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 vision unites 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 inspiration.

Young folks singing, Happiness bringing, Friendship to all the world. Every where the youth is singing 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 acclaims our song of truth. Every where the youth is singing Freedom's song. Freedom's song, freedom's song, freedom's song.

Solemly our young voices Lead the world to upheaval; 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

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.

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 colonial way.

"How can we work the diggings And learn how fortune feels If all the traps forever Are yelping at our heels?" "If you're 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 lovely to behold, Than floats above Eureka Where diggers work the gold.

"There's not a flag in Europe
More lovely 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 ruthless 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 bringing cattle o'er, On ev'ry track to the Gulf and back They know the Queensland drover, Pass the billy round, my boys, Don't let the pint pots stand there, For tonight we'll drink the health Of ev'ry overlander.

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.

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 pad 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.

Oh, hark the dogs are barking, love, I can no longer stay, The men are all gone mustering And it is nearly day, And I must off by the morning light Before the sun doth shine, To meet the Sydney shearsers on the banks of the Condamine. Oh, Willie, dearest Willie, I'll go along with you, I'll cut off all my auburn fringe And be a shearer too, I'll cook and count your tally, love, While ringing o'er you shine, And I'll wash your greasy mole-skins 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 bushrangers 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.

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.

Spanish heavens spread their star-lit high above our trenches in the plain. From the distance morning comes to greet us, calling us to battle once again.

Chorus: Far off is our land, yet ready we stand, we're fighting and winning for you. Freiheit!

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

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

CHORUS

One day as he was riding the mountain side,
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
REEDY RIVER
Words by Henry Lawson  Music by C. Kempster
_A setting by a young Australian._

Ten miles down Reedy River One Sunday afternoon, I rode with Mary Campbell To that broad, bright lagoon; We left our horses grazing Till shadows climbed the peak, And strolled beneath the she oaks On the banks of Rocky Creek.

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.
CHEE LAI

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.

Words and music by permission

SONG OF PROCLAMATION

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 for-thest tip of Chu-Ju, We de-fend our great Re-pub-lic,

March-ing thirty mil-lion strong. Hills, riv-ers,

All of the wa-ters Join in our joy to day.

Shine bright be-loved Peo-ple's coun-try, We Ko-re-a-ns shine to-day. Hur-ral! Hur-ral! 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.

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

HOE RA

From the International Union of Students' Song Book.

A Maori Canoe Song.
SALUTE TO LIFE

English translation by Nancy Head  Music by D. Shostakovich

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

The voice of the city is sleepless, The factories thunder and beat. How bitter the wind and relentless That echoes our shuffling feet. Chorus. Yet comrades face the wind, salute The rising sun! Our country turns towards the dawn, 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.

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!

UNITED NATIONS SONG

This is the anthem of the United Nations Organisation. It is set to the music written by Shostakovich 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.


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.

When you go from Sevastopol On the way to Simferopol, you go a little further down.

There's a little railroad depot, Known quite well by all the people, Called Zhankoye, zhan, zhan, zhan.

Hey Zhan, hey Zhankoye, Hey Zhan-vi-li, hey Zhankoye.

Hey Zhankoye, 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.

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

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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.

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Last night I had the strangest dream, I'd never dreamed before. . . . . I dreamed the world had all agreed To put an end to war. . . . . I dreamed I saw a mighty room. The room was full of men. . . . And the Paper they were signing Said they'd never fight again.

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
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 Sarie Marais is so far from my heart And I'm longing to see her again; She lived on a farm on the Marnie river's bank Before I left on this campaign. Oh, bring me back to the old Transvaal, There's where I long to be; Way yonder 'mongst the mealies By the green thorny tree Sarie is waiting for me. I wonder if I'll ever see That green thorny tree There, where she's waiting 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.

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 forests we come — As a flood sweeps o'er 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 people have dusted — May the courage of men Make the earth live again. When our swords have been laid aside! —

Chorus:

When ever our friends may be Let the song of Viet-nam be sung: Our country 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"

[Music notation]

Freedom's home in Bluey—On freedom's on the wallaby—Oh
other wise die before us—and we must sing a rebel song.

Don't you hear the coo-coo? You're just a boy to know yer song. She'll
join in rebel—wooo rus. We'll make the tyrants feel the sting of

break the tyrants silly—She's going to light another fire and
those that cause them—They mustn't say the fault is ours. If

build another billy. Our fathers toiled for bitter bread,
blood should stain the wattle. Then freedom could not stand the glare of

leaders they drove them in—but they came to eat, and clothes to wear—Their
royalties in galahs. She left the barn, where they came and

native band defend them—And so they left their native land in
came out to Australasia. But now across the mighty main the

spite of our devotion—and so they came (or if they died, we sent) a cross the ocean.
chains have come to bring her. She lit the thoughts to free a-join the ramparts they left behind her.

Words by kind permission of Mrs. Henry Lawson. Music by permission.