Ved jeg, hvor han er.
Hvis du ønsker at finde sergenten,
Ved jeg, hvor han er,
Han er beruset, på udskiftningsbænken.

Udgangssalmen fra første verdenskrig kunne varieres i titlen og teksten, alt efter temperament og behov.

When This Lousy War is Over

When this lousy war is over,
No more soldiering for me,
When I get my civvy clothes on,
Oh, how happy I shall be!
No more church parades on Sunday,
No more putting in for leave,
I shall kiss the sergeant—major,
How I'll miss him, how he'll grieve!
Amen.

Tekstvariant fra Tommy's Tunes.

When This Ruddy[104] War Is Over

When this ruddy war is over,
O! how happy I shall be!
When this ruddy war is over
And we come back from Germany.
No more blooming kit inspection,
No more church parade for me.

When this ruddy war is over,
You can have your R.F.C.
When this ruddy war is over,
Oh! how happy we shall be!

When this ruddy war is over
And we come back from Germany.
Roll on, when we go on furlough;

104Rødmossede, blodige—. Indspillet af Ewan MacColl & Peggy Seeger på Barrack Room Ballads, 1958.

Roll on, when we go on leave,
Then well catch the train for Blighty,
Though well leave the girls bereaved.

Når denne blodige krig er forbi
Og vi kommer tilbage fra Tyskland,.
Ruller videre, når vi går på orlov;
Ruller videre, når vi går på orlov,
Så vil vi tage toget til Blighty,
Selvom vi efterlader pigerne berøvet

En tredje tekstvariant, When This Blasted War Is Over:

When This Blasted War Is Over[105]

When this blasted war is over, oh, how happy I shall be
When I get my city clothes on, no more soldiering for me

No more church parades on Sunday, no more asking for a pass
I shall tell the sergeant-major to stick his passes up his ***

When this blasted war is over, oh, how happy I shall be
When I get my city clothes on, no more soldiering for me

I shall sound my own reveille, I shall make my own tattoo
No more NCOs to curse me, no more bleeding army stew

NCOs will all be navvies, privates ride in motorcars
NCOs will smoke the wood pipes, privates puff their big cigars

No more standing to entrenches, only one more church parade
No more shivering on the fire step, no more Ticklers Marmalade…

Når denne elendig krig er forbi

Når denne elendig krig er forbi,
Ikke mere soldaterliv for mig,
Når jeg får mine civile klude på,
Åh, hvor glad jeg bli'r!
Ikke flere kirkeparader om søndagen,
Ikke mere slås for orlov,
Jeg skal kysse oversergenten,
Hvor jeg vil savne ham, hvor vil han sørge!
Amen

