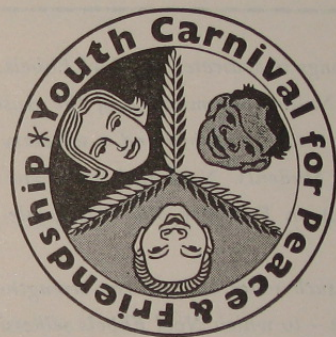




International SONGS

International Songs



Australian Youth Carnival for Peace and Friendship

held in Sydney from March 15th to 23rd, 1952

DEDICATION

This book of songs is dedicated to Noel Ebbels, B.A., LL.B., a member of the National Committee of the Australian Youth Carnival for Peace and Friendship and a secretary of the International Union of Students. Noel died in a road accident near Gundagai (N.S.W.) on February 8th 1952 while travelling to Sydney.

The singing of such songs as these can strengthen friendship, peace and freedom — to which Noel Ebbels selflessly devoted his short life.

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PREFACE

Singing is more important than you may think. Every time you sing a song, that's an individual creative act; you are making your own art. Even if you can't sing like Paul Robeson, it's important to make your own art. It's a way of asserting your claim to a full and happy life.

When you sing the songs we have printed here, you are asserting a lot of other things too. When you sing *The Wild Colonial Boy*, it can be a way of asserting your belief in Australia and Australian culture. The men who control our newspapers and radio are selling out that culture because they can buy a mass-produced American commodity more cheaply.

When you sing *Chee Lai* and you mean what you sing you are asserting your friendship for the Chinese people, and your understanding of their struggle for freedom and their courage.

When you sing *Hammer Song* you are asserting your friendship for your brothers all over the world, and your belief in peace.

Such songs are offensive only to those who do not want to see peace and friendship between peoples. And so these songs and the many like them which we cannot print are important for peace and friendship, and in your struggle for a full and individual life.

ADVANCE AUSTRALIA FAIR

On this page we wished to print *Advance Australia Fair*, but permission was refused by the Properties Trust of the Presbyterian Church of Australia (NSW), who hold the copyright. No reasons were given.

MARCH OF DEMOCRATIC YOUTH

English words by M. Wettlin

Song of the World Federation of Democratic Youth. Sing it with a note of determination, but cheerfully, and don't take it too slowly.

One great vi - sion u - nites us, Though remote be the lands of our
 birth, Foes may threaten and smite us, Still we live to bring peace to the
 earth. Every country and nation Stirs with youth's inspir - a - tion,
 Young folks singing, Happiness bringing, Friendship to all the
 world. Every - where the youth is singing Freedom's song, freedom's
 song, freedom's song We re - joice to show the world that we are
 strong, We are strong, we are strong. We are the
 youth And the world acclaim's our song of truth. Every
 where the youth is singing Freedom's song, freedom's song, freedom's song.

Solemnly our young voices
 Take the vow to be true to our cause;
 We are proud of our choices.
 We are serving humanity's laws.
 Still the forces of evil

Lead the world to upheaval:
 Down with their lying!
 End useless dying!
 Live for a happy world!

Words and music by kind permission of the World Federation of Democratic Youth

BALLAD OF EUREKA

Words by H. G. Palmer Melody only, of song by D. M. Jacobs

The miners of Eureka who took a stand against oppression were defeated, but their stand had its effect nevertheless, and Eureka is a milestone in the history of Australian democracy. This song to commemorate Eureka was written recently.

WITH AN EASY SWING
 They're leaving ship and station, They're leaving bench and fold, And
 pouring out from Melbourne To join the search for gold. The
 face of town and country is changing ev - ry day, But
 rulers keep on ruling The old co - lo - nial way.

"How can we work the diggings
 And learn how fortune feels
 If all the traps forever
 Are yelping at our heels?"
 "If you've enough," says Lalor,
 "Of all their little games,
 Then go and get your licence
 And throw it on the flames!"

"The law is out to get us
 And make us bow in fear.
 They call us foreign rebels
 Who'd plant the Charter here!"
 "They may be right," says Lalor,
 "But if they show their braid,
 We'll stand our ground and hold it
 Behind a bush stockade!"

