

SOUND OF REVOLUTION

INSIDE STORY



The fall of the Iron Curtain twenty years ago was a unique event raising strong emotions all across Europe. What better way of recapturing the exceptional spirit of change that was in the air during these weeks than through the hymns that inspired the people tearing down the walls with their protests? These hymns, brought together on this CD, are the songs of workers' movements, national anthems that were rediscovered with a renewed meaning of self-determination and freedom, or simple pop songs which in their subtle wording expressed the spirit of protest felt by the people in the streets.

This "Sound of Revolution" stands most importantly for the will for change that drove the peoples of Central and Eastern Europe: when they mobilised to bring down the walls that separated us, they mobilised for clear ideas, for peace, democracy and prosperity – they mobilised for what we see today as the very core of European integration. And this makes this "Sound of Revolution" also the "Sound of Europe": many voices, different tones, but a common will to shape the future of our continent.

Der Fall des Eisernen Vorhangs vor zwanzig Jahren war ein einzigartiges Ereignis, das damals in ganz Europa eine Welle heftiger Emotionen ausgelöst hat. Was könnte die außergewöhnliche Stimmung des Wandels jener Wochen besser aufleben lassen, als die Lieder, die damals die Menschen inspirierten, die mit ihren Protesten die Mauern zum Einstürzen brachten?

„Sound of Revolution“ hat genau diese Lieder zusammengetragen: Die Songs der Arbeiterbewegungen, die Nationalhymnen, die plötzlich im neuen Licht eines Freiheitsgeists wiederentdeckt wurden, oder einfach Popsongs, die mit ihren subtilen Liedtexten die Protesthaltung der Menschen in den Straßen zum Ausdruck brachten.

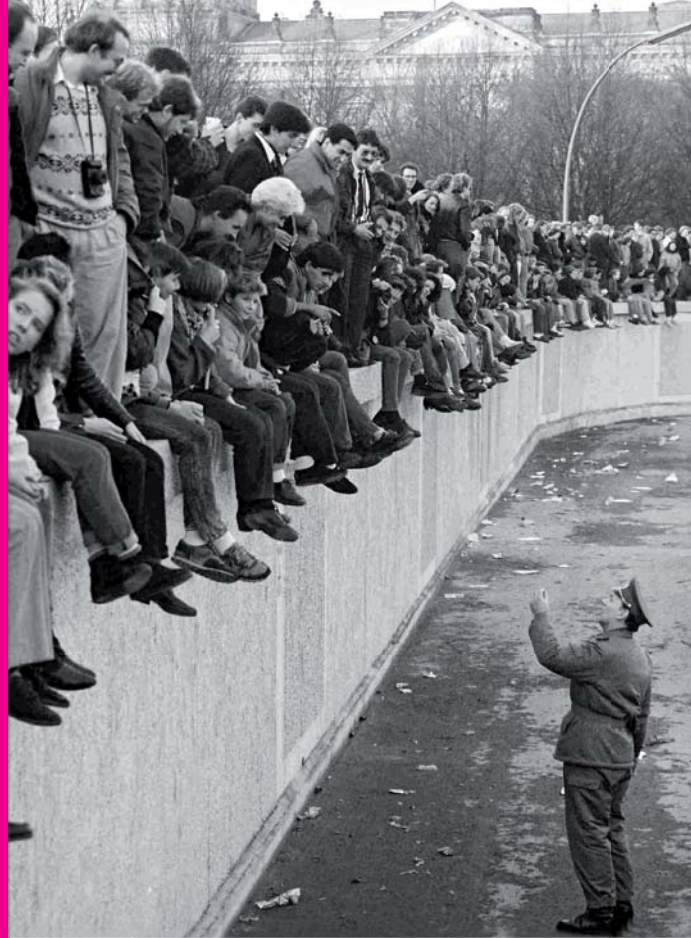
Dieser „Sound of Revolution“ steht vor allem für den Veränderungswillen der Menschen in Mittel- und Osteuropa: Als diese Menschen damals loszogen, um die Mauern einzureißen, die uns trennten, kämpften sie für klare Überzeugungen. Sie kämpften für Frieden, Demokratie und Wohlstand – sie kämpften für das, was wir heute als das „Herz“ des europäischen Projektes betrachten. Und das macht den „Sound of Revolution“ auch zum „Sound of Europe“: Viele Stimmen, unterschiedliche Töne, aber der gemeinsame Wille, die Zukunft unseres Kontinents zu gestalten.

La chute du Rideau de fer il y a vingt ans a constitué un évènement unique qui a suscité des émotions fortes à travers l'Europe. Comment mieux restituer l'exceptionnel esprit de changement qui a soufflé durant ces semaines qu'en reproduisant les hymnes qui ont inspiré les protestataires qui abattaient les murs?

Ces hymnes, réunis dans ce CD, sont les chansons des mouvements de travailleurs, des hymnes nationaux dont on a redécouvert la signification liée à la liberté, ou simplement des chansons populaires qui dans leur formulations subtiles expriment l'esprit de contestation ressenti par la population descendue dans les rues.

Ce CD « Sound of Revolution » représente fondamentalement l'esprit de changement qui a guidé les peuples d'Europe Centrale et Orientale lorsqu'ils se sont mobilisés pour abattre les murs qui nous séparaient, pour des idées simples, pour la paix, la démocratie et la prospérité – ces idées que nous considérons aujourd'hui comme au « cœur » de l'intégration européenne. Cela fait de ces « airs de la Révolution » également des « airs de l'Europe »: de nombreuses voix, des sons différents, mais une volonté commune de modeler le futur de notre continent.

Berlin, 11 November 1989.
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Federal Government of Germany/Lehnartz



Herbst In Peking

Bakschischrepublik
(Baksheesh republic)

Against the background of samples from official speeches and choirs singing the "Internationale", "Bakschischrepublik" mocks the idolatry of the official cultural policy of the East German State and predicts the fall of the "red Gods".

Written during the summer 1989, the song became the hymn of what the Germans call the "turn" ("die Wende"). The band's name "Herbst In Peking" (Autumn in Beijing) was inspired by a Boris Vian novel – long before the brutal massacre of Tiananmen Square in June 1989. When the group openly protested against the massacre in China, it immediately lost its permission to perform. The band continued to give underground concerts.

Lyrics: Rex Joswig
[Müller-Fornah, Istschenko/Joswig]
(P) 1989/90 Peking Records
Licensed courtesy of Peking Records
www.herbst-in-peking.de

*Wir leben in der Bakschischrepublik
Und es gibt keinen Sieg
Die Hoffnung ist ein träges Vieh
Und nährt sich an der Staatsdoktrin*

*Man wird die Roten Götter schleifen
Viele wer'n es nicht begreifen
Der Götzendiener pisst sich ein
So einfach ist es, Mensch zu sein*

*Wir leben in der Bakschischrepublik
Und es gibt keinen Sieg
Schwarz Rot Gold ist das System
Morgen wird es untergehen*

*Das Volk, es wird in Trance verfallen
Und eine alte Hymne lallen
„Die Internationale erkämpft
das Menschenrecht“*

*Schwarz Rot Gold ist das System
Morgen wird es untergehen
Der Götzendiener pisst sich ein,
Es könnte alles falsch gewesen sein*

*We live in the Baksheesh Republic
And there will be no victory
Hope is just a sluggish beast
That feeds off the doctrine of the state*

*The Red gods will be razed to the ground
Many will not understand this
The idolator is wetting himself
Being human is as easy as that*

*We live in the Baksheesh Republic
And there will be no victory
The black, red and gold is our system
Tomorrow it will collapse and die*

*The people will fall into a trance
Babbling an ancient hymn
"The Internationale fights for human
rights"*

*The black, red and gold is our system
Tomorrow it will collapse and die
The idolator is wetting himself
That everything may have been wrong*

Translated by: Rex Joswig

Kiril Marichkov

Az sum prosto chovek
Аз Съм Просто Човек
(I am just a human being)

With its clear rejection of ideology, Marichkov's "Az sum prosto chovek" ("I am just a human being") expressed the craving of the Bulgarian people for personal freedom after decades of Communist rule.

