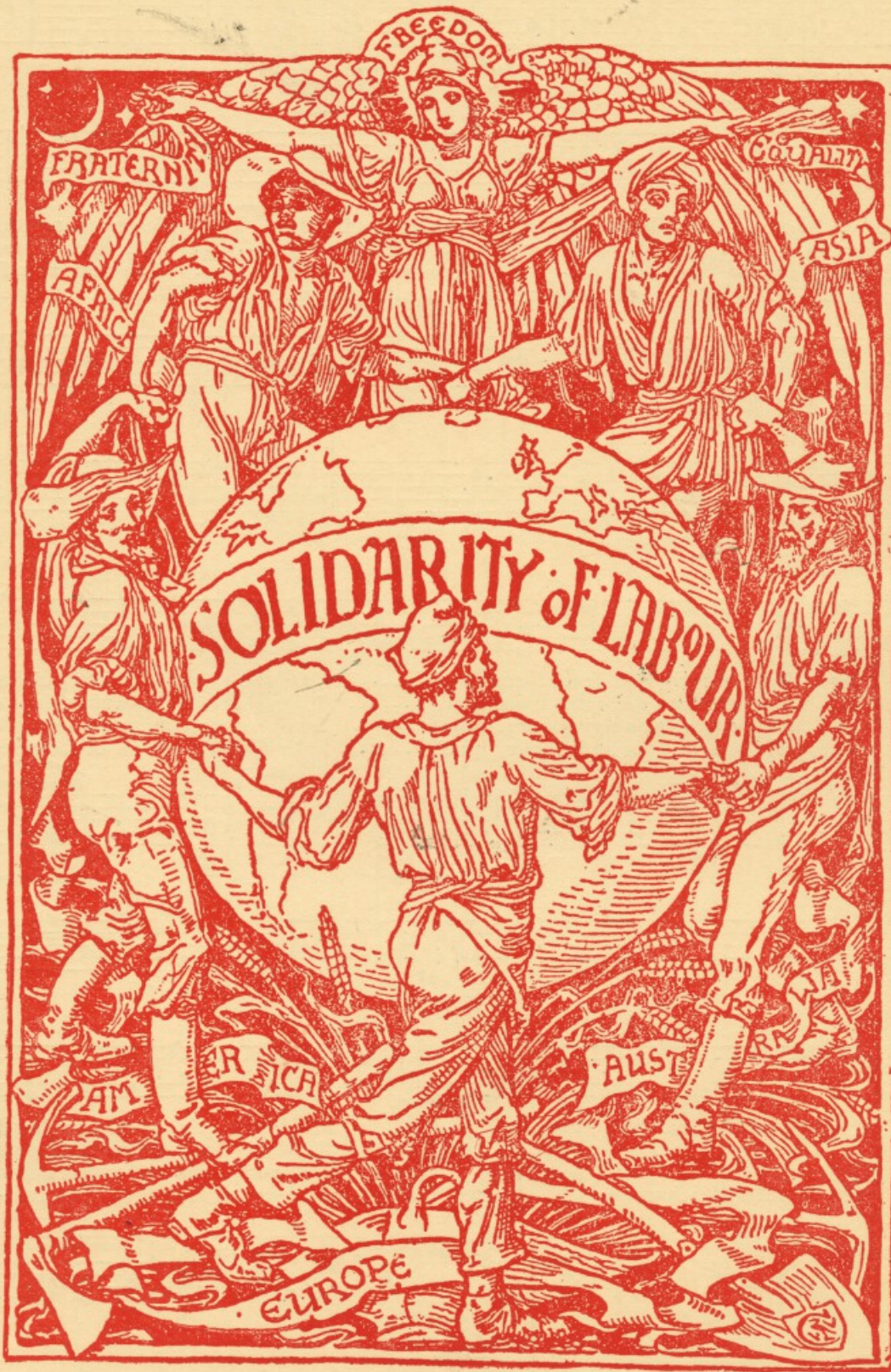


THE
INTERNATIONAL
MARCHING SONG
OF THE
REVOLUTIONARY PROLETARIAT



Price 50 Cents

New York Labor News Co., 45 Rose Street, New York City

The International.