It's down with pick and shovel,
 A rifle's needed now;
 They come to raise a standard,
 They come to make a vow.
 There's not a flag in Europe
 More levelly to behold,
 Than floats above Eureka
 Where diggers work the gold.

"There's not a flag in Europe
 More levelly to the eye,
 Than is the blue and silver
 Against a southern sky.
 Here in the name of freedom,
 Whatever be our loss,
 We swear to stand together
 Beneath the Southern Cross."

It is a Sunday morning,
 The miners' camp is still;
 Two hundred flashing redcoats
 Come marching to the hill.
 Come marching up the gully,
 With muskets firing low;
 And diggers wake from dreaming
 To hear the bugle blow.

The wounded and the dying
 Lie silent in the sun,
 But change will not be halted
 By any redcoat's gun.
 There's not a flag in Europe
 More rousing to the will
 Than the flag of stars that flutters
 Above Eureka's Hill.

Words and music by permission

THE OVERLANDER

Words collected by Vance Palmer

Music restored by Margaret Sutherland

An old bush song. There are many versions of it.

There's a trade you all know well, It's bring-ing cat-tle
o-ver, On ev'ry track to the Gulf and back They
know the Queensland dro-ver. Pass the billy round, my
boys, Don't let the pint pots stand there, For to-
night we'll drink the health Of ev'ry o-ver-land-er.

I come from northern plains,
Where grass and girls are scanty,
Where the creeks run dry or ten foot high,
And it's either drought or plenty.

A girl in Sydney town,
She says, Don't leave me lonely.
I says, It's sad, but my old prad
Has room for one man only.

And now we're jogging back,
This old nag she's a goer.
We'll pick up a job with a crawling mob
Somewhere in the Maranoa.

Words and music by permission

BANKS OF THE CONDAMINE

Words collected by Vance Palmer

Music restored by Margaret Sutherland

An Australian bush song, dating from the last century.

Oh, hark the dogs are bark-ing, love, I can no long-er stay, The
men are all gone mus-ter-ing And it is near-ly day, And
I must off by the morn-ing light Be-fore the sun doth shine, To
meet the Syd-ney shea-rers on the banks of the Con-da mine. *END.*
Willie, — dear-est Wil-lie, — I'll go a-long with you, I'll
cut off all my au-burn fringe And be a shear-er too, I'll
cook and count your tal-ly, love, While ring-er-o you shine, And I'll
wash your greas-y mole-skins on the banks of the Con-da-mine

Oh Nancy, dearest Nancy,
With me you cannot go,
The squatters have given orders, love,
No woman should do so;
Your delicate constitution
Is not equal unto mine,
To stand the constant tigering
On the banks of the Condamine.

Oh Willie, dearest Willie,
Then stay back home with me,
We'll take up a selection
And a farmer's wife I'll be:

I'll help you husk the corn, love,
And cook your meals so fine
You'll forget the ramstag mutton
On the banks of the Condamine.

Oh Nancy, dearest Nancy,
Please do not hold me back,
Down there the boys are waiting,
And I must be on the track;
So here's a goodbye kiss, love,
Back home here I'll incline,
When we've shore the last of the jumbucks
On the banks of the Condamine.

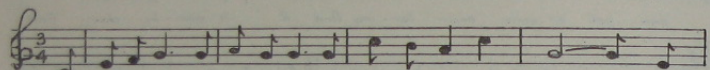
Words and music by permission

THE WILD COLONIAL BOY

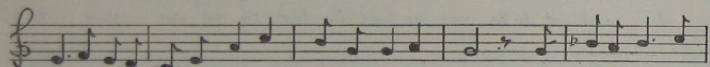
Words collected by Vance Palmer

Music restored by Margaret Sutherland

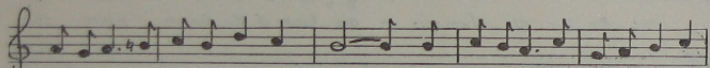
This is one of many versions of an Australian folk song. It appears to be derived from an earlier ballad of Bold Jack Donahue. Donahue was transported from Ireland about 1825; he escaped from an iron gang (that is, a chain gang) and for some years led a gang of bush-rangers in various parts of New South Wales. The hero of The Wild Colonial Boy is a very shadowy figure who is given various names. Versions of The Wild Colonial Boy have been collected in Ireland, and of Bold Jack Donahue in the United States.