Written by Marichkov's band "Shturtsite" during the pre-election campaign in 1990, the song became an unofficial hymn of the democratic opposition. "Shturtsite" is one of the most influential rock groups in Bulgaria. While founder Marichkov mainly works on solo projects today, the band celebrated its 40th anniversary with a tour in 2007.

Music, lyrics & arrangement: Kiril Marichkov
Producer: Kiril Marichkov
Performer: Kiril Marichkov & The Crickets
Label: ET "Shturets"-Kiril Marichkov

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Аз не съм комунист
и никога няма да бъда.
Аз не съм нихилист
и никога няма да бъда.
Аз не съм антихрист
И никога няма да бъда.
Аз съм просто човек.
Аз съм просто човек!

Аз не съм екстремист
и никога няма да бъда.
Аз не съм шовинист
и никога няма да бъда.
Аз не съм терорист
И никога няма да бъда.
Аз съм просто човек.
Аз съм просто човек!

Обичам синьото небе, обичам земята.
Обичам твоето лице, обичам светлината.
Обичам вашите ръце – зовящи свободата!
И мразя всеки, който ми пречи
да бъда Човек!

Аз не съм бюрократ
и никога няма да бъда.
Аз не съм технократ
и никога няма да бъда.
Аз не съм тарикат
И никога няма да бъда.
Аз съм просто човек.
Аз съм просто човек!

Обичам синьото небе, обичам земята.
Обичам твоето лице, обичам светлината.
Обичам вашите ръце! Обичам свободата!
И мразя всеки, който ми пречи
да бъда Човек!

Аз не съм комунист, аз не съм нихилист,
аз не съм шовинист, аз не съм терорист,
аз не съм антихрист, аз не съм екстремист.
Аз съм просто човек!

Аз не съм бюрократ, аз не съм технократ,
аз не съм тарикат, аз не съм плутократ,
аз не съм психопат, аз не съм общопризнат.
Аз съм просто човек!

Аз не съм милитарист, аз не съм маоист,
аз не съм ционист, аз не съм каратист,
аз не съм утопист
Аз съм просто човек!

Аз не съм сталинист, аз не съм рецидивист,
аз не съм националист, аз не съм
колективист,
аз не съм тованист, аз не съм оноваист
Аз съм просто човек!

I'M JUST A HUMAN BEING

*I am not communist
And I will never become one.
I am not nihilist
And I will never become one.
I am not anti-Christ
And I will never become one.
I am just a human being.
I am just a human being!*

*I am not extremist
And I will never become one.
I am not chauvinist
And I will never become one.
I am not terrorist
And I will never become one.
I am just a human being.
I am just a human being!*

*Refrain
I love the sky of blue above, I love our green Earth.
I love your darling lovely face, I love the sunshine.
I love your hands up in the air - that call for freedom.
And I hate the ones who stand in my way
To be a human being!*

*I am not bureaucrat
And I will never become one.
I am not technocrat
And I will never become one.
I am not a sly cat
And I will never become one.
I am just a human being.
I am just a human being!*

*Refrain
I love the sky of blue above, I love our green Earth.
I love your darling lovely face, I love the sunshine.
I love your hands up in the air! I love the freedom!
And I hate the ones who stand in my way
To be a human being!*

*I am not communist, I am not nihilist,
I am not chauvinist, I am not terrorist,
I am not anti-Christ, I am not extremist.
I am just a human being!*

*I am not bureaucrat, I am not technocrat,
I am not a sly cat, I am not plutocrat,
I am not psychopath, I'm not famous for all that.
I am just a human being!*

*I am not militarist, I am not Mao-ist,
I am not Zionist, I am not karate-ist,
I am not Leninist, I am not Utopist.
I am just a human being!*

*I am not Stalinist, I am not recidivist,
I am not nationalist, I am not collectivist,
I am not a this-ist, I am not a that-ist.
I am just a human being!*



Border opening,
East German officials watch the new border
post at the Potsdamer Platz;
the masses wait for it to be opened.
Berlijn, 12 November 1989.
© Ulfert Bild / Roger-Viollet

Ivan Hoffman

Sľúbili sme si lásku

(We promised love to each other)

When Hoffmann first presented "Sľúbili sme si lásku" at a major public rally in Bratislava in November 1989, the song became an instant sensation and was then played – either live or from records – at most public demonstrations taking place all over the country in the heated months of December 1989 and January 1990. Hoffmann works today as a journalist and photographer in Prague.

Music: Ivan Hoffman
Lyrics: Ivan Hoffman
Artist: Ivan Hoffman
(P) 1989 OPUS

*Videli sme tých, ktorí vystierali ruky
Mali ich prázdne a ešte bola tma
Po našich uliciach odvtedy prešli veky
Zobudili sme sa zo zlého sna*

*Sľúbili sme si lásku
Sľúbili vravieť pravdu len
Sľúbili sme si vydržať
Sľúbili sme si nový deň*

*Tí mladí za nás vystierali ruky
Za nás boli biť, za naše mlčanie
Po našich uliciach odvtedy prešli veky
A zaznelo Zlému posledné zvonenie*

*Sľúbili sme si lásku
Sľúbili vravieť pravdu len
Sľúbili sme si vydržať
Sľúbili sme si nový deň*

*Vystrime s nimi všetci prázdne ruky
a bude v nich naša budúcnosť
na našich uliciach podajme si ruky
neviery a strachu už ozaj bolo dost'*

*Sľúbili sme si lásku
Sľúbili vravieť pravdu len
Sľúbili sme si vydržať
Sľúbili sme*

*We saw those who extended their hands.
Their hands were empty and it was still dark.
Since then, ages have passed along our streets.
We've woken up from a bad dream.*

*We promised each other love.
We promised to speak only the truth.
We promised that we would endure.
We promised ourselves a new day.*

*The youth extended hands for us.
They were beaten for us, for our silence.
Since then, ages have passed along our streets
And bells have rung an end to Evil.*

*We promised each other love.
We promised to speak only the truth.
We promised that we would endure.
We promised ourselves a new day.*

*Let's reach out empty hands to all of them,
And our future will be in them.
Let's offer hands to one another on our streets
There really has been enough of unfaithfulness and fear.*

*We promised each other love.
We promised to speak only the truth.
We promised that we would endure.
We promised.*

Marta Kubišová

Modlitba pro Martu

(Prayer for Martha)

Initially, "Modlitba pro Martu" was actually the hymn of the 1968 Prague Spring. Reflecting a spirit of resistance, the song was however soon rediscovered in the days of uprising during the autumn 1989, and became one of the iconic songs of the Velvet Revolution.