Translated by SOLON DE LEON.

Arr. by JOSEPH PASTERNAK.

Music by DEGEYTER.

1. Stand up! ye
2. There are no
3. The state is
4. All hid - eous

ff *mf*

wretched ones who la - bor, Stand up! ye galley-slaves of want,..... Man's rea-son thunders from its
sav-iors e'er will help us, Nor God, nor Cae-sar, nor Trib-une,..... 'Tis ours, O workers, must the
false, the law a mock - 'ry, And ex - ploi - ta-tion bows us down;..... The rich man flaunts without a
in their brutal lord - ship Stand king of mill and mine and rail..... When have they e'er performed a

crater, 'Tis th'e-rup - tion naught can daunt..... Of the past let us cleanse the ta -
blows be, That shall win the com - mon boon From the thief to wring his sto-len boo -
du - ty, And the poor man's rights are none..... Long e-nough have we in swaddlings lan -
ser - vice, Or at work done aught but quail?..... In the cof - fers of these robber bar -

p *cresc.* *p*

bles, Mass en-slaved, fling back the call,..... Old Earth is changing her foun - da -
ty, From its pris'n to free the soul,..... 'Tis we our-selves must ply the bel -
guished, Lo, E - qual - i - ty's new law:..... "A - way with rights that know no du -
ons, Blind the world's great wealth is thrown,..... In sum-m'ning them to res - ti - tu -

CHORUS.

itions, We have been noth - ing, now be all..... 'Tis the last call to bat -
 lows, 'Tis we must beat the an - vils' roll.....
 ties, A - way with du - ties shorn of rights.".....
 tion, The peo - ple seeks but what's its own.....

tle, Close the ranks, each in place,..... The staunch old In - ter - na - tion - al Shall

be the hu - man race;..... 'Tis the last call to bat - tle, Close the ranks, each in

place,..... The staunch old In - ter - na - tion - al Shall be the hu - man race.....

D.C.

The following is the first stanza of the Kerr translation referred to by Wiik:

Arise, ye prisoners of starvation!
 Arise, ye wretched of the earth,
 For justice thunders condemnation,
 A better world's in birth.
 No more tradition's chains shall bind us,
 Arise, ye slaves; no more in thrall!

The earth shall rise on new foundations,
 We have been naught, we shall be all.

REFRAIN

'Tis the final conflict,
 Let each stand in his place,
 The Industrial Union
 Shall be the human race.

GEO. BEVERSON
 MUSIC
 TYPOGRAPHER
 25 Franklin Street
 NEW YORK

INTERNATIONALE.

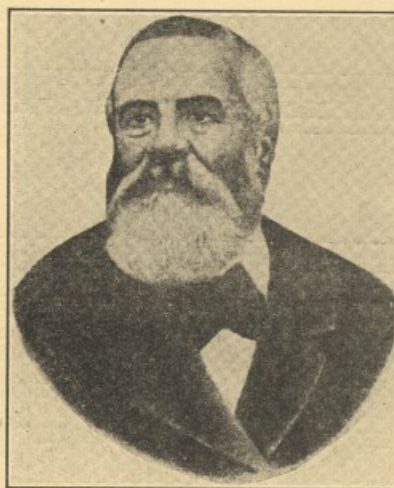
De-bout! les dam-nés de la ter-re!

De-bout! les for-cats de la faim!

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It was a day in June, 1871. The shots at Pere Lachaise had barely stopped ringing out and the hordes of Versailles still snooped about the workers' quarters, tracking down and gathering up the champions of the Commune, the heaps of corpses had not yet been cleaned away in all places and the remaining Communards were wandering about attempting to hide in any shelter.

One of these was Eugene Pottier. A poor son of Paris, the world metropolis, he had struggled through a hard youth, educated himself in draftsmanship, and in spare moments had tried authorship to break the monotony of daily life. As a youth of fourteen, he had saluted the June revolution in glowing terms; as a grown man he had sung the praises of the February Revolution; when the Prussians were advancing on Paris he had turned his pen as well as his sword to the service of the defense; and when the workers of Paris rose in their own battle, then too Pottier stood foremost in the ranks. He was elected member of the Commune and his name is to be found attached to many of its decrees made to aid the poor.