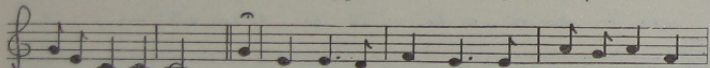
'Tis of a Wild Co-lo-nial Boy, Jack Doo-lan was his name, — Of



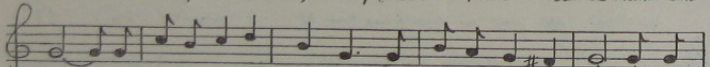
poor but ho-nest pa-rents, he was born in Cas-tle-maine, He was his fa-ther's



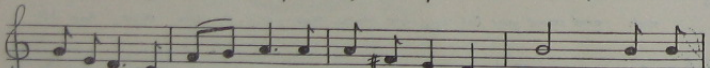
bright-est hope, his moth-er's pride and joy, — And dear-ly did his pa-rents love their



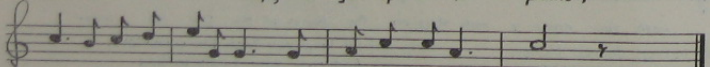
Wild Co-lo-nial Boy. Then come, all my heart-ies, we'll roam the mount-ains



high, To-gether we will plun-der, to-gether we will die. — we'll



wan-der o-ver val-leys, and gal-lap o-ver plains, for we



scorn to live in a sla-ve-ry, bound down with i-ron chains.

He was scarcely sixteen years of age when he left his father's home, And through Australia's sunny clime a bush-ranger did roam, He robbed those wealthy squatters, their stocks he did destroy, And a terror to the rich man was the Wild Colonial Boy.

One day as he was riding the mountain side along, A-listening to the little birds their pleasant laughing song, Three mounted troopers met him, Kelly, Davis and Fitzroy, And thought that they would capture him, the Wild Colonial Boy.

CHORUS

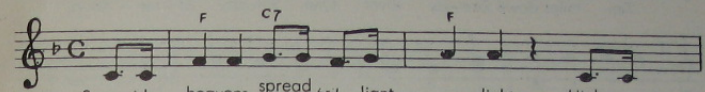
CHORUS

FREIHEIT

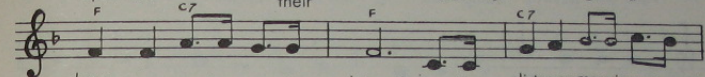
Words by Karl Ernst

Music by Peter Daniel

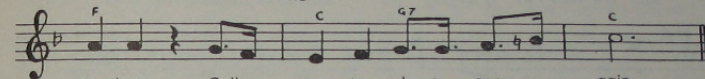
A song of the Thaelmann Battalion, the German section of the International Brigade, which fought for the Spanish Republic during the Civil War. The German word freiheit means freedom.



Span-ish heavens spread bril-liant star-light High a-



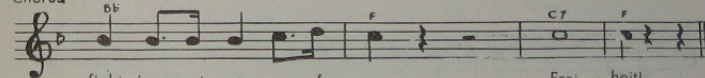
bove our trench-es in the plain; From the distance morning comes to



greet us, Calling us to battle once a-gain.



Chorus. Far off is our land, Yet read-ily we stand. We're



fight-ing and i-winn-ing for you, Frei-heit

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

CHORUS

Surrender now, Jack Doolan, you see there's He fired at trooper Kelly and brought him to
three to one, the ground,
Surrender now, Jack Doolan, you daring high- And in return from Davis received a mortal
wayman! wound,
He drew a pistol from his belt and waved that All shattered through the jaws he lay still
little toy, firing at Fitzroy,
I'll fight but I won't surrender, said the Wild And that's the way they captured him, the
Colonial Boy. Wild Colonial Boy.

CHORUS

CHORUS

Words and music by permission

REEDY RIVER

Words by Henry Lawson Music by C. Kempster

A setting by a young Australian.

Musical score for 'Reedy River' in G major, 2/4 time. The score consists of eight staves. The first staff is marked 'A.' and the last staff is marked 'B.'. The lyrics are written below the notes.

Then home along the river
That night we rode a race,
And the moonlight lent a glory
To Mary Campbell's face;
I pleaded for our future
All through that moonlight ride,
Until our weary horses
Drew closer side by side.