Kubišová herself is closely associated with the artistic resistance against occupation in the 1970s. She was one of the main signatories of the civic initiative "Charter 77" and was banned from performing in Czechoslovakia until 1989. Kubišová had been singing in the band "Golden Kids" since the 1960s and continues working as a singer and actress today.

Music: Jindřich Brabec
Original words by Petr Rada, Marta Kubišová
Orchestr Golden Kids - conductor Josef Vobruba
(P) 1969 Supraphon - Courtesy of SUPRAPHON
MUSIC a.s.

Ať mír dál zůstává s touto krajinou.

*Zloba, závist, zášť, strach a svár,
ty ať pominou, ať už pominou.
Teď když tvá ztracená vláda věcí tvých zpět se k
tobě navrátí, lide, navrátí.*

*Z oblohy mrak zvolna odplová
a každý sklízí setbu svou.
Modlitba má ta ať promlouvá k srdcím,
která zloby čas nespálil
jak květy mraz, jak mraz.*

Ať mír dál zůstává s touto krajinou.

*Zloba, závist, zášť, strach a svár,
ty ať pominou, ať už pominou.
Teď když tvá ztracená vláda věcí tvých zpět se k
tobě navrátí, lide, navrátí.*

Let peace remain with this country.

*Malice, envy, hate, fear and contention,
Let these pass away, quickly pass away.
Now, when lost governance over your own
Concerns returns to you, people, returns.*

*The clouds are slowly rolling away
And everyone harvests what he has sown.
Let my prayer speak to the hearts,
Which times of malice have not burned,
Like frost burns the flowers, like frost.*

Let peace remain with this country.

*Malice, envy, hate, fear and contention,
Let these pass away, quickly pass away.
Now, when lost governance over your own
Concerns returns to you, people, returns.*

János Bródy

Ha én rózsá volnék (If I were a rose)

János Bródy, a star of the Hungarian beat culture of the 1960s, reinterpreted this old folksong about love. His lyrics were censored regularly, but they still managed to convey the people's desire for freedom. The original album featuring this song ("Jelbeszéd" – Sign language), written for singer Zsuzsa Koncz, was ordered back from the shops and destroyed in 1973, only to be republished ten years later in 1983. However, live concerts made "Ha én rózsá volnék" the crowds' favourite and the song soon gained symbolic importance. It was regularly performed before and during the events of the Hungarian regime change.

Ha én rózsá volnék 4'18» from the HCD 71105
Koncz Zsuzsa 'Jelbeszéd'
Licensed courtesy of Hungaroton Records

Ha én rózsá volnék,
nem csak egyszer nyílnék.
Minden évben négyszer
virágba borulnék.
Nyílnék a fiúnak,
nyílnék én a lánynak,
az igaz szerelemnek
és az elmúlásnak.

Ha én kapu volnék,
mindig nyitva állnék.
Akárhonnan jönne,
bárkit beengednék.
Nem kérdezném tőle:
„Hát téged ki küldött?”
Akkor lennék boldog,
ha mindenki eljött.

Ha én ablak volnék,
akkora nagy lennék,
hogy az egész világ
láthatóvá váljék.
Megértő szemekkel
átméznének rajtam,
akkor lennék boldog,
ha mindent megmutattam.

Ha én utca volnék,
mindig tiszta lennék.
Minden áldott este
fényben megfürödnék.
És ha engem egyszer
lánckerek taposna,
alattam a föld is
sírva beomolna.

Ha én zászló volnék,
soha nem lobognék.
Mindenféle szélnek
haragosa volnék.
Akkor lennék boldog,
ha kifeszítenének,
s nem lennék játéka
mindenféle szélnek.

If I were a rose,
I wouldn't blossom just once.
I would bring my flowers
Four times every year.
I would flourish for him,
I would flourish for her,
I'd blossom for true love
and the one passing away.

If I were a gateway,
I'd be open always.
Who came to visit,
I would allow them in.
I would never ask who
it was that sent them
I would be happy
if everybody came.

If I were a window,
I would be so large that
all the world could shine through.
One would just look through me
with eyes of understanding.
I would be happy
If I showed everything.

If I were a road,
I would always be clean.
Every single night I'd
wash myself in light.
And if ever I was
worn down by caterpillars,
even the ground beneath me
would crumble down, crying.

If I were a banner,
I wouldn't float in thin air.
I would be on bad terms
with all sorts of winds.
I would be happy
If I were tied stiff
and would not become
the toy of all sort of winds.

Deșteaptă-te române!

Deșteaptă-te române! (Wake up, Romanian)

"Deșteaptă-te, române" is the "sound of revolution" in Romania. Written during the revolution of 1848, the song, with its references to the roots of the Romanian nation and its call for self-determination, became the expression of patriotism whenever the Romanian people had to defend their freedom. Naturally, it became the "soundtrack" of the dramatic events of December 1989 when the demonstrating crowds made the traditional song their hymn of protest. After 1989, "Deșteaptă-te, române" became the national anthem of Romania – until 1994, it was equally the anthem of Moldova.

Lyrics : Andrei Muresanu (1816-1863)
Music : Anton Pann (1796-1854)
(P) 1977 ELECTRECORD

Deșteaptă-te, române, din somnul cel de moarte,
În care te-adânciră barbarii de tirani
Acum ori niciodată croiește-ți altă soartă,
La care să se-nchine și cruzii tăi dușmani.

Priviți, mărețe umbre, Mihai, Ștefan, Corvine,
Româna națiune, ai voștri strănepoți,
Cu brațele armate, cu focul vostru-n vine,
«Viața-n libertate ori moarte» strigă toți.

Acum ori niciodată să dăm dovezi în lume
Că-n aste mâni mai curge un sânge de roman,
Și că-n a noastre piepturi păstrăm cu fală-un nume
Triumfător în lupte, un nume de Traian.

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Wake up, Romanian, from your deadly sleep
Into which you've been sunk by the barbaric tyrants
Now, or never, your fate renew,
To which your enemies will bow too.

Watch on, shadows of highnesses, Mihai, Stefan, Corvinus,
The Romanian Nation, your great grandchildren,
With weapons in their arms, with your fire in their veins,
"Life in freedom or death!" shout all.

Now or never let's give proof to the world
That in these veins still flows a Roman blood,
That in our chests we still maintain our pride in a name
The victor in his battles, the name of Trajan!

Tõnis Mägi

Koit
(Dawn)

Estonia's peaceful struggle for independence could not be imagined without music: the protests themselves were actually born on the Tallinn Song Festival grounds, when thousands of citizens started gathering spontaneously for the so-called "night song festivals" during the summer 1988. One of these gatherings, the "Estonian Song" event, brought together more than 200,000 demonstrators who performed patriotic songs and, for the first time, publicly called for the restoration of Estonian independence. Tõnis Mägi's "Koit" is closely associated with these events as one of the anthems of the Estonian "Singing Revolution". When the 20th anniversary of the night song festivals was celebrated in August 2008, Mägi once again performed the song.

Composer: Mägi Tõnis sünd.1948, Estonian
Lyrics: Mägi Tõnis
Performer: Eesti Raadio segakoor, Põder Aare, süntesaator,
Vaht, Andrus, Iõkriistad, Mägi Tõnis,
põhiesineja, meeshäl
Conductor: Üleoja Ants, © 1989 Eesti Raadio.