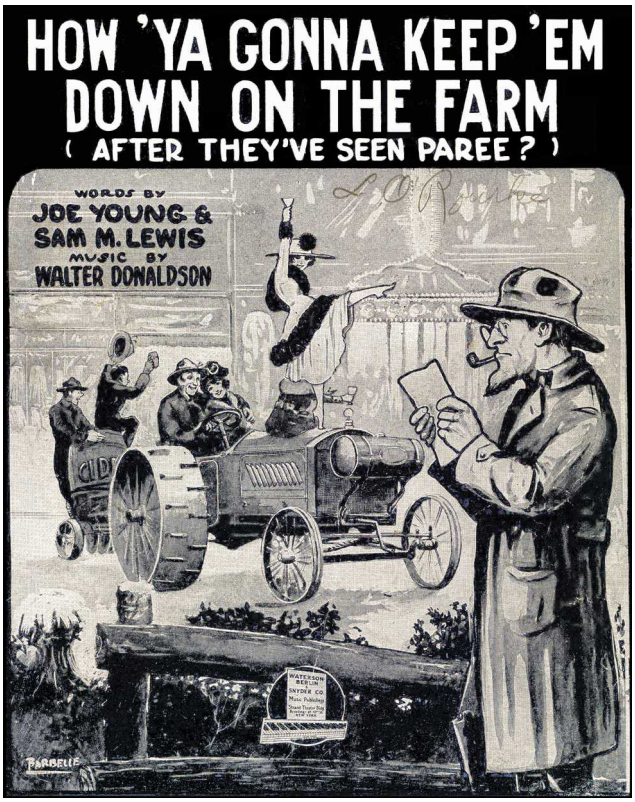
105Når denne udbombede krig er ovre

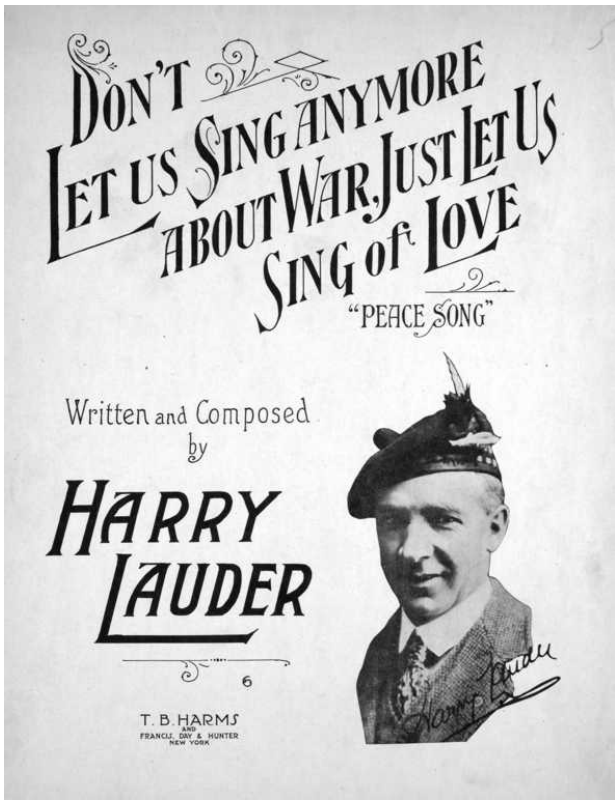
They Were Only Playing Leapfrog

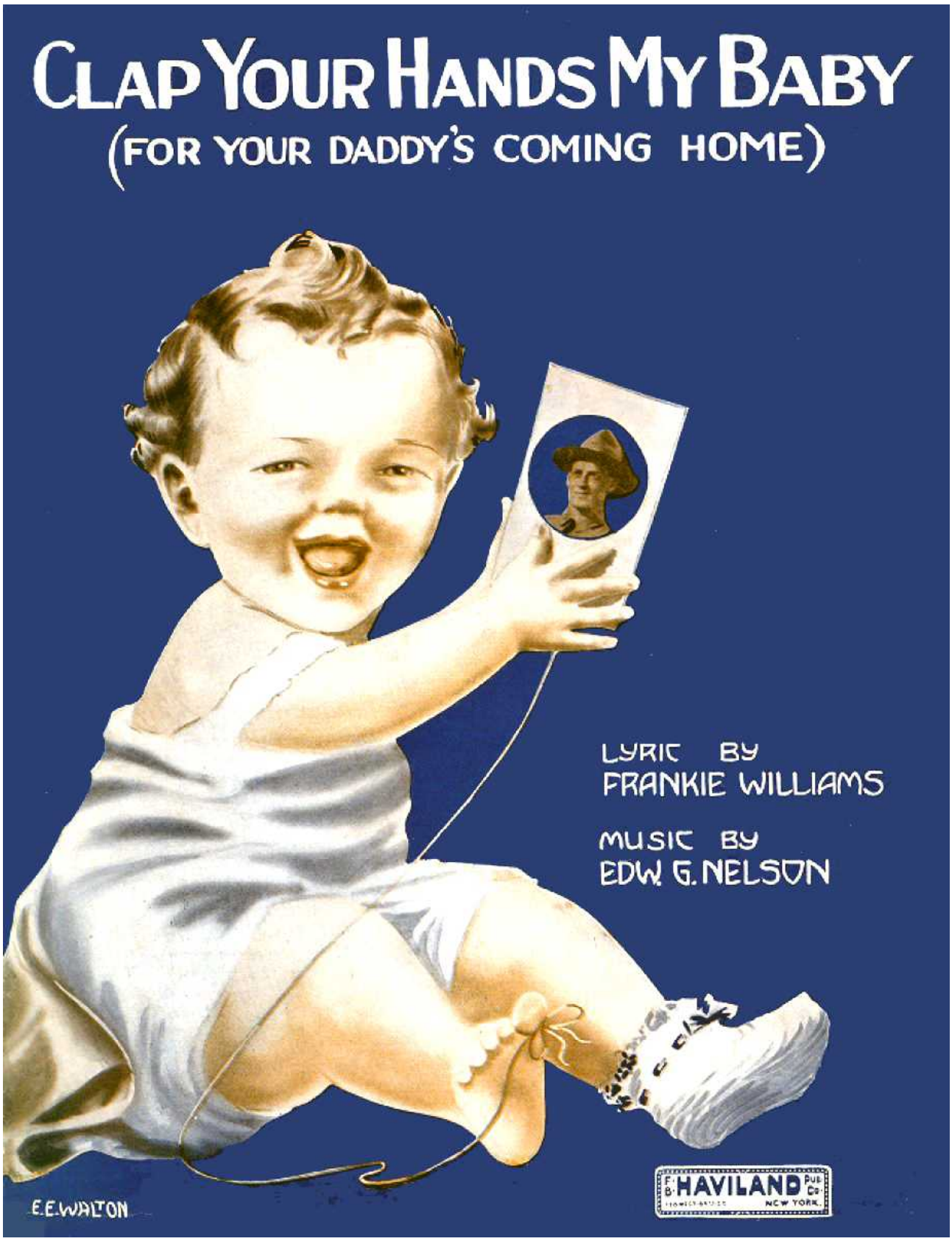
One staff officer jumped right over another staff officer's back.
And another staff officer jumped right over that other staff officer's back,
A third staff officer jumped right over two other staff officers' backs,
And a fourth staff officer jumped right over all the other staff officers' backs.
They were only playing leapfrog,
They were only playing leapfrog,
They were only playing leapfrog,
When one staff officer jumped right over another staff officer's back.

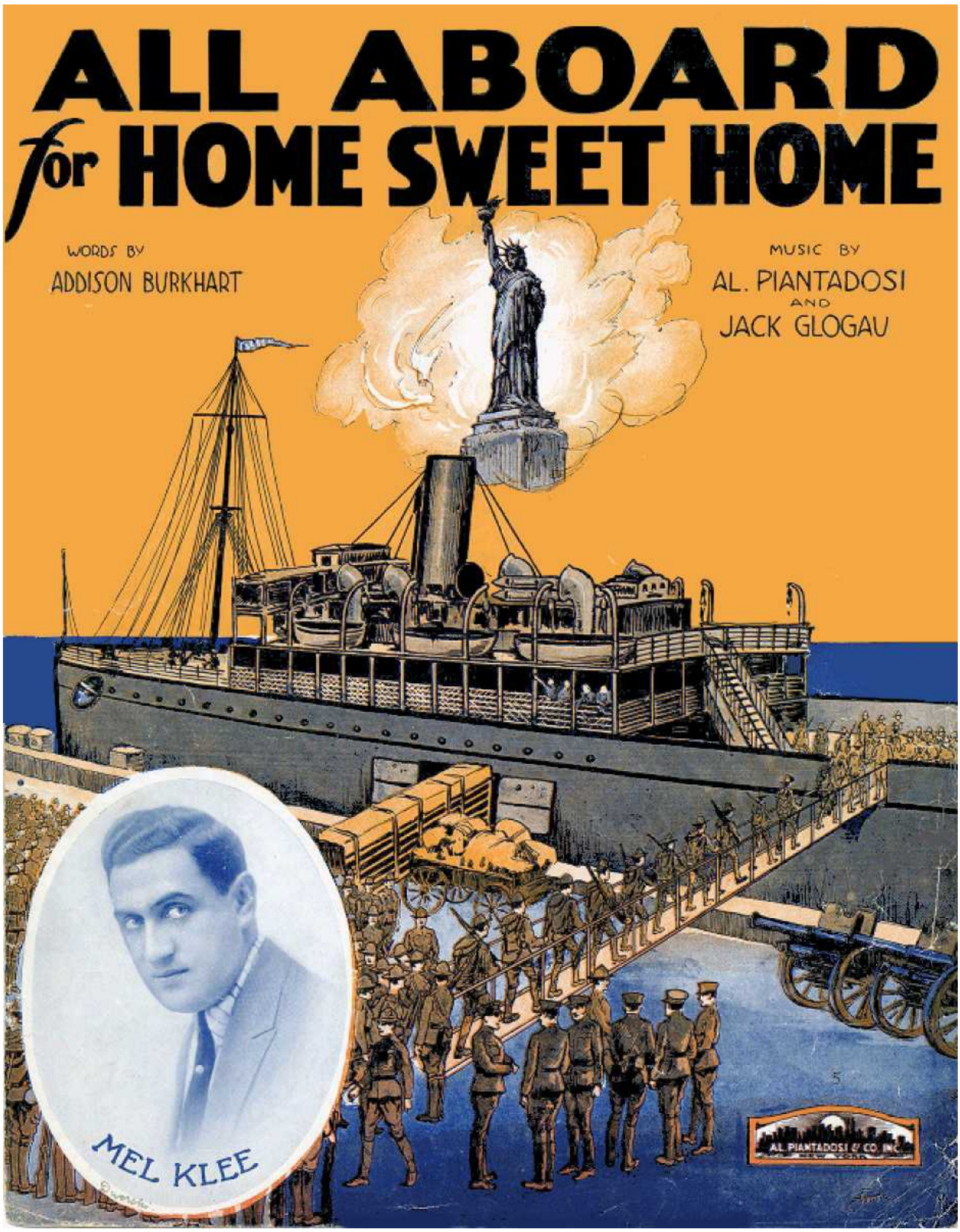
De legede kun, spring buk

En stabsofficer sprang hen over en anden stabsofficers ryg.
Og en anden stabsofficer sprang hen over en tredje stabsofficer ryg,
En tredje stabsofficer sprang lige over to andre stabsofficerer rygge,
Og en fjerde stabsofficer sprang højt over alle de andre stabsofficerers rygge.
De legede kun, spring buk,
De legede kun, spring buk,
De legede kun, spring buk,
Når en stabsofficer sprang hen over en anden stabsofficer ryg.






CLAP YOUR HANDS MY BABY
(FOR YOUR DADDY'S COMING HOME)
LYRIC BY
FRANKIE WILLIAMS
MUSIC BY
EDW. G. NELSON
E.E. WALTON
F. B. HAVILAND Pub. Co.
NEW YORK


ALL ABOARD
for HOME SWEET HOME
WORDS BY
ADDISON BURKHART
MUSIC BY
AL. PIANTADOSI
AND
JACK GLOGAU
MEL KLEE
AL. PIANTADOSI & CO. INC.