Ten miles from Ryan's Crossing
And five below the peak,
I built a little homestead
On the banks of Rocky Creek;
I cleared the land and fenced it
And ploughed the rich red loam,
And my first crop was golden
When I brought Mary home.

Now still down Reedy River
The grassy she-oaks sigh;
The waterholes still mirror
The pictures in the sky;
The golden sand is drifting
Across the rocky bars;
And over all for ever
Go sun and moon and stars.

But of the hut I builded
There are no traces now,
And many rains have levelled
The furrows of my plough;
The glad bright days have vanished;
For sombre branches wave
Their wattle blossoms golden
Above my Mary's grave.

Words by kind permission of Angus & Robertson. Music by permission.

VAN DIEMEN'S LAND

Traditional

Van Diemen's Land was later to be called Tasmania. This song has been collected in a number of versions in both England and Ireland. It gives a fair idea of the kind of offence for which a man might be transported to one of the harsh Australian penal settlements.

Musical score for 'Van Diemen's Land' in G major, 2/4 time. The score consists of six staves. The lyrics are written below the notes.

The first day that we landed
Upon that fateful shore,
The planters came round us,
They might be twenty score.
They ranked us off like horses
And sold us out of hand,
And yoked us to the plough, brave boys,
To plough Van Diemen's Land.

God bless our wives and families,
Likewise that happy shore,
That isle of sweet contentment
Which we shall see no more;
As for the wretched females
See them we seldom can,
There are fourteen men to ev'ry woman
In Van Diemen's Land.

Oh, if I had a thousand pounds
All laid out in my hand,
I'd give it all for liberty
If that I could command;
Again to England I'd return
And be a happy man,
And bid adieu to poaching
And to Van Diemen's Land.

Original words by T'ien Han

English words by Liu Liang Mo

Music by Nieh Erh

Chee Lai came to be sung everywhere by the Chinese people during their long fight against Japanese invasion. When the Chinese had eventually won back their freedom, this song was adopted as an official anthem by the People's Republic of China.

A-rise, you who refuse to be bond-slaves! Let's stand up and fight for
 Lib-er-ty and true democra - cy! All our world is
 fac-ing The chains of the ty-rants. Ev-ery one who
 works for freedom now is cry-ing, A - rise! A - rise! A -
 rise! All of us, with one heart, With the torch of
 free - dom March on! With the torch of free - dom,
 March on! March on! March on and on!

Words and music by permission

From "Sing Out," a journal of People's Artists, U.S.A.

A Korean song, celebrating the birth of the People's Republic of Korea.

From Pack Du, high pool-ed mountain, To the far - west
 tip of Che-Ju, We de-fend our great Re - pub-lic,
 March-ing thir-ty mil - lion strong. Hills, riv - ers,
 All of the wa-ters Join in our joy to day.
 Shine bright be - lov d Peo-ple's coun-try, We Ko - re - ans
 shine to - day. Hur-ray! Hur-ray! Ko - re - a is free.
 Peo - ple's Re - pub - lic! Shine on sun,
 Shine on stars, Peace to our fa - ther - land.

Words and music by permission

ME NO LIKE COMPANY

This song in Pidgin English is from Rabaul, but is well known in other parts of Melanesia. A young plantation labourer is trying to persuade a girl to run away with him. Under the indentured labour system, the labourer becomes practically the slave of the company for which he works, and to run away and break a contract means imprisonment.

Musical score for 'ME NO LIKE COMPANY' in 3/4 time, key of C major. The score consists of four staves of music with lyrics underneath. The lyrics are: Be - fore me work long com - pa - ny, Me laze too much, alla mastah' rouse - im me. Be - hind me go long Ka - la - kan All - a Ma - ry like - im me.

Me work long day, me work long night,
Me work too much, me sorry yet long me.
Me like run way, me like go home
Long country belong me.

Me look-look yet long one Mary
Em-ee look-look yet, longa alla time long me
Me talk long day, me talk long night
"You come one-time long me."

Me two-fella go runaway, go long way yet
Long country belong me.
Me like too much kai-kai b'long me,
Me no like company.

em-ee = she
me two-fella = us two
kai-kai b'long me = my own kind
of food

HOEA RA

From the International Union of Students' Song Book.