*On jälle aeg selg sirgu lüüa
Ja heita endalt orjarüü.
Et loomishoos, kõik loodu koos
Võiks sündida kui uuesti...*

*On Koit, Kuninglik loit
Valguse võit aratad maa,
Prii on taevapiir. Esimene kiir
Langemas me maale.*

*Hõik, murrame kõik.
Et vabana saaks hingata taas.
Näe, on murdunud jää.
Ulatagem käed. Ühendagem väed,*

*Nõul, ühisel nõul, ühisel jõul
Me suudame kõik.
Ees on ainus tee, vabaduse tee.
Teist ei olla saagi.*

*Võim, valguse võim
Priiusse hõim. Läheme koos.
Huulil rõõmuhüüd, näe on kaljust käe
Kätte saanud Hiid...*

*Usk, edasi viib
Taevane kiir, saatmas on meid.
Nii, on võiduni jäänud veel üks samm.
Lühikene samm*

*Maa, Isade maa
On piha see maa, mis vabaks nüüd saab.
Laul, me võidu laul, kõlama las jääb.
Peagi Vabat Eestit sa näed.*

*It's time again to straighten our backs
And throw off the yoke of slavery,
So in the swing of creation, all formation
Could be born again...*

*It's dawn, the royal flame,
The triumph of light awakes the land.
Free is the pale sky. The first ray is
Falling down on our land.*

*Call – we'll break it all,
So we could breathe as free again.
Look, the ice has cracked,
Hold out your hands, unify your forces.*

*All in one accord, in joint effort
We can do it all.
Before us the only way, the way of freedom,
There can be no other.*

*Might, the power of light,
The tribe of freedom, we'll go as one
On our lips the cry of joy.
Look, the giant has caught
his hand from the boulder...*

*Faith carries us on
The heavenly ray is accompanying us all.
Now we're a step away from victory,
Only a short step away.*

*Land, our fathers' land,
It's a sacred land to be freed again.
Song, our victory song, let it sound forever.
Soon you'll see the free Estonia.*

Európa Kiadó

Szavazz ráml!
(Vote for me!)

With the ironic appeal "Vote for me!", "Szavazz ráml!" caricatures the unrealistic promises used by parties to lure voters in the run-up to the first free elections in Hungary in 1989. "Szavazz ráml!" was the lead song and title of the album published by underground rock group Európa Kiadó ("Europe Publishing House") in 1989. Európa Kiadó was founded in 1981, but was not allowed to publish until 1987. The band split up in the mid-1990s but reunited in 2004 for a performance on 30 April, on the eve of the EU enlargement. Playing through midnight, Európa Kiadó became the first band to perform in "European" Hungary.

Jenő Menyhárt, János Gasner - Péter Müller:
Lyrics: Péter Müller
Szavazz ráml! 8:19» from the HCD 71066
Licensed courtesy of Hungaroton Records

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„Nem tudom, megpróbáltál-e már elképze-
lni engem a slágerlista élén...
Nyitott Mercedesen gördülök a rep-
téri úton, kétoldalt délceg motorosok
kísérnek. Barátságosan integetnek.
Kinyílik a gép ajtaja, kilép egy férfi...
kizuhan – és szájon csókol. Keletről
jött diplomatának gondolná az ember,
pedig Alice Cooper az, megismerem
a nyakában!tekerő óriáskigyórl!
Biztat... És én elkezdem választási
beszédemet.”

*Szavazz ráml!
Beváltom minden reményed.
Nincs hangod?
Használd az enyémet!
Elindulok,
Ha harc, legyen harc!
Szavazz ráml,
Régóta engem akarsz!*

*Pokoli vagyok!
Iszonyú szavahihető vagyok!
Gyönyörűen fogok énekelni,
Ha kapok még egy szavazatot!
Szavazz ráml!*

*Ha majd a csúcson leszek,
Akkor is szeretlek Téged!
A Népem leszel
És én a Népzénezed!*

*Szavazz ráml!
Válassz tisztességesen!
Válassz meg,
Különbön végeznek velem.
Válassz meg!
Hidd el, hogy jobban jársz velem!
Szavazz ráml,
Bizalmadat úgy élvezem!*

„En úgy vagyok szép,
Ahogy az Noked jó!
A Te szavad
A döntő szó,
Szavazz ráml!

„Emlékezz majd arra, ami most van!
Lépj be
a fülkébe... Gondosan húzd be magad
mögött
a függönyt... A borítékban egy
cédulát találsz... alaposan húzd át a
másik nevet... Ragaszd le a borítékot...
és dobd be az urnába!... Emlékezz
majd arra, ami most van!”
Már meg is választottál!
Valóra válik minden álmod.
Fontos döntést hoztál:
Sikerült engem megtalálnod.

*Tudom, eddig mindegy volt,
Mostantól fontos lesz neked.
Mentsd meg a megmentőt!
Mentsd meg -- hogy megmenthesselek.*

„Lenin, Jagger és Clara Zetkin engem
javasolt. En vagyok a megbízható
anti-futurista!
A monumentális propaganda tárgya!
Szavazz ráml!”

*Szavazz ráml!
Undor és rémület fog el!
Szavazz ráml!
Mindenki minket figyel!
Szavazz ráml!
Válassz meg!*

Szavazz ráml!

English version

VOTE FOR ME!

"I don't know if you've tried to imagine me on top of the charts yet... My Mercedes cabriolet rolls down the road to the airport, on both sides sturdy bikers escort me. They wave at me hospitably. The door of the plane opens and a man steps out... falls out and kisses me on the lips. One would think he is a diplomat from the East, but no, I recognize Alice Cooper from the snake wriggling in his neck. He encourages me... and I begin my election speech."

Vote for me!
I'll realize all your hopes.
Have you no voice?
You can just use mine!
I'll begin,
if it's a fight, a fight it shall be!
Vote for me,
it's me you've been waiting for so long.

I'm popular like hell!
I'm extremely credible!
I'll sing beautifully
if I get just one more vote.
Vote for me!

When I'm on the top,
I'll still be loving you!
You'll be my Folk,
and I'll be your Folk Musician!

Vote for me!
Choose honestly!
Elect me,
or I'll be done away with.
Elect me!
Believe me that it'll be better with me!
Vote for me,
I enjoy your trust so much!

I'm pretty the way
that's good for you!
Your word is
the decisive word.
Vote for me!

"Remember what is now! Step into the booth... draw the curtain carefully behind... in the envelope you'll find a slip... cross the other name, obliterate it... seal the envelope... and cast it into the box... Remember what is now!"
And you have elected me!
All your dreams will come true.
You've made an important decision:
You've succeeded in finding me.

I know, it's been indifferent so far,
from now on, it'll be important for you.
Save your saver!
Save me, so I can save you.

"Lenin, Jagger, and Clara Zetkin recommend me. I'm the reliable anti-futurist, the object of the monumental propaganda.
Vote for me!"

Vote for me!
You're caught by nausea and fear!
Vote for me!
Everyone's watching us!
Vote for me!
Elect me!

Vote for me!