Da krigen sluttede var der over to millioner amerikanske og canadiske soldater i Europa, *All Aboard For Home Sweet Home*. De skulle alle, hvad enten de var raske, syge eller sårede sejle hjem igen fra den europæiske krig.[106] Efter september 1919 var størstedelen af soldaterne kommet hjem. Men,

> 'Amerikanske soldater forblev i Europa i nogen tid, da demobilisering fortsatte, med bevogtning mod fornyede fjendtligheder. En nyligt aktiveret tredje hær krydsede den franske grænse til Tyskland den 1. december 1918 for at besætte området omkring Koblenz, mellem Luxembourg og Rhinen. Otte amerikanske divisioner organiseret i tre korps deltog i besættelsen af Tyskland. Amerikanske besættelsestropper fandt ingen usædvanlige vanskeligheder med befolkningen, og deres antal blev hurtigt reduceret efter Fredskonferencen i Paris sluttede i maj 1919. Antallet var kun omkring 15.000 i begyndelsen af 1920. Efter at have afvist Versaillestraktaten, der var resultatet af fredskonferencen, forblev USA teknisk set i krig med Tyskland indtil en separat fred blev underskrevet i sommeren 1921. Besættelsesstyrkerne trak sig gradvist efterfølgende, indtil de sidste tusind soldater afgik 24 januar 1923.'
> - http://www.eur.army.mil/organization/history.htm

All aboard for Home Sweet Home

Cheer up mothers, dry your tears
He's coming back to you.
Sweethearts you'll hear the cheers,
For your hero true,
Battles roar hell hear no more,
Soon he'll sail from France's shore,
When he's paid the debt,
He owes to Lafayette,
He will say goodbye and cry.

When our boys sail up the Bay
A great day that will be,
They'll be more than proud to say,
Hello Liberty,

106Carrying Canadian Troops: The Story of RMS Olympic as a First World War Troopship. / : David R. Gray. Canadian Military History, Volume 11, Number 1, Winter 2002, pp.54-70.

A history of the transport service; adventures and experiences of United States transports and cruisers in the world war. / : Albert: Gleaves. - New York : George H. Doran Company, 1921.

- https://archive.org/details/historyoftranspo00glea

'C Report by months of transport duty performed by U.S. Navy and all other ships, U. S. and foreign, in returningtroops and other passengers to U. S. prior tosigning of armistice.

D Report by months of transport duty performed by U. S.Navy and all other ships, U. S. and foreign, in returning troops and other passengers to U. S. since signing of armistic.'

Hospital Ships Material in the National Museum of Health and Medicine compiled by Michael Rhode, 1996. - http://www.medicalmuseum.mil/assets/documents/collections/archives/ahospital.pdf

With joy our hearts will be filled,
Soon our France we will re-build,
For you have been true blue,
So now we say to you,
"au Revoir" but not "goodbye"

All aboard for Home Sweet Home again to the girl I left behind,
I go sailing 'cross the foam again,
What a welcome there I find,
And the day that I return to her,
I will make that girl my own,
Hello dear home town,
I'm homeward bound,
All aboard for Home Sweet Home.
All a home.

Våbenstilstanden skabte også sociale og arbejdsmarkedpolitiske problemer for de afmønstrede veteraner, der havde oplevet en verden uden for USA. *How Ya Gonna Keep 'Em Down On the Farm After They've Seen Paree*, fra 1919. Lidt glæde er der dog efter afmønstringerne fra verdenskrigen. *I've Got My Captain Working For Me*, jubler Al Jolson.

Efter krigen sad en australsk veteran på sin veranda og slikkede solskin, mens han mindes om dengang han mistede begge sine ben i Tyrkiet. Tyrkerne havde inden krigen købt kanoner af god britisk og russisk kvalitet og var dygtige til at bruge dem mod de angribende australske soldater.[107] Veteranen dagdrømte sig ind i byens feststemte balsal, hvor han opfordrede *Mathilda* til vals, *And The Band Played Waltzing Matilda*.

Den unge veterans invalidepension var kun en fattig trøst.

For USAs og Storbritanniens vedkommende fortsatte verdenskrigen som fortsættelseskrigen mod Sovjetunionen som varede frem til 1922. Specielt de britiske soldater protesterede mod de manglende hjemsendelser efter verdenskrigen, men denne nye krig som havde sin baggrund i den kommunistiske revolution i Rusland i 1917, gav tilsyneladende ikke anledning til ny musik.

107'The year 1914 saw the arms trade dominated by four dynasties Vickers-Armstrong, Schneider-Creusot, Krupp and Stumm, and Putiloff. Hardly a one was not represented on the directorates of the others. The results were starkly tragic. In the World War, Russian and British soldiers were slain by the thousands by guns supplied Austria and Turkey by Russia and England; Austrian infantrymen were slaughtered by Russian guns, which, a few months before, had been put in repair in Austrian factories... In 1919, a British battleship was sunk in the Dardanelles by a Turkish mine which had originated, from primer to explosive content, in England. One may find sardonic amusement in the fact that profits of the sale of this British mine were practically exempt from taxes on the grounds that mine-manufacturing was an essential industry. The question essential to whom, Briton or Turk was not asked.' Zaharoff High Priest Of War (1934). pp 99-100. / : Guiles Davenport. - Boston : Lothrop, Lee And Shapard.
- http://archive.org/details/zaharoffhighprie011222mbp

Alle ombord til Hjem Kære Hjem

Op med humøret mødre, tør jeres tårer
Han kommer tilbage til dig.
Kærester I vil høre jubel,
For jeres sande helte,
Kampbrøls helvede høre ikke mere,
Snart vil han sejle fra Frankrigs kyst,
Når han har betalt gælden,
Han skylder Lafayette,
Vil han sige farvel og græde.

Når vores drenge sejle op ad bugten,
Vil det være en stor dag,
De vil være mere end stolte af at kunne sige,
Hej Frihed,
Vores hjerter vil blive fyldt med glæde,
Snart vores Frankrig vi vil genopbygge,
For du har været sandt blå,
Så nu siger vi til dig,
"au Revoir"[108], men ikke "farvel"

