

THE PEAT BOG SOLDIERS

Die Moorsoldaten

This stirring song was produced by political prisoners in a German concentration camp, who rebelled at singing the Nazi songs. Though the words are "safe," the prisoners sang with such gusto, particularly in the last chorus, with its veiled meaning, that the song was finally forbidden. The melody was notated by Hanns Eisler.

In march rhythm

1. Far and wide as the eye can wan-der Heath and
2. Up and down the guards are pac-ing, No one,

bog are ev-ry-where. Not a bird sings
no one can go through. Flight would mean a

out to cheer us, Oaks are stand-ing gaunt and bare.
sure death fac-ing, Guns and barbed wire greet our view.

Refrain

We are the peat-bog sol-diers; We're march-ing

with our spades To the bog.

3. But for us there is no complaining,
Winter will in time be past;
One day we shall cry rejoicing,
"Homeland dear, you're mine at last?"

Refrain:

Then will the peat-bog soldiers
March no more with their spades
To the bog! (*Repeat*)

Die Moorsoldaten

1. *Wohin auch das Auge blicket
Moor und Heide ringsherum.
Vogelsang uns nicht erquicket,
Eichen stehen kahl und krumm.
Wir sind die Moorsoldaten
Und ziehen mit dem Spaten } twice
Ins Moor.*

2. *Auf und nieder gehen die Posten,
Keiner, keiner kann hindurch.
Flucht wird nur das Leben kosten,
Vielfach ist umzäunt die Burg.
Wir sind die Moorsoldaten
Und ziehen mit dem Spaten } twice
Ins Moor.*

3. *Doch für uns gibt es kein Klagen,
Ewig kann's nicht Winter sein.
Einmal werden froh wir sagen,
"Heimat, du bist wieder mein."
Dann ziehen die Moorsoldaten
*Nicht mehr mit dem Spaten } twice
Ins Moor.*

* *Nicht* should come on the down beat, making the preceding note a half.