Young people tearing down the Berlin Wall.
Berlin, 10 November 1989.
© Ullstein Bild / Roger-Viollet

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Viktors Zemgals, Žilvinas Bubelis, Tarmo Pihlap

Atmostas Baltija

(Wake up, Baltic countries)

The symbolic importance of this hymn for the Baltic struggle for independence cannot be underestimated: the song was especially written for the "Baltic Chain" on 23 August 1989 which brought together two million people from all three Baltic states, forming a 600-km-long human chain on the road leading from Vilnius to Tallinn. The mass rally sought to commemorate the 50th anniversary of the Molotov Ribbentrop Pact through which the Baltic states had lost their independence. At the same time, the event made clear that the Baltic will for independence was unbroken and that, as the lyrics state, "the three sisters are waking up from their sleep". The song is performed by musicians from the three states, with all of them singing in their mother tongue.

Viktors Zemgals, Žilvinas Bubelis,
Tarmo Pihlap - Atmostas Baltija
(B.Reznjks/ V.Pavlovskis)
Produced by Borisz Reznjks
Recorded in 1989
© *P) Borisz Reznjks under exclusive license
to Microphone Records

*Trīs māsas jūras malā stāv,
Tās nespēks un nogurums māt.
Tur brādāta zeme un dvēseles,
Trīs tautu gods un prāts.*

*Bet torņos jau likteņa zvani skan,
Un jūra bangoties sāk.
Trīs māsas no miega modušās,
Par sevi pastāvēt nāk.*

*Atmostas Baltija, atmostas Baltija,
Lietuva, Latvija, Igaunija!
Atmostas Baltija, atmostas Baltija,
Lietuva, Latvija, Igaunija!*

*Prie jūros miega sesės trys
Jas slegia pančiai, nevilts
Klajoja lyg elgeta pajūriu
Dvasia tautų garbės*

*Bet varpas likimo nuaidi vēl
Ir jūra šiaušīa bangas
Trys sesēs iš miego kyla jau
Apginti savo garbēs.*

*Bunda jau Baltija, bunda jau Baltija,
Lietuva, Latvija, Estija!
Bunda jau Baltija, bunda jau Baltija,
Lietuva, Latvija, Estija!*

*Kolm õde mere palged ees,
neid uinutas lainete laul.
Kolm rahvast siin sajanedeid heideldes
tõid ohvriks muistse au.*

*Kui tornides juba lõõb kella hääl,
merd haarab vabaduspüüid.
Et saatust ja elu kaitseda,
kolm õde virguvad nüüd.*

*Ārgake Baltimaad, ārgake Baltimaad,
Leedumaa, Lātimaa, Eestimaa!
Ārgake Baltimaad, ārgake Baltimaad,
Leedumaa, Lātimaa, Eestimaa!*

*Atmostas Baltija, atmostas Baltija,
Lietuva, Latvija, Igaunija!*

*Bunda jau Baltija, bunda jau Baltija,
Lietuva, Latvija, Estija!*

*Ārgake Baltimaad, ārgake Baltimaad,
Leedumaa, Lātimaa, Eestimaa!*

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*Three sisters face the sea,
They were lulled by the song of waves.
Three nations, struggling for centuries,
Sacrificed the ancient honour.*

*When in steeples the bells are ringing,
The sea is longing for freedom.
To guard the destiny and life
Three sisters shall wake up now.*

*Wake up, Baltic states,
Lithuania, Latvia, Estonia!
Wake up, Baltic states,
Lithuania, Latvia, Estonia!*

*Wake up, Baltic states,
Lithuania, Latvia, Estonia!*

Vassil Naidenov, Villy Kavaldjiev, Georgi Mintchev, Bogdana Karadocheva, Margarita Hranova, Rositza Kirilova

Vremeto e nashe - 45 godini stigat

(The time is ours - 45 years are enough)

"Vremeto e nashe - 45 godini stigat" makes it clear that the "sound of revolution" not only voiced the protest of the Bulgarian people against the old regime ("45 years are enough"), but also expressed their wish for a new era in which the people would determine the destiny of the country. "Time is ours", the protestors were singing during the demonstrations before the first democratic elections, "it's time for hope and for humaneness". As the slogan of the opposition movement, "time is ours" became one of the most memorable mottoes of the democratic changes in Bulgaria.

Music: Boris Karadimtchev
Lyrics: Alexander Petrov
Arrangement: Kristian Bojadjiev
Performed by: Vassil Naidenov, Villy Kavaldjiev,
Georgi Mintchev, Bogdana Karadocheva,
Margarita Hranova, Rositza Kirilova
Produced by: Alexander Petrov
©Alexander Petrov (P) Lasteri music
From the compilation called «Spomeni ot budesheto»
«Memories from the future» in 1999 distributed
by Polysound

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Колко ли сезони ще отминат,
за да видим слънцето в очите...
Колко брегове ще се измият...
И съдби... Съдби ще се преплитат...

Колко ли надежди разпилени,
като пясък има по земята...
Можем ли мечтите неродени –
да спасим... Сега, от тук нататък...

Четиресет и пет години стигат!
Времето е наше!

Колко време още ни остава...
Минало... И бъдеще... И днешно...
Не за спомен, не и за забора –
време за надежда и човечност.

Четиресет и пет години стигат!
Времето е наше!

*How many seasons will pass?
To see the sun in the eyes...
How many coasts will wash away...
And destinies ... destinies will weave*

*How many hopes cast away
As sand on the ground...
May the hopes unborn
Be saved... Now,
From now on...*

*Forty-five years are enough!
The time is ours!*

*How many time we have left...
Past... and the future...and the present
Not for memories not for oblivion
Time for hope and humanity.
Forty-five years are enough!
The time is ours!*

*Forty-five years are enough!
The time is ours!*

Zoran Predin

Zdravljica (A Toast)

“Zdravljica” is not only the “sound of revolution” in Slovenia, but very much the “sound of Slovenia” itself. The song is based on a poem by Slovene national poet France Prešeren which was later set to music by Stanko Premrl.

Written in 1844, when Slovenia was part of the Habsburg Empire, the poem expressed the Slovene longing for independence. At the end of the 1980s, the hymn was rediscovered as a strong symbol for the Slovene right to self-determination. Especially when, during the summer 1988, mass demonstrations spread in protest against the “trial of the Four”, a political trial held against four opposition journalists, “Zdravljica” was heard in the streets. As such, the song has become a symbol of the democratic opposition movement and of the first steps of Slovenia towards independence, which was achieved in 1991. Today, the 7th stanza of “Zdravljica” is the Slovene national anthem.

Music: Stanko Premrl
Lyrics: France Prešeren
Arrangement: Zoran Predin
Album title: Na Krilih Prvega Poljuba
(On The Wings of The First Kiss), 2004.