Eugene Pottier

It was he who ordered the closing of the houses of prostitution and the freeing of the white girl slaves. He himself fought on the barricades, gun in hand—and now—

Yes, now, the last barricade had fallen and the metropolis was still reeking with the blood of the brave. But in a shack in the outskirts of the city sat Eugene Pottier and employed his other weapon—the pen. It rushed back and forth over the paper:

*Arise, you damned of the earth!
Arise, you prisoners of starvation!*

This was Pottier's greeting to the world proletariat, which writhed in horror at the sight of the defeat of their French comrades. And when he had finished the six flaming verses, he threw down the pen and accompanied his comrades to a foreign land—if we can say that any country was foreign to him who had written the "International."

He lived in England some time, then in America, and when at last the French bourgeoisie's thirst for revenge was quenched and the amnesty law in 1880 opened the road home again, Pottier returned—a sick, old man,

broken at an early age. Seven years later his white head was laid to rest.

* * *

But his "International" flew out over the world, carried on the workingman Degeyter's inspiring notes. It called the world's entire proletariat to battle and each hurried to re-make it in his own tongue. Often when it reached a country, the workers had already attempted in their own words and music to express their hopes and demands, their hatreds and desires. The Germans had the "Socialist March," the Danes the beautiful "Soon the Day Breaks," the Finns "Kay eespäin väki voimakas," the Russians the melancholy "Varsjavjanka," and H. Menander, the first singer of Sweden's Social Democracy, has surely reaped more glory from his own "Sons of Labor" than from his translation of the "International." These "national anthems" have become sacred through the long years of strife and struggle and they will hold their places. But the "International" has acted as a bond between the proletariat of all countries.

Nearly all the peoples who are represented in international Socialism have now the "International" in their own languages. Only from Poland have I received the surprising information that the "International" is not even known. On the other hand, there are undoubtedly translations of which I have no knowledge. When, for example, at the Congress of Asiatic People in Baku in 1920, the "International" was sung in an inspiring manner there were undoubtedly heard in the choir of more than a thousand voices many of the thirty languages which were represented at the Congress.

But for all that, just a couple have translated Pottier's song in its entirety. The Norwegians have done it beautifully. Olav Kringen's translation is very nearly literal and at the same time free and vigorous. Our Portuguese comrades have also translated the "International" in its entirety. They have hit the spirit of the song but have changed a number of Pottier's expressions for their own original and powerful idioms. A true poet speaks in this translation.

The "International" has undoubtedly invited a number of difficulties to the translators. There are short, idiomatic expressions which everybody has not been able to recreate, as, for example, in the third verse: "No rights without duties, No duties without rights."

But the difficulty has also lain in the fact that the "International" is not an even work of art. The pen ran too swiftly when the "International" saw the light. There are, as often in folk poetry, metaphors

that do not harmonize. Particularly is this true of the last lines where it is said that we ought to drive away the vultures and ravens that feed on our flesh and thereafter the sun will shine just as bright—as if it did not do that anyhow! Some translators have attempted to lessen the error. The Finns have made it worse by explaining that the vultures should be driven from the carrions—but this scarcely is a flattering expression applied to ourselves. Many have been satisfied with giving a few verses in their own language. This is true of the Russians who nevertheless should be considered to have valid reasons for a particularly fine expression of the revolutionary pathos which arose through this song. Their translation has, however, in spite of a number of defects, the virtue of high artistic expression. Let us listen to this beginning:

*Estavai, prokljatjem zakleimjonnyj,
vjes mir golódných i rabóf.*

"Arise, you entire world of starving slaves branded with the mark of the damned." Is this not as if we saw before us a black mass streaming out of one of the factories of the city on the Neva, swarming around the red flag!