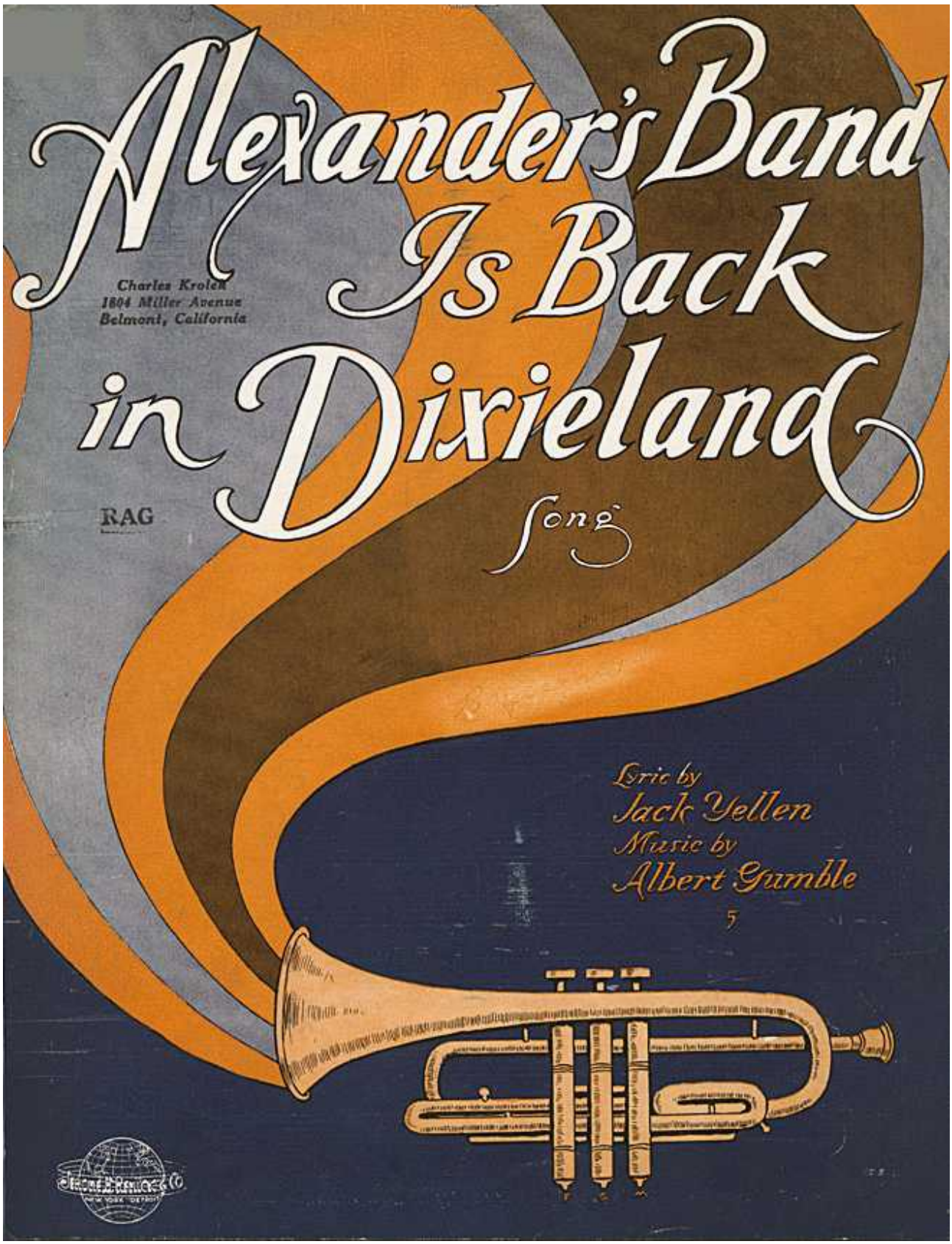
Alle ombord til Hjem Kære Hjem igen, til pigen jeg efterlod,
Jeg sejle over skummet igen,
Sikke en velkomst jeg finder der,
Og den dag, jeg vender tilbage til hende,
Vil jeg gøre den pige min egen,
Hej kære hjemby,
Jeg er på vej hjemad ,
Alle ombord til Hjem Kære Hjem.
Alle hjemme.

Propagandaen virkede altså overbevisende. Den uerfarne, men yderst populære og patriotiske andengenerationsindvandrer, *Billy Boy,* gik i krig under første verdenskrig. I den anden var han blevet mere erfaren og klogere og blev hjemme hos sin gamle mor.

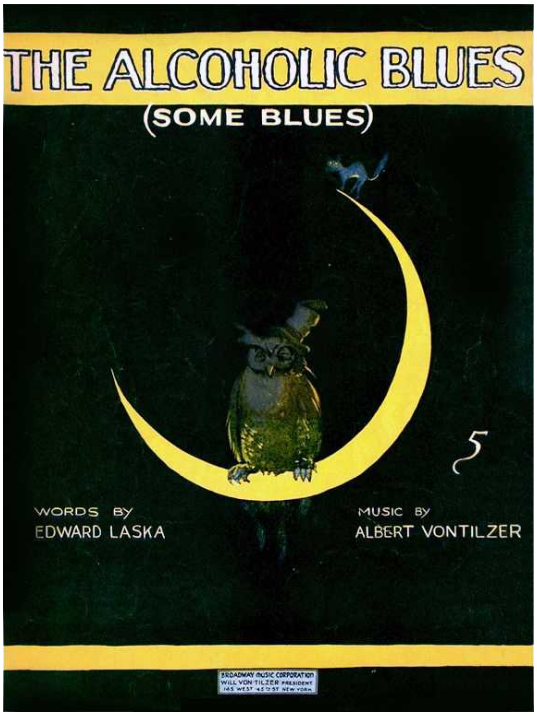
108På gensyn.

Billy Boy, 1917

Billy Boy, Billy Boy
you're a soldier of renown
Billy Boy, Billy Boy
in a uniform of brown
What a grand old sight
As you battle for the right
Billy Boy, Billy Boy
with a heart so fond and true
for the Red, White and Blue,
you are loyal thro' and thro'
you put the "Brave" in Bravery
you are my pride and joy
Now let the bugle blow,
come on come on let's go
"Atta" boy my Billy Boy.
Billy Boy.


Alexander's Band
Is Back
in Dixieland
RAG
Song
Charles Krolek
1804 Miller Avenue
Belmont, California
Lyric by
Jack Yellen
Music by
Albert Gumble
5

En del af soldaterne blev alkoholiseret som en følge af deres krigsoplevelser og fik sig et nyt problem med spiritus forbudet i USA (1920-1933), *Alcoholic Blues* også kendt som *Winnsborow Cotton Mill Blues*. Og for almindelige mennesker var der også mangelvarer i begyndelsen af tyverne, *Yes We Have No Bananas*.



The Alcoholic Blues

I love my country, 'deed I do,
But oh, that war has made me blue.
I like fighting; that's my name,
But fighting is the least about the fighting game.
When Mister Hoover[109] said to cut my dinner down,
I never even hesitate, I never frown.
I cut my sugar, I cut my coal,
But now they dug deep in my soul.

I've got the blues. I've got the blues.
I've got the alcoholic blues.
No more beer my heart to cheer.
No more whiskey. You used to make me frisky.
So long, highball[110]. Goodbye, gin.
Oh, tell me when you comin' back agin
Blues—I've got the blues
Since they amputated my booze.
Lordy, Lordy, war is, well,
you know, so I don't have to tell.
Oh, I've got the alcoholic blues, some blues.

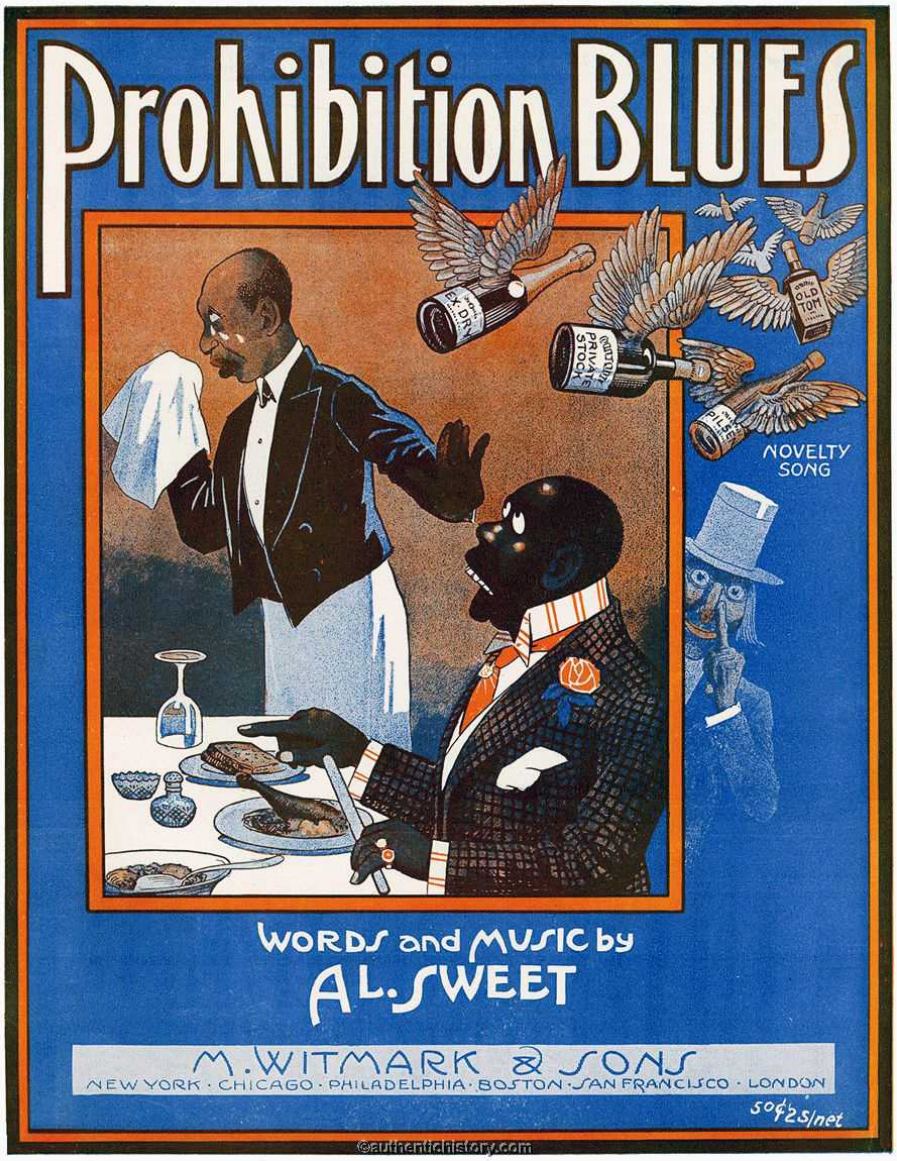
109John Edgar Hoover (1895 – 1972) var chef for det amerikanske forbundspoliti FBI i 48 år fra 1924 til sin død i 1972.