*Spet trte so rodile,
prijat' lji, vince nam sladko,
ki nam oživilja žile,
srce razjasni in oko,
ki utopi
vse skrbi,
v potrtih prsih up budi.*

*Komu najpred veselo
zdravljico, bratje, č' mo zapet'?*
*Bog našo nam deželo,
Bog živi ves slovenski svet,
brate vse,
kar nas je
sinov sloveče matere!*

*Bog živi vas, Slovene,
prelepe, žlahtne rožice!
Ni take je mladenke,
ko naše je krvi dekle;
naj sinov
zarod nov
iz vas bo strah sovražnikov!*

*Nazadnje še, prijat' lji,
kozarec zase vzdignimo,
ki smo zato se zbrat' li,
ker dobro v srcu mislimo.
Dokaj dni
naj živi
Bog, kar nas dobrih je ljudi!*

*The vintage, friends, is over,
And here sweet wine makes, once again,
Sad eyes and hearts recover,
Puts fire in every vein,
Drowns dull care
Everywhere
And summons hope out of despair.*

*To whom with acclamation
And song shall we our first toast give?
God save our land and nation
And all Slovenes where'er they live,
Who own the same
Blood and name,
And who one glorious Mother claim.*

*To you, our pride past measure,
Our girls! Your beauty, charm and grace!
here surely is no treasure
To equal maidens of such race.
Sons you'll bear,
Who will dare
Defy our foe no matter where.*

*At last to our reunion
To us the toast! Let it resound,
Since in this gay communion
By thoughts of brotherhood we're bound.
May joyful cheer
Ne'er disappear
From all good hearts now gathered here.*

Translated by: Janko Laurin

Hora unirii

Hora unirii (Dance of unity)

As “Deșteaptă-te, române”, “Hora Unirii” dates back to the 19th century: written in 1855 by Vasile Alecsandri (1821-1890), the song became the hymn of the unification of the Romanian Principalities, Valachia and Moldavia, in 1859. Based on a traditional dance in which all participants move in a circle, “Hora unirii” recalls the unity and harmony of the Romanian people. The song was naturally taken up by the protestors of 1989, especially during the early days of uprising in Timișoara.

Music: Alexandru Flechtenmacher
Lyrics: Vasile Alecsandri
Artists: Corul si Orchestra Ansamblului Doina al Armatei
Dirijor Dinu Stelian
(P) 1977 ELECTRECORD

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*Hai să dăm mână cu mână
Ce-i cu inima română,
Să-nvârtim hora frației
Pe pământul Românie!*

*larba rea din holde piară!
Piară dușmanii din țară!
Între noi să nu mai fie
Decât flori și armonie!*

*Măi muntene, măi vecine,
Vino să te prinzi cu mine
Și la viață cu unire,
Și la moarte cu-nfrățire!*

*Unde-i unul, nu-i putere
La nevoi și la durere.
Unde-s doi, puterea crește
Și dușmanul nu sporește!*

*Amândoi suntem de-o mamă,
De-o făptură și de-o seamă,
Ca doi brazi într-o tulpină,
Ca doi ochi într-o lumină.*

*Amândoi avem un nume,
Amândoi o soartă-n lume,
Eu ți-s frate, tu mi-ești frate,
În noi doi un suflet bate!*

*Vin' la Milcov cu grăbire
Să-l secăm dintr-o sorbire,
Ca să treacă drumul mare
Peste-a noastre vechi hotare,*

*Și să vază sfântul soare
Într-o zi de sărbătoare
Hora noastră cea frățească
Pe câmpia românească!*

*Join hands
All people with a Romanian heart,
Dance the dance of brotherhood
On Romanian land!*

*Pull the weeds from our crops!
Drive the enemies from our country!
Let flowers and harmony
Bloom amongst us!*

*Come, Wallachian, my neighbour,
Take my hand; let's dance,
Let's live united,
And die as brothers!*

*A lonely man in need
And pain is weak,
But by uniting we grow stronger,
And the enemy will not prevail!*

*We are children of the same mother,
Of the same age and stature,
Two branches of the same pine tree,
Two eyes of the same light.*

*We share a common name
We share a common fate,
As brothers, you are my brother
With the same heartbeat!*

*Come to Milcov river
And let's drain it,
And we unite
So our old borders vanish*

*May the holy sun shine
On a festive day
On our brotherly dance
Upon the Romanian plain!*



Fall of the Berlin Wall.
East and West German policemen
at the Potsdamer Platz, Berlin, 15 November 1989.
© BPA / Ullstein Bild / Roger-Viollet

Jacek Kaczmarski

Mury (Walls)

"Loosen the chains, break the whip!
And the walls will fall, fall, fall!"
With its strong message of struggling against oppressive authorities, "Mury" was quickly accepted as the unofficial anthem of Solidarność, the Polish trade union federation and core of the anti-communist social movement. Sung by protesting workers and students, its refrain became the signal of underground Radio Solidarity. This gained Kaczmarski the title of "bard of Solidarność". Jacek Kaczmarski (1957-2004), singer, poet and author, was on tour in France when martial law was declared in Poland in December 1981. He chose not to return to his home country until 1990.

Music: L.Uach Grande
Polish lyrics: Jacek Kaczmarski
(P) 1999 POMATON EMI
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*On natchniony i młody był, ich nie policzyłby nikt
On im dodawał pieśnią sił, śpiewał że blisko już świt.
Świec tysiące palili mu, znad głów podnosił się dym,
Śpiewał, że czas by runął mur...
Oni śpiewali wraz z nim:*

*Wyrwij murem zęby krat!
Zerwij kajdany, połam bat!
A mury runą, runą, runą
I pogrzebią stary świat!*

*Wkrótce na pamięć znali pieśń i sama melodia bez słów
Niosła ze sobą starą treść, dreszcze na wskroś serc i głów.
Śpiewali więc, klaskali w rytm, jak wystrzał poklask ich
brzmiał,
I ciężły łańcuch, zwlekał świt...
On wciąż śpiewał i grał:*

*Wyrwij murem zęby krat!
Zerwij kajdany, połam bat!
A mury runą, runą, runą
I pogrzebią stary świat!*

*Aż zobaczyli ilu ich, poczuli siłę i czas,
I z pieśnią, że już blisko świt szli ulicami miast;
Zwalali pomniki i rwali bruk-Ten z nami! Ten przeciw nam!
Kto sam ten nasz najgorszy wróg!
A śpiewak także był sam.*

*Patrzył na równy tłumów marsz,
Milczał wstuchany w kroków huk,
A mury rosły, rosły, rosły
Łańcuch kołysał się u nóg...*

*Patrzy na równy tłumów marsz,
Milczy wstuchany w kroków huk,
A mury rosną, rosną, rosną
Łańcuch kołysze się u nóg...*

Translated by: Daniel Wyszogrodzki

*He was young and inspired
The others were uncountable
He gave them strength with his song
He sang that the dawn was near*

*They lit thousands of candles for him
The smoke rose over their heads
He sang that it was time for the walls to fall
And they sang along with him:*

*Pull the teeth-like bars from the walls
Break the shackles and crack the whip
And the walls will tumble, tumble down
And bury the old world*

*Soon they knew the song by heart
And the melody itself – without the words
Carried the well-known meaning
Causing heart to thrill and heads to shake*

*And so they sang, clapping hands
Making a sound like gunshots
The chain was heavy and the dawn delayed
But the singer still played and sang:*

*Pull the teeth-like bars from the walls
Break the shackles and crack the whip
And the walls will tumble, tumble down
And bury the old world*

*And they realized their number and felt their strength
And singing that the dawn is near they marched the streets
They brought down the monuments and tore up
the paving stones, shouting:*

*This one's with us! This one's against us!
Our enemy is standing alone!
And the singer was alone, too*

*He was looking at the marching crowd
In silence he listened to the marching steps
And the walls were rising, rising, rising
The chains dragging at their feet*

POLAND

Ieva Akurātere

Manai tautai (To my people)

Ieva Akurātere's "Manai tautai", written by exiled Latvians Brigita Ritmane and Andris Ritmanis, had its special place as the hymn of Latvian renaissance from the early days of the Singing Revolution onwards: when Akurātere for example performed the song at the annual festival for Baltic music in Liepāja in 1988, the entire audience rose to its feet and, in tears, sang along – although the concert hall was full of Soviet militia men. Akurātere became famous as a singer in "Pērkonis", a Latvian rock band repeatedly forbidden by the authorities for the politically sensitive lyrics of their songs. Akurātere recorded "Manai tautai" for her solo album "Spogulis" in 1988.

