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Hitler's Hymns of Hate



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GERMANS have always liked to sing. Gay or gloomy, at work or at play, sober or stimulated, they like to sing. Hence for centuries they have had a popular proverb:

*"Where the people sing, rest easily and long.
Bad-hearted people do not have a song."*

So nowadays it is not surprising that the tuneful Nazi voice is heard in the land. Exploiting the Teutonic tradition that below a bellowing voice-box the heart is always pure, smart Nazi organizers have arranged that even the Hitler doctrines of Death to the Jew, Swat the Marxist, and Perish the Red have been versified and set to sweet music.

They are set to march music. It has often been said that the Nazi song-writers trampled down all opponents under the everlasting beat of the metrical feet of their marching melodies, and drowned the loudest arguments of reason under roaring waves of popular song. If Hitler's hand held a really representative scepter today, it would not be—as so many commentators have suggested—a combination whip and magician's wand; it would be the baton of a mass-chorus leader.

These Nazi ditties, however, have more than an historical significance. They still resound in every street, assembly, radio and school. Whether every German sings them or not is of little import. They are today the only songs which are sung. Their rhythm is that of the New Germany. In these refrains, that part of Germany which can still open its mouth speaks.

Friends of the Movement contend that these Brown Ballads interpret Nazism better than anything else can. Hitler's enemies claim the same.

The best known and most widely sung numbers in the "Hitler Hymnal" are as follows:

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*Hymns of Hate***STORM TROOPS ON THE MARCH***(S.A. [Sturm Abteilungen] Marschiert)*

With its booming march melody, this is the favorite parading song of the Storm Troops. It is also preferred by marching divisions of the German Girl's League and the Hitler Youth (Junior Storm Troops) who render it with especial gusto, because of its good tramp-time.

We're on the march through Germany,
In Adolf Hitler's company.

The Red defense we'll smash away,
The Storm Troops march—look out!—o clear the way!
The Communists to pulp we'll beat,
We're on the march—ahoy there!—clear the street!

Like this through every fight we've passed,
With blood our ranks are welded fast.
With fists clenched tight and eyes ahead,
And roadway loudly ringing with our tread.

Aplenty of our comrades brave
We've lowered to a chilly grave.
And yet, though many a body crack,
We do not fear this Red-scum murder-pack.

Though long the fight and hard the field,
We'll never weaken, never yield.
Bread, freedom, justice is our cry;
For Germany's future we will gladly die.

Through great Berlin we march tonight,
For Adolf Hitler wage our fight,
The Reds in blood we'll give a bath,
We're on the march—look out!—o clear the path!
The Communists, we'll beat to whey,
Storm Troopers march—hey, you!—make clear the
way!

THE STORM-SOLDIER*(Der Sturmsoldat)*

Its rip-roaring melody has made this the Storm Troops' favorite drinking song. Because of its simple rhyme scheme and repetitive stanzas it lends itself readily to extempore variations.

O, all storm-soldiers, young and old,
Take your weapons well in hand.
The Bolshevik's on an awful tear
In the German Fatherland!
The Polack's ready to tear a chunk
From the German Fatherland!

There was once a young storm trooper lad,
O most surely that was he,
Had to leave his wife and child behind,
Yes, leave them suddenly.

Old women, they wept fearfully
And the girls they wept still more.
Then fare thee well, my sweet, sweet child,
For I'll see you nevermore.

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When the young storm trooper's under fire
 Then he feels right glad and gay.
 When Moscow's flags before us wave
 O it's that much more okay.
 When Jew-blood spurts from the carving-knife
 O it's that much more okay!

With a hundred ten fresh cartridges
 And the pistols loaded all,
 And a hand-grenade in either hand,
 Bolsheviki, come and call!

UP, UP, TO STRIFE!*(Auf, Auf, Zum Kampf)*

(NOTE: *Repetitions and metrical variations modelled exactly after those of text.*)

Up, up, to strife, for strife were we created.
 Up, up, to strife, to strife we march once more.
 To Adolf Hitler we are dedicated,
 To Hitler we shall keep the vow we swore.

We've got no fear, no fear of Moscow's red batallions,
 We've got no fear of workmen's black-red-gold*.
 Our enemies, to hell with these rascallions
 And all companions in their blacksheep-fold.

There stands a man as handsome as a statue;
 He has, tis true, tis true, stared into many guns.
 Tomorrow his corpse may there be looking at you,
 The fate of many freedom champions.

Our fight is not, is not for millionaire's remuneration,
 The money-changer is our enemy No. 1;
 Our fight is for the honor of our nation,
 For Germany we fight in unison.