But because of the contents, deletions through a free translation have also been considered necessary for the translator, for not only the question of ability has arisen but also that of desire. Much of the "International" bears the stamp of the country that bore it. When, for example, it is said that "Reason thunders in its crater," this can be understood in a country where tradition from the worship of reason of the 1700's is strong, but in other countries the necessity of rewriting is presented. Thus "Our awakened reason is rising" say the Russians. This is quite different from the personification of reason. Not without beauty is the Portuguese:

*Da ideia a chamma ja consóme
a crósta bruta que a soterra.*

"Reason's flames already consume the hard shell which holds it imprisoned."

Entirely free but not bad at that is the Lettish:

*Sem bada lahsta deesgan snaudis
pehz zihnas slahpst mums brihwais gars.*

"Too long have we slumbered under the ban of hunger, our free spirits stir for battle."

When the original speaks of "kings of mine and railroad" it had to be translated very freely in the countries where mines did not exist or where railroads belonged to the state. Menander speaks of "the kings of gold" and his last lines are directed to "workers and peasants," while the English translator

has left out the peasants which in his country are nearly non-existent.

But if such small things were easily cleared away, there were other matters that caused the translator to ponder. In reality, for more than one juicy expression a bloodless, empty phrase has been substituted.

Pottier's time represented in the first place the First International with its immediate and active joy of battle. It also expressed the French spirit with its tendency toward the Blanquist revolutionary dominating idea of physical force. The translator, who perhaps has been educated in a more scientifically grounded Socialism, has had to choose between respect for the original and the desire to change it so that it should not too sharply deviate from the ideas of his own party. Different translators have settled this differently. While Sweden, Norway, Portugal, Russia and Holland present nearly literal translations and Finland has attempted to do the same, the freedom of the German and Anglo-Saxon translations is noticeable and this is probably not an accident.

When the original in its first verse exhorts to clean house of the past it may be interpreted as symbolizing in poetical abbreviation a deeper thought, but it can also be interpreted literally as too entirely opposed to historic and evolutionary ideas. When the Dutch translation has substituted:

sterft gij, oude vormen en gedachten!

(Die away, you old forms and thoughts), it must have been a mere accident as the translator is a left Socialist, Henriette Ronald-Holt. On the other hand, it does not surprise me at all that in the otherwise very fine German translation of Franz Diederich, we find the much weaker

Vermorschetes sinkt in Gruft und Grauen.

(The rotten sinks into the grave) and when the Estonian "International" has it:

Me' wägiwalla häwitame—

(We destroy force), then I wonder if the translator, the present Communist Hans Pogelman, still is satisfied with his deed.

The attack on the state in the third verse did not seem proper in countries where Social Democrats no longer considered the state an enemy that should be annihilated, but instead as a castle that had to be taken and used by the working class itself. This passage, accordingly, has this meaning both in Diederich's German translation and in the Swiss—because Switzerland has treated itself to its own German translation—and in the English and the American

translation of Charles H. Kerr.*

The manner of translating undoubtedly in some places depended on the situation at the time at which it was made. The Finnish translation was done at the time of the general strike in 1905 by some enthusiastic young students and bears witness to the feeling of the moment when that "table clearing" verse is rendered:

Alas lyökää koko vanha maailma,
ja valta teidän silloin on!

(Strike down the old world entirely and then the power is ours)—it unquestionably registers the feeling to which the Finnish workers, then and even at other times, were too much given, to their own undoing. It is awry, a much too simplified idea of the aim and methods of the proletarian revolution which such poetry scatters about.

The blasphemous irreverence for the gods in the second verse some countries have also hesitated to express. It has naturally been the desire to win also the religious groups among the workers. Diederich has made the verse milder and so also has Kerr:

We want no condescending saviors,
To rule us from a judgment hall—

but that is not exactly what Pottier meant.

But the fifth verse has always been the worst stumbling block. That implies that the workers shall make peace between themselves and stack the bayonets. Yes, then it gives very unfitting orders concerning the direction in which the bayonets eventually should be pointed. The leaving out of that verse or its toning down till it was unrecognizable was in most countries a condition under which the song might be publicly sung. In most cases it has been left out. In Finland at least we even have a court order that the "International" must not contain an incentive to crime.