(B. Ritmane/ A. Ritmanis)
Produced by Ieva Akurātere
Recorded in 1988
© + (P) 1988 Ieva Akurātere under exclusive
license to Microphone Records

*Manas domas,
tās nakts skrien
Visāds ceļus
Uz priekšu, uz sāniem
Nereti riņķos*

*Manas saknes, es jūtu
Tās neaug, kā nākas
Pat auglīgā zemē
Tās liecās un nīkst*

*Mana tauta tā nīkst
Visās pasaules malās
Bez zemes savas
Tā cīnās un dalās*

*Mana tauta tā nīkst
Visās pasaules malās
Pat savā zemē
Tā neaug, kā nākas*

*Palīdzī, Dievs
Palīdzī, Dievs
Visai latviešu tautai
Saved to mājās
Pie Daugavas krastiem
Saved to mājās*

*Palīdzī, Dievs
Palīdzī, Dievs
Mūsu latviešu tautai
Dzīt saknes drīz
Brīvas Latvijas zemē
Dzīt saknes drīz
Brīvas Latvijas zemē*

*Katra diena tā sāp
Visai latviešu tautai
Dalītai, šķirtai
Tik skumji skan dziesma
Ofien in circles*

*Katra diena tā sāp
Visai latviešu tautai
Dalītai, šķirtai
Dzest lēnām mums
liesma*

*Palīdzī, Dievs
Palīdzī, Dievs
Visai latviešu tautai
Saved to mājās
Pie Daugavas krastiem
Saved to mājās*

*Palīdzī, Dievs
Palīdzī, Dievs
Mūsu latviešu tautai
Dzīt saknes drīz
Brīvas Latvijas zemē
Dzīt saknes drīz
Brīvas Latvijas zemē*

*At night,
my thoughts run away
Every which way
Forwards, sideways
Ofien in circles*

*I feel my roots
Not growin' as should be
Even in fertile soil
They wilt and shrivel*

*So my people shrivel
All over the world
Without their land
They fight and divide*

*So my people shrivel
All over the world
Even in their own land
Not growin' as should be*

*God, help
God, help
All the Latvian people
Take them home
To the shores
of the Daugava
Take them home*

*God, help
God, help
Our Latvian people
To lay down our roots soon
In the earth of free Latvia
To lay down our roots soon
In the earth of free Latvia*

*In pain every day
All the Latvian people
Separate, divided
A song that sounds so sad*

*In pain every day
All the Latvian people
Separate, divided
Our flame is slowly dyin'*

*God, help
God, help
All the Latvian people
Take them home
To the shores
of the Daugava
Take them home*

*God, help
God, help
Our Latvian people
To lay down our roots soon
In the earth of free Latvia
To lay down our roots soon
In the earth of free Latvia*

Opening of the border
between East and West Germany.
Russian cellist and conductor
Mstislav Rostropovich (1927-2007)
plays Bach next to Checkpoint Charlie.
Berlin, 12 November 1989.
© BPA / Ullstein Bild / Roger-Viollet



Jaroslav Hutka

Havlíčku, Havle (Dear Havlíček, Dear Havel)

This iconic song of the democratic changes in Czechoslovakia actually celebrates one of the icons of the Velvet Revolution itself: "Havlíčku, Havle" is a hymn to Václav Havel, the Czech writer and dissident who became one of the key figures of the opposition movement in Czechoslovakia. During the mass demonstrations of November and December 1989, protestors held up banners with the words "Havel na Hrad" – which literally means "Havel to the Castle" – and expressed their wish to see Havel become President, Prague Castle being the official seat of the President. On 29 December 1989, Havel was indeed elected by a unanimous vote of the Federal Assembly – the first non-Communist President in more than 40 years.

Havlíčku, Havle (1990 Live version)
Music & lyrics written by Jaroslav Hutka.
[P] © 1990 Jaroslav Hutka.
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Copyright Control. Published by OSA/BIEH.

*Mají tě v ohrádce, za mříž tě vsadili
Andělé z Brixenu, co vzývají násili
Pohádka pro děti, loutkové divadlo
Tahají za nitky nevyjdou na světlo*

*Refrain: A podle litery Paragraf šavle
Teď dumej o právu Havlíčku Havle*

*Trochus je popletl, řídil ses zákonem
Co platí nad lidmi a také nad pánem
Pán se však urazil, jaképak zákony
On přece nejlíp ví, kdo má být poslušný*

Refrain

*Co tě to napadlo foukat jim do kaše
Nejezdils na koni, cválal jsi na bleše
Pan Bach má básníky ve velké vážnosti
Jak rád je v erárních komůrkách pohosti*

Refrain

*Vždyť je to nerozum zkusit se s mocným přit
Mohl ses dobře mít, šlo by to zařádit
A při tvých schopnostech pán by tě zaměstnal
Stačilo pochopit, stranou bys nežůstal*

Refrain

*Potichu, bez hluku, přišli tě navštívit
Korektně, zdvořile, nemoh jsi odepřít
Hostinské pokoje, mistře, už čekají
Obkle si neberte, lepší tam dávají*

Refrain

*V Brixenu na rynku holky si šeptají
Zavřeli Havlíčka, lidi ho nedají
Vždyť uměl hezky říct, nač my jen mysleli
Že pěkněj mužskej byl, proto ho zavřeli*

Refrain

*They've got you in a cage, put you behind bars,
The Angels from Brixen, who pray to violence.
A children's fairy tale, a puppet theatre.
They pull on the strings, but hide in the dark.*

*Refrain: Now, by the law of the sword,
Ponder about rights, dear Havlíček Havel.*

*You confused them a little, you followed the rules,
Which apply to the people and also the nobleman.
The nobleman got angry, though. What kind of rules?
Of course, he knows best, who must obey.*

Refrain

*What were you thinking to blow on their pudding
You weren't riding a horse, you were galloping on a flea.
Mister Bach holds poets in great esteem.
How he loves to entertain them in government-issued closets.*

Refrain

*You know that it's foolish to contend with the powerful.
You could have had everything. It could have been arranged.
And with your abilities, the nobleman would have employed you.
It would have been enough to understand.
You wouldn't have been left out.*

Refrain

*Silently, without fanfare, they came to visit you.
Properly, courteously, you couldn't refuse.
The guest rooms, master, are ready and waiting.
Don't take your suit; they'll give you a better one.*

Refrain

*In Brixen, the girls are whispering on the square:
They've shut up Havlíček: the people won't let them.
He said very nicely things we only thought about.
He was a nice looking man: that's why they locked him up.*

Refrain

Silly

S.O.S

Published in early 1989, Silly's album "Februar" expressed the chaos and sense of moral sell-out felt by the East German people in the months before the Communist system finally collapsed. Most notoriously, "S.O.S" describes this feeling of resignation with its image of an "old ship full of fools" led by a captain ignoring the reefs and icebergs surrounding them, while the crew is not allowed to have a look at the compass. As the album was co-produced by two labels from East and West Germany, "Februar" could not be censored despite its critical lyrics. "Silly" was the most successful East German band of the 1980s. Singer Tamara Danz was co-initiator of the "rocker resolution" of September 1989, an appeal by East German rock musicians and songwriters for political reforms.