**Colors of the German Republic.*

NATION TO ARMS!*(Volk Ans Gewehr)*

This song has a melody so infectious as to have made it a popular dance-hit until Hitler gained power and reserved its vigorous rhythm for more dignified purposes! After the Horst Wessel Anthem, it is the most famous of Nazi ditties, and is now by law prohibited from being played at "frivolous occasions."

(The irregular tramp of the metrical feet in the following translation is an accurate echo of the original; the casual rhyming-scheme is also exactly copied.)

See in the East where the dawn burns red,
 A symbol of sunrise and freedom.
 We'll stand by each other, both living and dead,
 However our fortunes may weaken!
 No more hesitation! Enough empty dreaming!
 Good German blood through our veins still is streaming!
 Nation to arms!

Many years went slowly by.
 Betrayed were the people and plundered;
 The traitors and Jews were living high,

Hymns of Hate

Their victims could hardly be numbered.
 A leader arose from the humblest station,
 Once more gave us hope and belief in our nation.
 Nation to arms!

Germans, awake! and in ONE company
 March forward to glory and triumph!
 Work should be free; and our will's to be free,
 And valiant and boldly defiant!
 Two sturdy fists are the best mediation.
 There'll be no retreat now, and no hesitation!
 Nation to arms!

Both young men and old men, man for man,
 Embrace the new Swastika banner,
 The citizen, farmer, and workingman
 Are swinging the sword or the hammer.
 We're fighting for Hitler, for freedom and bread.
 May Germans awaken! and Jews soon be———dead!
 Nation to arms!

AS THE GOLDEN SUN OF EVENING . . .*(Als Die Goldene Abendsonne)*

Favorite song of the "German Young People," giant Nazi organization embracing all the youngest boys in Germany—those between 8 and 12.

As the golden sun of evening
 In the western sky went down,
 Marched a regiment of Hitler's
 Through a little country town.

Mournfully their song resounded
 In that small and quiet space,
 For they bore a Hitler comrade
 To his final resting-place.

To his mother in the distance
 They a last salute impart,
 Since her son has died so bravely
 With a bullet through his heart.

Defiantly their banners fluttered
 Bending low to greet the brave;
 And they swore eternal vengeance
 On their Hitler comrade's grave.

"Not in vain's your life been given,"
 There they swore this oath anew;
 Three times thundered forth the salvos,
 For to Hitler he'd been true.

As the golden sun of morning
 Bright the eastern sky impearled,
 Marched a regiment of Hitler's
 Farther on into the world.

HORST WESSEL SONG*(Horstwessellied)*

Hymns of Hate

As national anthem of Hitler's Germany, this song has by special government decree been placed on an equal level of sanctity with "Deutschland Ueber Alles." All are expected to rise when it is played; all German patriots are expected to join in its singing. The song is named after the alleged composer of both its words and music, the dashing young student, Horst Wessel, who since being slain in a lodging house brawl by Reds in 1930, has been elevated to the position of the Nazi movement's martyr No. 1.

With banners high and ranks consolidated,
Storm troops are on the march with steady stride;
And comrades by Reaction and Red assassinated
In spirit still are marching at our side.

O clear the way, here comes a storm-troop fighter!
O clear the way, for a brown-clad company!
Our lucky banner makes the millions' hopes grow brighter.
Here dawns the day of bread and liberty.

The last alarm the bugles now are crying.
Here every man stands ready for the fight.
In every street the Hitler flags will soon be flying,
An early end to slavery's in sight.

With banners high and ranks consolidated,
S.A. goes marching on with steady stride;
Old comrades, whom Reaction and Red assassinated,
In spirit still are marching at our side.

SONG OF THE BLACK BANNER

(*Lied der Schwarzen Fahne*)

This dirge of desperation is an authentic peasant folksong from the 17th Century when the fearful ravages of the Thirty Years War had driven the German farmer to Civil War. For obvious reasons the song was revived, enlarged and popularized by Nazi propagandists in the period of their fight for power. Perhaps due to carelessness, it has appeared subsequently in the official party song-book.

Black is our bread and our misery,
Black is the flag of the peasantry.
And black is the earth which the plowshare throws,
And black goes the peasant in mourning-clothes.

We plow and we sow and we work till we die,
We harvest and know not the reason why.
Whatever strong hands accomplish may
Is taken from us, is snatched away.

What little the taxes leave behind,
The interest-takers away will grind.
Whenever we sell, it does not pay;
May the devil himself be peasant today!

We've come to the end, we shall stand no more;
We peasants are desperate, we want war!
Black is our bread and our misery.
Black wave the flags of the peasantry.