A Maori Canoe Song.

Musical score for 'HOEA RA' in 2/4 time, key of B-flat major. The score consists of four staves of music with lyrics underneath. The lyrics are: Hoc - re - mai o hi - ne ma Me nga tao - nga O te wa, He Reo Ka - ra - nga i Ka - toa. Haere ma Ki - au. - Hoa - a ra te wa - ka noi Hoe - a Hoa - a Ki te pai, Ma te pai e Ma - ra - whiu E rahui i - te pai. -

SALUTE TO LIFE

English translation by Nancy Head Music by D. Shostakovitch

The Music of this Russian song was first written for a film.

The voice of the city is sleep-less, The fac-tor-ies
thun-der and beat. How bitter the wind and re-
lent-less That ech-oes our shuff-ling feet. Chorus. Yet
com-rades face the wind, sa-lute The ri-sing
sun! Our coun-try turns to-wards the
down, New life's be-gun.

For the wind has a breath of the morning;
Then meet it with banners unfurled.
Let joy be your clarion, comrade,
We'll march in the dawn of the world.

CHORUS

Salute to the soldiers of freedom,
To comrades whose burden we share;
Divide with them sorrow and gladness,
Our labour, our plans and our care.

CHORUS

Triumphant, and singing in triumph
Advances the army of youth,
For this is the new generation,
Reborn in the struggle for truth.

CHORUS

The universe envies us, comrades,
Our hearts are made strong in the strife.
Salute to the struggle for freedom!
Salute to the morning of life!

CHORUS

UNITED NATIONS SONG

This is the anthem of the United Nations Organisation. It is set to the music written by Shostakovitch for Salute to Life.

The sun and the stars are all ringing
With song rising free from the earth,
The voice of humanity singing
The hymn of a new world in birth.

CHORUS

United Nations on the march
With flags unfurled!
Together fight for peace and life,
A brave new world.

CHORUS

Unite all ye peoples bowed under,
By powers of darkness that ride;
The wrath of the people shall thunder,
Relentless as time and as tide.

CHORUS

As sure as the sun greets the morning
And rivers flow down to the sea,
A new world for mankind is dawning,
Where men shall live peaceful and free!

CHORUS

HEY ZHANKOYE

English words by Peter Seager.

*A song of Jewish collective farm workers from the Soviet Union.
The original language of the song was Yiddish.*

WITH ENTHUSIASM AND LIFE

When you go from Se-vas-to-pol On the way to
Sim-fer-o-pol, Just you go a little further down.
There's a little railroad depot, Known quite well by
all the people, Called Zhan-ko-ye, zhan, zhan, zhan.
Hey Zhan, hey Zhan-ko-ye, Hey Zhan-vi-li, hey Zhan-ko-ye.
Hey Zhankoye, zhan, zhan, zhan. zhan.

Now if you look for paradise
You'll see it there before your eyes,
Stop your search and go no farther on.
There we have a collective farm
All run by husky Jewish arms,
At Zhankoye, zhan, zhan, zhan.

Aunt Natasha drives the tractor,
Grandma runs the cream extractor,
While we work we all can sing our songs.

Who says that Jews cannot be farmers?
Spit in his eye, who would so harm us,
Tell him of Zhankoye, zhan, zhan, zhan.

Work together, all as brothers,
Jew and Gentile, white and Negro,
For that better world to come.
All must work, for work is good,
In work may man find brotherhood,
As in Zhankoye, zhan, zhan, zhan.

Words by permission

HAMMER SONG

This version from the Workers' Music Association, London.

Written by Lee Hays and Pete Seeger, two Americans whom many Australians will have heard singing in the recordings of the group called *The Weavers*.

If I had a hammer I'd hammer in the morning,
I'd hammer in the evening All o-ver this land;
. . . I'd hammer out dan-ger, I'd hammer out a warn-ing,
I'd hammer out love Between all our brothers
All o - ver this land.

If I had a bell
I'd ring it in the morning,
I'd ring it in the evening
All over this land;
I'd ring out danger,
I'd ring out a warning,
I'd ring out a love
Between all our brothers
All over this land.

If I had a song
I'd sing it in the morning,
I'd sing it in the evening
All over this land;

I'd sing out danger,
I'd sing out a warning,
I'd sing out a love
Between all our brothers
All over this land.