Ackerman, Kenneth D. (2007). Young J. Edgar: Hoover, the Red Scare, and the Assault on Civil Liberties. Carroll & Graf.

- http://archive.org/search.php?query=John%20Edgar%20Hoover

110Highball is the name for a family of mixed drinks that are composed of an alcoholic base spirit and a larger proportion of a non-alcoholic mixer. Originally, the most common highball was made with Scotch whisky and carbonated.

Prohibition, that's the name.
Prohibition drives me insane.
I'm so thirsty, soon I'll die,
I'm simply going to 'vaporate, I'm just that dry.
I wouldn't mind to live forever in a trench,
Just if my daily thirst they only let me quench;
And not with Bevo[111] or Ginger ale[112],
I want real stuff by the pail.



111 Bevo var en ikke-alkoholisk malt drik, lig øl, brygget i USA af Anheuser-Busch virksomheden begyndelsen i det tidlige 20. århundrede.
112 Ingefærøl er en kulsyreholdige læskedrik.

Alkoholikerens blues

Jeg elsker mit land, ja, jeg gør,
Men åh, har denne krig gjort mig nedtrykt.
Jeg kan godt lide at kæmpe, det er mit navn,
Men kampene er den mindste del af krigsspillet.
Når Hr. Hoover beordrer, at nedskære min aftensmad,
Jeg selv aldrig tøver, jeg rynker aldrig på panden.
Jeg nedskære mit sukker, jeg nedskærer mit kul,
Men nu graver de dybt i min sjæl.

Jeg har fået den blues. Jeg har fået den blues.
Jeg har alkoholikerens blues
Ikke mere øl til at gøre mit hjerte ømt.
Ikke mere whisky. Du plejede at gøre mig sprælsk.
På gensyn sjusser. Farvel gin.
Åh, fortæl mig, hvornår i kommer tilbage igen
Blues-Jeg fik den blues,
Efter de fjernede mit sprut.
Herre, Herre, krig er, ja,
du ved, så jeg ikke behøver at fortælle.
Åh, jeg har fået alkoholikerens blues, sikke en blues.

Forbud, det er navnet.
Forbud gør mig sindssyg.
Jeg er så tørstig, jeg vil snart dø
Jeg kommer simpelthen til at fordampe, så tør er jeg.
Jeg ville ikke noget imod at leve evigt i en skyttegrav,
Hvis bare min daglige tørst de lod mig slukke;
Ikke i hvidtøl og citronvand.
Jeg vil ha den ægte vare i spandevis.

Spilleliste til første verdenskrig

Oh! What a Lovely War, 1961

Se filmen i Youtube.

Overture: Girls and Boys Come Out to Play Oh! It's a Lovely War …	The Band Of The Irish Guards
Belgium Put the Kibosh on the Kaiser	The Rita Williams Singer. Vocals: Jean Pierre Casse
Medley: We Don't Want to Lose You (Your King and Country Need You) Goodbye—ee	The Rita Williams Singers. Vocals: Penny Allen Vocals: Corin Redgrave, Joe Melia
Silent Night	The Rita Williams Singers
Oh! It's a Lovely War	The Band Of The Irish Guards
Oh! It's a Lovely War	The Band Of The Irish Guards
Hush! Here Comes A Whizzbang	The Rita Williams Singers
Adieu la Vie	Vocals: Pia Colombo
They Were Only Playing Leapfrog	The Rita Williams Singers
When This Lousy War Is Over	Vocals: Maurice Arthur
I Want to Go Home	The Rita Williams Singers
Bells of Hell	The Rita Williams Singers
Far, Far From Wipers	Vocals: Richard Howard
Pack up Your Troubles	The Rita Williams Singers
Keep the Home Fires Burning	Vocals: Joanne Brown
Over There	The Rita Williams Singers
They Didn't Believe Me	The Rita Williams Singers

War Requiem Opus 66. Benjamin Britten / Vishnevskaya, Fischer-Dieskau & Pears, with the London Symphony Orchestra conducted by Benjamin Britten, 1963. Decca MET 252/3.
Britten's Requiem of the horrors of war: Benjamin Britten's 'War Requiem' is a timeless masterpiece, an attack on man's endless barbarism and an indictment of the initiators to it / Valdemar Lønsted. In: Information, 10/25/2013.
'The 'Danish Broadcasting Corporation marked Benjamin Britten's 100th day with two performances of his War Requiem, the second on Friday on the anniversary itself.'
Brittens dødsmesse over krigens gru : Benjamin Brittens '*War Requiem*' er et tidløst mesterværk, et angreb på menneskenes endeløse barbari og en anklage mod initiativtagerne til det / Valdemar Lønsted. *I*: Information, 25.10.2013.
'Danmarks Radio markerede Benjamin Brittens 100-års-dag med to opførelser af hans War Requiem, den anden i fredags på selve fødselsdagen.'

Over There! American Songs And Marches Of The Great War - 1917-1918, Vol. 1

The Stars And Stripes Forever	Sousa's Band
Over There	Enrico Caruso
From The Battlefields Of France	General Pershing
How Ya Gonna Keep 'Em Down On The Farm?	Harry Fay
K-K-K-Katy	Billy Murray

Just Before The Battle, Mother	Ernest Pike
Keep Your Head Down, Fritzi Boy	American Quartet
Tell That To The Marine	Al Jolson
Hunting The Hun	Arthur Fields
You Can't Beat Us (If It Takes Ten Million More)	Arthur Fields
Good Morning, Mr. Zip-Zip-Zip!	Arthur Fields & Peerles Quartet
I May Be Gone For A Long, Long Time	Peerless Quartet
What Has Become Of Hinky Dinky Parlay Voo	Al Bernard
Goodbye Broadway, Hello France!	American Quartet
I'm Gonna Pin My Medal On The Girl I Left Behind	Peerless Quartet
Hello Central! Give Me No-Man's Land	Henry Burr
Au Revoir But Not Goodbye, Soldier Boy	Peerless Quartet
They Were All Out Of Step But Jim	Van & Schenck
I'm Crazy Over Every Girl In France	Avon Comedy Four
The Coloured Patrol	The Wingates Temperance Band
We'll Do Our Share (While You're Over There)	Peerless Quartet
When Tony Goes Over The Top	Billy Murray
Would You Rather Be A Colonel With An Eagle On Your Shoulder Or A Private With A Chicken On Your Knee?	Eugene Buckley
The Yanks Started Yankin'	Arthur Fields
I Ain't Got Weary Yet!	Arthur Fields
The Victorious Stars	