Difficulties of form have also arisen from the translation of the refrain.

C'est la lutte finale,
Groupons-nous et, demain,
L'Internationale
Sera le genre humain.

"It is the last battle; close the ranks; and tomorrow the International will be the human race." That about the "last battle" has generally been omitted; the German translation even here rewrites it in much milder terms. In the last two lines of the refrain there culminates the jubilant hope of victory which runs through the whole of the poem and the composer emphasizes this when he lets the word In-

*The S.L.P. translation is the "American translation," being the first and only authentic. Kerr's is not authentic.—Publishers.

ternational boom forth fortissimo. For the Germanic languages it has presented no difficulty to keep both the word International itself and to find rhymes for it, but Kerr has had to place the word in the middle of the line. The English and the Finns have simply ignored it. It might be said for the rest that the "International" meaningfully enough is almost unknown in England even though a translation exists.

As far as I have learned the various translations have been done directly from the original and the effect of the various translations on each other has not been apparent. One exception exists however. The Danish translation of an unknown writer has a very strong likeness to Menander's Swedish translation. One of these must have been done with the other one as an aid but at the same time with the original before the eye.

Finally it must be added that the workers of two countries have preferred to give entirely new words to the International. The Italians have done so, I cannot understand why. There is a song as easy and as free—what is not lovely in Italian?—but of the originality and power of Pottier's poem there is scarcely an iota left. Simply original phrases:

Rosso un fior c'è in petto fiorito;
una Fede c'è nata in cor!

"A red flower in the button-hole and a common belief in the heart"—isn't that neat, though?

The other poem which has been done to Degeyter's music is A. C. Meyer's, in Danish. Up to 1910 the Danish Social Democracy is said to have lacked an "International," but when that year the International Socialist Congress was about to gather in Copenhagen, Meyer, the poet of the party, received a commission to write an "International." He solved the problem well. There was a warm and fine feeling in the soft clear tones which among other things promised us that "our flag is a sign of peace." In truth, the song exhorts us

over Bjaerg, over Dale
skal du flyve i Dag,
thi Internationale
gaar til Kamp for Folkets Sag—

(Over hills, over dales, you shall follow today while the International goes out in battle for the people's cause.) It is impossible for me to think of a battalion that goes out to battle but I visualize a march of workingmen who with the flag at the head march out to a festival in the shadowy beech-groves in a land of plenty. Nevertheless, Denmark does have a real translation of the "International." That is the one I mentioned above. I found it in a book of songs published for a Scandinavian congress of youth a few

years ago—that contains the entire "International" except the verse about "stacking bayonets."

* *

As the "International" now exists translated in various languages it often does not satisfy high artistic demands and to change a text which once has sung itself into the minds is impossible. We continue to sing the old, faulty text just the same.

But one scarcely analyzes the words that one sings if only the rhythm is powerful and snappy, if the tramp of thousands of feet can be heard and the red flags seen waving, the workingman will put his soul into the song, his protest against the present, his hope into the future. Wherever he be, in Moscow or Chicago, in Stockholm or Rome—if only the tune of the "International" strikes his ears, he knows he is with comrades whose hearts beat in rhythm with his own.

KARL H. WIJK.

(Written for the Landkaening, 1922.)

L'Internationale

Musique de Degeyter | Paroles d'Eugène Pottier

Marche

De-bout! les damnés de la terre -
-re! De-bout! les forçats de la faim! La
rai-son tonne en son cra-tère C'est l'é-rup-tion
de la fin Du pas-de faisons ta-ble ra-
se Foules-clave de-bout, de-bout! Le mon-de
va changer de ba-se Nous ne som-mes rien soy-ons
tout! C'est la lut-te fi-na-le Groupons-nous et de-main
-l'in-ter-na-tio-na-le Se-ra le genre hu-main! C'est la
lut-te fi-na-le Groupons-nous et de-main L'in-ter-
na-tio-na — le Se-ra le genre hu-main!



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