Now I got a hammer,
And I got a bell,
And I got a song to sing
All over the world;
It's the hammer of justice,
It's the bell of freedom,
It's the song of a love
Between all our brothers
All over the world.

Words and music by permission

STRANGEST DREAM

From "Sing Out," a journal of People's Artists, U.S.A.

A song from the United States. Like some other songs we have printed, it shows that there are many people in the United States who dream of peace in the world—and are working for it.

Last night I had the stran-gest dream, I'd
ne - ver dreamed be - fore. I dreamed the
world had all a - greed To put an end to
war. I dreamed I saw a migh - ty
room, The room was full of men, And the
Pa - per they were sign - ing Said they'd
ne - ver fight a - gain.

And when the Paper was all signed,
And a million copies made,
They all joined hands and bowed their heads
And grateful prayers were prayed.
And the people in the streets below
Were dancing round and round,
While the swords and guns and uniforms
Were scattered on the ground.

Words and music by permission

SARIE MARAIS

From the International Union of Students' Song Book.

A South African folk song, translated from the Afrikaans. It refers to Boer struggles against the British.

My Sa-rie Ma-rai is so far from my heart And I'm
long-ing to see her a-gain; She lived on a
farm on the Moo-rie ri-ver's bank Be-fore I left on
this cam-paign. Oh, bring me 'back to the old Trans-vaal,
'There's where I long to be; Way yonder 'mongst the
mea-lies By the green thorny tree Sa-rie is wait-ing for
me. I won-der if I'll ev-er see That
green thorny tree 'There, where she's wait-ing for me.

I feared that the soldiers might get hold of me;
They'd have sent me away o'er the sea.
I fled over land to the Orange River sand.
In Appleton I would be free.

At last there is peace and I've started for home,
To the Transvaal I've always adored;
My Sarie Marais will be waiting there for me,
Her kiss will be my best reward.

VIET NAM YOUTH

Words freely adapted from the original

Music by Pham Duy

The people of Viet Nam have for long years now been engaged in a bitter fight for their national independence. This song reflects the faith of the young people of Viet Nam that they will succeed in their fight.

From the hills and for-ests we come — As a flood sweeps i-
o-ver the plain, — And our strength is a vow to the
man at the plough That the fields will be tall with grain. — For a
hope as bright as a star, — For a faith our peo-ple have
died: — May the cou-rage of men Make the earth live a-
gain When our swords have been laid a-side! —
Chorus: Wher-e-ver our friends may be Let the song of Viet-nam be
sung: Our coun-try will soon be free! We are brothers all! We are young!

FREEDOM ON THE WALLABY

Words by Henry Lawson Music by D. M. Jacobs

This song was written in the 'nineties, but was not included in the author's collected works.

VERY DELIBERATELY

A CHORUS

[PIANO] *1st & 2nd time* Aus-tral-ia's a big coun-try Oh!
Last time So, we must fly a re-bel flag As

Free-don's hump in' Blu-ey -- Oh! Free-don's on the wal-la-by Oh
 oth-ers did be-fore us -- And we must sing a re-bel song And
 don't you hear 'er coo-ee --? She's just be-gun to boom-er-ang, She'll
 join in re-bel cho-rus. We'll make the ty-rants feel the sting Of
 knock the Tyr-ants sil-ly -- She's going to light a noth-er fire And
 those that they would throt-tle -- They need n't say the fault is ours If

END B Solo

boil a noth-er bil-ly. -- 1. Our fath-ers toiled for bit-ter bread, ^{While}
 blood should stain the wat-tle. -- 2. Then free-dom could-n't stand the glare Of
 loa-fers thrived be-side 'em -- But food to eat, and clothes to wear Their
 roy-al-ty's re-gal-ia -- She left the loa-fers where they were and
 na-tive land de-nied 'em -- And so they left their na-tive land In
 came out to Aus-tra-lia. -- But now a-cross the might-y main The ^{BACK TO A}
 spite of their de-vo-tion -- And so they came (or if they stole, were sent) a-cross the o-cean.
 chains have come to bind her -- She lit-tle thought to see a-gain The wrongs she'd left be-hind her.

Published by

The Youth Carnival for Peace & Friendship C'tee

36 Pitt St. Sydney