Barrack Room Ballads, 1958

Join the British Army	Ewan MacColl & Peggy Seeger
The Ghost Army of Korea	Ewan MacColl & Peggy Seeger
The Ballad of Wadi Maktilla	Ewan MacColl & Peggy Seeger
The Young Trooper Cut Down in his Prime	Ewan MacColl & Peggy Seeger
Bless 'em All	Ewan MacColl & Peggy Seeger
Any Complaints	Ewan MacColl & Peggy Seeger
The Second Front Song	Ewan MacColl & Peggy Seeger
Seven Years in the Sand	Ewan MacColl & Peggy Seeger
Farewell to Sicily	Ewan MacColl & Peggy Seeger
Browned off	Ewan MacColl & Peggy Seeger
When this Ruddy War is Over	Ewan MacColl & Peggy Seeger

Diskografien over første verdenskrig er opdelt i tre klumper: Før, under og efter USAs deltagelse i krigen. Den første skæringsdato er april 1917 og den anden er november 1919. Da udgivelsesdatoer ikke er registreret her, opfattes hele 1917 som et krigsår for USAs vedkommende og det samme er tilfældet for 1919 vedkommende.

USA før første verdenskrig / United States before World War I

Denne EP er meget sjælden. / This EP is very rare.

Ballads of the American Revolution and the War of 1812: a program of early American songs from collection of John Allison: Ballad Of Bunker Hill / The Death Of Warren / Johnny Has Gone For a Soldier / Riflemen's Song At Bennington / John & Lucy Allison with Sawyer's Minutemen, [1940] - Victor P-11.

	1899
Break The News To Mother	Henry Burr & Columbia Stellar Quartette
	1909
I Wonder Who's Kissing Her Now	Peerless Quartet
Just Before the Battle Mother	Harry Anthony, James F. Harrison
	1912
It's A Long Way To Tipperary, 1912	Jack Judge & Harry Williams
It was not so to be	Frank Croxton
	1913
A Day With the Soldiers	Peerless Quartet
Oh, it's a Lovely War	Jolly Old Fellows
War songs	Victor Male Chorus
	1914
Across the Rio Grande	Heidelberg Quintet & Billy Murray
Are We Downhearted	Arthur Boyton
Fleur De Lys, Flower of France Bloom Again	
I Didn't Raise My Boy To Be A Soldier	Peerless Quartet
Jimmy Trigger Returns From The War	Billy Golden & Joe Hughes
Keep Your Eye on Uncle Sammy	Peerless Quartet
Let Us Have Peace	Reinald Werrenrath
Sister Susies Sewing Shirts For Soldiers	Billy Murray
Stay Down Here Where You Belong	Irving Berlin, Henry Burr
They're on Their Way to Mexico	Heidelberg Quintet & Billy Murray
We All Went Marching Home	The Black Diamonds Band
Your King and Country Want You	Edna Thornton
	1915
A Concientious Objector	Alfred Lester
Keep the Home Fires Burning, 1919	Reed Miller & Frederick Wheeler
Belgium Put The Kibosh On The Kaiser	Mark Sheridan
Hello, Who's Your Lady Friend?	Soldiers of the King
If War is What Sherman Said It Was	Billy Murray
I'm On My Way To Dublin Bay	Peerless Quartet
Soldier Boy	The Four Fellows
We Didn't want to Fight but by Jingo now we do	Stanley Kirkby
You'll Be There	You'll Be There
	1916
Are You Half the Man Your Mother Thought You'd Be?	Walter Van Brunt
Back From War	Jacob Silbert
Don't Take My Darling Boy Away	Phillips & Helen Clark
Is There Still Room For Me 'Neath the Old Apple Tree	Peerless Quartet

Rose Of No-Man's Land	William Thomas
There's a Long, Long Trail	
There's a Quaker Down in Quaker Town	Peerless Quartet
War Babies	Al Jolson

USA under første verdenskrig

World War I Patriotic Acoustical Phonograph Recordings: / Daniel J.B. Mitchell. - http://archive.org/details/WorldWarIPatrioticAcousticalPhonographRecordingsPart1

1917

America Here's My Boy	Peerless Quartet
A Bachelor Gay	Peter Dawson
After the War Is Over (Will There Be Any Home Sweet Home?)	Joseph Woodruff
Apres La Guerre /After the War!	Elsie Janis & Her "Gang"
Au Revoir, But Not Good-Bye (Soldier Boy)	Peerless Quartet
Belgian Rose	Madeleine Harrison
Bring Back My Daddy to Me	Madge Evans
Bring Back the Kaiser to Me	American Quartet
Captain Willie Brown	Cheridah Simpson
The Dixie Volunteers	American Quartet
The Dream of A Soldier Boy	Edward Earle
Don't Try to Steal The Sweetheart Of A Soldier	Anna Chandler; Tom Kelly
For Me And My Girl	Billy Murray
For Your Country And My Country	Peerless Quartet
God Be With Our Boys To-Night	John McCormack
Good-bye Broadway, Hello France	Arthur Fields & Chorus
Good-Bye, Good Luck, God Bless You	Nora Bayes
Good-Bye France	Nora Bayes
(Here Is Your) Daddy's Boy	Ed "Tip" Handley
I May Be Gone For A lLng, Long Time	Shannon Quartet.
If I Had A Son for Each Star In Old Glory	Larry Comer, Ben Davis
I'll Come Back to You When Its All Over	Henry Burr
I'm Going to Follow the Boys	Gladys Leslie
It's A Long Long Way Back to Mother's Knee	Sterling Trio
It's Been a Long, Long Time Since I've Been Home	Billy Murray
It's Time For Every Boy To Be A Soldier	Charles Hart
Joan of Arc, They Are Calling You	Vernon Dalhart
Keep The Home Fires Burning	John McCormack
Laddie In Khaki	Joseph Phillips
Let's All Be Americans Now	American Quartet
Life In A Trench In Belgium	Henry Burr& Gitz Rice
My Belgian Rose	Campbell & Burr
My Own United States	Raymond Dixon & Orpheus Quartet
Oh! How I Hate To Get Up In The Morning	Eddie Cantor

Oh, It's A Lovely War	Courtland & Jeffries
Pack Up Your Troubles In Your Old Kit Bag And Smile Smile Smile	Murray Johnson
The Ragtime Volunteers Are Off To War	Van & Schenck
So Long, Mother	Peerless Quartet
Someday They're Coming Home Again	Al Jolson
Somewhere In France Is Daddy	Charles H. Hart tenor with orchestra
Till the Clouds Roll By	Ann Wheaton & James Harrod
Take Me Back To Dear Old Blighty, 1917	Jolly Old Fellows
Vision of war	Harry E. Humphrey
We Are Going Over	Peerless Quartet
When I Get Back To The USA	Billy Murray
When The War Is Over Maggie	Ernest Pike

1918

America, He's For You	Andrew B. Sterling
The Americans Come!	
A Battle In The Air	Peerless Quartet
All Aboard For Home Sweet Home	Arthur Fields Baritone solo--orchestr accompaniment
Aloha Soldier Boy	Sidney Carter
The Americans Come!	Reinald Werrenrath
Any Old Place the Gang Goes (I'll Be There)	Arthur Fields & the Peerless Quartet
Au Revoir But Not Good-Bye, Soldier Boy	Peerless Quartet
The Battle Song of Liberty	New York Military Band
Bing!, Bang!, Bing 'Em on the Rhine	Blanche Ring
Bring Back My Soldier Boy To Me	Olive Kline
Cheer Up Father	Peerless Quartet
Cheer Up Father; Cheer Up Mother	Lewis James
Come on Papa	Wellington Cross; Eddie Cantor
Dear Old Pal of Mine	John McCormack
The Dixie Volunteers	Peerless Quartet
Don't Trifle With a Soldier's Heart	Frederick V. Bowers
Dreaming Of Home Sweet Home	Sterling Trio
Everybody's Happy Now	Billy Clason
For Your Boy And My Boy	Peerless Quartet
From the North, South, East and West	Sir Harry Lauder
Fun In Flanders	Peerless Quartet
France (we have not forgotten you)	Lambert Murphy
France, We'll Rebuild Your Towns For You	Peerless Quartet
Give a Little Credit to the Navy	Bud DeSylva & Gus Kahn
Give My Regards to Broadway	Geo. M. Cohan
Good Bye Boys	Al Johnson
Hello Central, Give Me France	Peerless Quartet
Hello Central, Give Me No Man's Land	Al Jolson
Homeward Bound	Peerless Quartet
How I Hate To Get Up In The Morning	Arthur Fields
I'm Crazy About My Daddy in a Uniform	Sophie Tucker
I Can Always Find a Little Sunshine in the Y.M.C.A.	Lambert Murphy & Orpheus Quartet

I Don't Know Where I'm Going But I'm On My Way	Peerless Quartet
I Don't Want To Get Well	Arthur Fields & Grace Woods.
I'd Like To See the Kaiser With a Lily in His Hand	Henry Lewis
I May Stay Away A Little Longer	Peerless Quartet
I Wish I Had Someone to Say Goodbye To	Henry Burr
If He Can Fight-Like He Can Love, Goodnight Germany	Santly & Norton
I'm Going to Follow The Boys	Henry Burr & Elizabeth Spencer
Just a baby's prayer at twilight!	Homestead Trio
Just Like Washington Crossed The Deleware (General Pershing Will Cross the Rhine)	Arthur Fields & Peerless Quartette
Keep the Trench Fires Going for the Boys Out There	Peerless Quartet
Keep the Trench Fires Going for the Boys Out There	
The Last Long Mile	Charles Hart & the Shannon Four
Liberty Bell	Peerless Quartet
Le tombeau de Couperin	Maurice Ravel
Let's Bury the Hatchet	Arthur Fields
Look What My Boy Got In France	Irving Kaufman
Madelon	Amparito Farrar
Mother Here's Your Boy	Lewis James & Shannon Four
My Baby Boy	Lewis James
The Navy Will Bring Them Back	Peerless Quartet
On the Road to Home Sweet Home	Percy Hemus
A Rainbow From the U.S.A.	Peerless Quartet
A Soldier's Day : The Way Army	Geoffrey O'Hara
Somewhere in France is Daddy	Charles Hart
Somewhere In France Is the Lily	Charles Hart
A Submarine Attack	Billy Murray
Sweet Little Buttercup	Elizabeth Spencer & Shannon Four
The worst is yet to come	Billy Murray
They Were All Out of Step but Jim	Irving Berlin
Three Wonderful Letters From Home	Henry Burr with orchestra accompanimen
Tom, Dick and Harry and Jack (Hurry Back)	Shannon Four
We Don't Want The Bacon (What We Want Is A Piece Of The Rhine)	Peerless Quartet
We Stopped Them At The Marne	Peerless Quartet
We'll Do Our Share, While You're Over There	Peerless Quartet
What Did You Do In The War, Daddy	Tom Clare
When Alexander Takes His Ragtime Band to France	Marion Harris
When I send you a picture of Berlin	Billy Murray
When You Come Back	Raymond Dixon & Orpheus Quartet
Will You Remember	Alice Green & Raymond Dixon
The Yanks Are at It Again	American Quartet & Billy Murray

1919

After You've Gone	Rachael Grant & Billy Murray
Bring Back My Bonnie to Me	Alma Gluck & Orpheus Quartet
Bring Me a Letter from My Old Home Town	Billy Jones
Don't Let Us Sing Any More About War	Sir Harry Lauder

Down The Lane And Home Again	Samuel Ash
Here We Are, Here We Are Again	F Wheeler
If I'm not at the roll-call, kiss mother "good-bye" for me	Harvey Wilson [i.e. Harvey Hindermeyer]
I've Got My Captain Working For Me Now	Al Jolson
Jim, Jim, I Always Knew That You'd Win	Athur Fields
La butte rouge, 1919	Montéhus
Mother, Here's Your Boy	Vernon Dalhart
Peace and Plenty Rag	James Scott
The Rose Of No Mans Land	Moonlight Trio
Tell That To The Marines	Billy Murray
Till We Meet Again	Charles Hart & Lewis James
While You're Away (Pack Up Your Cares in a Bundle of Joy)	Peerless Quartet
The Worst Is Yet To Come	Sir Harry Lauder

Ikke færdigregistreret:

Aba Daba Honeymoon	Arthur Collins & Byron G. Harlan
All Of No Man's Land Is Ours	Jim Europe's 369th Infantry Hell Fighter Band
America Needs You Like a Mother. Would You Turn Your Mother Down?	
America Prepare	
And He'd Say "OO-La-La-Wee-Wee"	
The Angel God Sent From Heaven	
Angels of the Cross of Red	
Answer Mr. Wilson's Call	
At The Dixie Military Ball	
Battle in the Sky	
Battle That Wasn't	Jolly Jesters
The Beast of Berlin (We're Going To Get Him)	
Belgium Dry Your Tears	
The Boys From Yankee Land	
Boys in Khaki, Boys in Blue	F. Wheeler
The Boys Who Won't Come Home	Charles Hart
Bring Back a Belgian Baby to Me	
Bring Back the Kiss That I Gave	
Buy a Bond, Buy a Bond For Liberty	
Buy a Red Cross Rosie	
The Call of the U.S.A.	
The Call to Arms	
Christ In Flanders	Lambert Murphy
Cheer Up, Mother	
Clap Your Hands My Baby (For Your Daddy's Coming Home)	
Colonel Bogey March	Henri Miro
Do Something	Arthur Fields
Dress Up Your Dollars in Khaki (And Help Win	

Democracy's Fight)	
Each Stitch Is a Thought of You Dear	
Every Boys a Hero in this War Now	
Follow Me To Germany (And Victory)	
For "God," America & You	
For the Sake of Humanity	
France, We Have Not Forgotten You	
Freedom For All Forever	
Frenchy Come to Yankee Land	
The Further It Is From Tipperary	Peerless Quartet
General Pershing Song	
Go Lad and May God Bless You	
God Be With My Wandering Boy-To-Night	
God Bring You Safely to Our Arms Again	
Good-Bye Comrades	
Good-Bye, Little Girl, Good-Bye	
Good-Bye My Soldier Boy	
Have A Little Regiment Of Your Own	James F. Harrison
Have You Heard of My Boy Jack?	Louise Kirkby-Lunn
He Died on the Fighting Line	
Home Again, Boys, Home Again, Back Across the Sea	
I'd Be Proud To Be the Mother of a Soldier	
I Didn't Raise My Boy To Be A Coward	Ted Yorke
I Didn't Raise My Boy To Be a Slacker	
If They Feel Like a War Let Them Keep It Over There	
I'm Going To Raise My Boy To Be a Soldier and a Credit to the U.S.A.	Billy Murray
I'm Sure I Wasn't Raised To Be a Soldier (But I'll Fight for Dear Old Red, White and Blue)	
I Dreamt My Daddy Came Home	
If You Want To Find The Sergeant Major, 1929	Tuli Kupferberg
If You Were The Only Girl In The World	Roosters Concert Party
I'll Wed the Girl I Left Behind	Arthur Fields
I'm Going to Be a Soldier and Fight for the U.S.A.	
I'm Going to Pin a Medal on the Girl I Left Behind	
It's A Long Way to Berlin But We'll Get There	Arthur Fields
It's A Long Long Way to the USA ...	Sterling Trio
Khaki Bill	
The Khaki Boys of U.S.A.	
The Laddies Who Fought and Won	Billy Murray
Lloyd George's Beer	
Long Boy	Steve Porter & Ada Jones
Lorraine My Beautiful Alsace Lorraine	Byron G. Harlan
Oh Frenchy	Arthur Fields
Roses Of Picardy	
Send Me Away With A Smile	Arthur Fields
So Long Mother	Columbia Quartet
The Bravest Heart of All	
While They Were Dancing Around	

The Girl Who Wears a Red Cross on Her Sleeve	Charles Hart
The Little Grey Mother Who Waits All Alone	William Barnes
There's a Green Hill Out in Flanders	
There's A Vacant Chair In Every Home Tonight	Peerless Quartet
They Didn't Believe Me	Alan Turner
They'll Be So Proud in Dixie Of Their Old Black Joe	Shannon Four
Throw No Stones in the Well That Gives You Water	Gladys Rice & Walter Van Brunt
What A Wonderful Message From Home	
What Are You Going to Do to Help the Boys	Henry Burr
When the Guns Are Rolling Yonder	
When Uncle Sammy Leads The Band	Arthur Fields & Peerless Quartet
When You Come Back	
When You Come Back and You Will Come Back	Peerless Quartet
Where Do We Go From Here	Raymond Dixon
Your Lips Are No Mans Land But Mine	
Yankee Doodle Boy	Billy Murray

Udvalgt Peerles Quartet Diskografi

A Day With The Soldiers	1913
A Rainbow From The U.S.A.	1918
Alamo Rag	1911
America, Here's My Boy	1917
Arrah Go On, I'm Going Back To Oregon	1916
At The Devil's Ball	1913
Au Revoir But Not Good-Bye, Soldier Boy	1918
Call To Arms	1909
Don't Forget The Salvation Army (My Doughnut Girl)	1919
Don't Take My Darling Boy Away	1915
For Your Boy And My Boy	1918
For Your Country And My Country	1917
Goodbye France	1919
Goodbye, Summer, So Long, Fall, Hello, Wintertime	1913
Good Morning, Mr. Zip-Zip-Zip!	1918
He's Had No Lovin' For A Long, Long Time	1919
Hits Of Days Gone By (Parts 1 & 2)	1920
Homeward Bound	1918
I Didn't Raise My Boy To Be A Soldier	1915
I Don't Know Where I'm Going But I'm On My Way	1917
I Hate To Lose You	1918
I May Stay Away A Little Longer	1918
I Think I'll Wait Until They All Come Home	1918
I Think We've Got Another Washington (And Wilson Is His Name)	1915
I'm Gonna Pin My Medal On The Girl I Left Behind	1918
I'm On My Way To Dublin Bay	1915
I'm Proud To Be The Mother Of A Boy Like You	1915

Is There Still Room For Me 'Neath The Old Apple Tree	1916
Just A Letter For A Boy Over There, From A Gray-haired Mother Over Here	1917
Just Like Washington Crossed The Delaware, General Pershing Will Cross The Rhine	1918
Keep The Trench Fires Going For The Boys Out There	1918
Let Me Linger Longer In Your Arms	1926
Liberty Bell (It's Time To Ring Again)	1918
Merrily We'll Roll Along	1918
My Dream Of The Big Parade	1926
Pick Me Up And Lay Me Me Down In Dear Old Dixieland (Coon Song)	1922
Ragtime Dream	1914
Say A Prayer For The Boys Out There	1917
Schmaltz's German Band	1915
So Long, Mother	1917
Submarine Attack	1918
The Aeroplane Slide (That Aeroplane Glide)	1912
The Battle In The Air (World War I Song & sketch)	1918
The Lights Of My Home Town	1916
The Makin's Of The U.S.A.	1918
The Man Behind The Hammer And The Plow	1917
The Navy Will Bring Them Back	1918
The Red, White And Blue	1914
The Statue Of Liberty Is smiling (on The Hearts Of The World To-day)	1918
The son Of God Goes Forth To War	1911
The Submarine Attack Somewhere At Sea (World War I Song & sketch)	1918
Tell That To The Marines	1918
There's A Quaker Down In Quaker Town	1916
We'll Do Our share (while You're Over There)	1918
We Don't Want The Bacon, What We Want Is A Piece Of The Rhine	1919
We'll Do Our Share, While You're Over There	1918
We're Going Over	1917
What kind Of An American Are You?	1917
When I send You A Picture Of Berlin (You'll Know It's Over 'Over There,' I'm Coming Home)	1918
When The Roll Is Called Up Yonder	1926
When Uncle Sammy Leads The Band	1917
While You're Away (Pack Up Your Cares In A Bundle Of Joy)	1919
Who'll Take The Place Of Mary	1920
You'll Be There	1915
Young America, We're strong For You	1916

Første verdenskrig retrospektivt

	1920
I Ain't Gonna Study War No More	Fisk University Jubilee Singers
I'd Love To fall Asleep and Wake Up in My Mammy's Arms	Peerless Quartet
In Flander's Fields The Poppies Grow	John McCrae
Down the Trail to Home Sweet Home	Charles Hart, Lewis James
Stony Broke In No Man's Land	Frank Miller
	1921
Hinky Dinky Parlay Voo?	Jack Ryan
	1923
It was not so to be	Lambert Murphy
Yes We Have No Bananas	Athur Fields
	1926
My Dream of the Big Parade	Peerless Quartet & Billy Murray
	1927
The Soldier's Sweetheart	Jimmie Rodgers
	1928
Put It There (Shag Nasty)	McKinney's Cotton Pickers
	1930
Daisy Bell, 1892	Gerald Adams
Harry Lauder Medley	Harry Lauder, Orchestra
	1958
When This Ruddy War Is Over	Ewan MacColl & Peggy Seeger
	1976
And The Band Played Waltzing Matilda, 1971	Eric Bogle ; June Tabor
No Man's Land (The Green Fields Of France / Willie McBride)	Eric Bogle
	1982
All Quiet on the Western Front	Elton John
	1991
1916	Motörhead
	1999
1917	Linda Ronstadt

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Dette er den første danske systematiske, dokumenterede og kronologiske fremstilling af mere end 100 års soldatersange og fredsmusik startende med første verdenskrig og sluttende med Syrien krigen. Nyskabende er fundet af og registreringen af sangene og viserne om værnepligt fra både første og anden verdenskrig, altså generationer før dette tema dukkede op og blev populært i forbindelse med Vietnamkrigen.

Bogen er et tværfagligt bidrag og en primærkilde til fordybelse i og forståelse af periodens kulturhistorie. Den er samlet og oversat af Fredsakademiets redaktør Holger Terp i anledning af 100 året for første verdenskrigs begyndelse og 100 året for udgivelse af den første af mange danske grammofonplader med fredsmusik.

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Greenham Common kvindefredslejrenes historie og sangbøger [elektronisk publikation].

Skjalden sang fredssangen – og slaget på marken stoppede: Bemærkninger til dansk fredsmusiks historie. 2010. - 380 s.

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