Composer: Danz / Halßecker
Lyrics: Gundermann / Danz
Arranger: Silly
Producer: Hoffmann
Vocals: Silly
[P] 1989 BMG Berlin Musik GmbH/Amiga Germany.

//////////

*Wir bezwingen Ozeane
Mitm gebrauchten Narrenschiff
Über uns lacht die goldne Fahne
Unter uns ein schwarzes Riff*

*Immer noch stampft die Dampfmaschine
Voll Kraft voraus
Immer noch gibt uns die Kantine
Kostenloses Essen aus*

*S.O.S.
Laßt die Bordkapelle spielen
S.O.S.
Einen Walzer mit Gefühlen
S.O.S.
Freßt und sauft und sauft und freßt
S.O.S.*

*Immer noch schwimmt da vorn der Eisberg
Nur die Spitze ist zu sehn
Immer noch träumen wir von Heimkehr
Und vertraun dem Kapitän*

*Immer noch glaubt der Mann im Ausguck
Einen Silberstreif zu sehn
Immer noch findet sich keiner der ausspuckt
Und keiner darf beim Kompass stehn
S.O.S.*

*Immer noch brennt bis früh um vier
In der Heizerkajüte Licht
Immer noch haben wir den Schlüssel
Von der Waffenkammer nicht
S.O.S.*

*We conquer oceans
In our age-old Ship of Fools
As a golden flag dances and flutters above us
And a black reef threatens below*

*Still our vessel steams ahead
At full speed
And still the mess
Churns out free food for us*

*S.O.S.
Let the ship's orchestra play
S.O.S.
A waltz with feelings
S.O.S.
Eat and drink and drink and eat
S.O.S*

*Up ahead there's still an iceberg
And it's tip is all we can see
Yet still we dream of returning home
And trust the ship's captain*

*Meanwhile, the lookout still believes
He's merely seeing a sliver of silver
So still nobody's spitting out anything
And nobody's allowed anywhere near the compass
S.O.S*

*Still through the night until 4 a.m.
A light is burning in the stoker's cabin
To which we still have the key
Though we don't have a key to the armoury
S.O.S*

Līvi

Dzimtā valoda (Mother tongue)

When looking at the band's name, it does not come as a surprise that rock band Līvi is known for its patriotic songs defending Latvian culture against Soviet cultural policy: legend has it that Līvi were a Latvian tribe making their living by pirating and fighting foreign oppressors. "Dzimtā valoda" (Mother tongue), a song about the fight of the Latvian people for their national language, reflects the rebellious spirit of the rock band which in the 1980s was temporarily banned from playing concerts. The band dates back to 1976; still performing today, Līvi have become the veterans of the Latvian rock scene.

[Ainars Virga/ G.Vīru, translation by I.Ziedonis]
Published by MicRec Publishing
Produced by Ainars Virga
Recorded in 1986
© + (P) 1986 Līvi under exclusive license
to Microphone Records

////////////////////

*Vienā valodā raud visi ļaudis,
Vienā valodā, valodā tie smeļ,
Tikai dzimtā valoda dzēš sāpes,
Prieku, dziesmas dod, atdod pasaulei.*

*Refrain
Dzimtā valoda ir māte, māte,
Dzimtā valoda, vīns vēl saldāks,
Dzimtā valoda, pasmejies pie sevis pats.*

*Kad tu nespēsi ne dziedāt, ne raudāt,
Kad tu nespēsi vairs it nekā,
Ar debesīm, zemi tu klusēsi,
Tas būs tavā dzimtā valodā.*

Refrain

Refrain

*Dzimtā valoda ir māte, māte,
Dzimtā valoda, vīns vēl saldāks,
Dzimtā valoda.*

*Everybody's cryin' in one tongue,
Laughin' in one tongue, tongue,
Only our mother tongue soothes the pain,
Through joy of song given to the world.*

*Refrain
Our mother tongue is our mother, mother,
Even sweeter wine, our mother tongue,
Chuckle to yourself, our mother tongue.*

*When you can no longer sing or cry,
When you're all dry,
You'll be silent with the earth and sky,
In your mother tongue.*

Refrain

Refrain

*Our mother tongue is our mother, mother,
Even sweeter wine, our mother tongue,
Our mother tongue.*

Jaroslav Filip, Milan Lasica, Július Satinský

Do batôžka (Load a backpack)

"Do batôžka" became an anthem of the "Velvet Revolution" in Slovakia, mainly due to the popularity of the singers Milan Lasica and Július Satinský. Lasica and Satinský had formed a comic duet since the early 1960s. After the Prague Spring of 1968, the two intellectual comedians were banned from appearing on stage until 1982, due to the political sensitivity of their sketches. Lasica and Satinský continued to form a kind of "humorous opposition" and became very involved in the events of autumn 1989. In the 1980s, they had started working together with pianist and composer Jaroslav Filip.

Music: Jaroslav Filip
Lyrics: Milan Lasica
Artists: Jaroslav Filip, Milan Lasica, Július Satinský
(P) 1981 OPUS

////////////////////

*Do batôžka si nalož
pretváрку, lož a falož
a potom ich hod' z mosta do vody
Bez pretvácky a falše
hneď by ti bolo krajšie
hneď by tu bolo viacej pohody*

*Ak k tomu pridáš hádky
ach to by boli sviatky
keby sa ľudia vadit' prestali!
Veď stačia dve – tri zvady
a hneď si bez nálady
a krvný tlak sa neche ustátiť*

*Na čo sú hlúpe spory
čo vedú podaktorí
a vyzerajú prítom nevinne
Je lepšie zaťať zuby a ak ťa jazyk
svrbí
tak si ho radšej omoč vo víne*

*Klebety škriepky plané
vykašlime sa na ne
vyrúbme razom túto záhubu!
A ťo čo pikle kuli
dostanú po papuli
dáme im jednoducho zámku na
hubu*

*Do batôžka si nalož
pretváрку lož a falož
a pekne zahod' všetky do studne
A rovno z prvej várky
skús život bez pretvácky
a uvidíš či z teba*

*Load up a backpack
With hypocrisy, deceit and falsehood
And throw it off a bridge into the water.
Without hypocrisy and falsehood,
In no time, you would feel so much better.
In no time, there would be more comfort here.*

*And if you threw in contention,
Oh, it would be a holiday.
If people stopped quarrelling!
You know it only takes two or three clashes
And your mood is destroyed,
Your blood pressure won't stabilise.*

*What good are the silly arguments
That some people engage in,
The whole time looking innocent.
It's better to clench our teeth
And if your tongue is itching to say something,
Then soak it in wine.*

*Empty gossip and quarrels,
Let's give them up.
Let's exterminate this bane!
And those who are being sneaky
Will get a slap in the face.
Let's simply place a lock on their lips.*

*Load up a backpack
With hypocrisy, deceit and falsehood
And throw them all into a well.
And right off the bat,
Try life without hypocrisy,
And you'll see if you are worse off.*

SLOVAKIA

Jurga & Eurika Masytė

Laisvė
(Freedom)

It is not a coincidence that "Laisvė" ("Freedom") became the unofficial hymn of Lithuania's struggle for independence. With her melancholic cry for freedom, singer Eurika Masytė voiced the hopes of an entire nation. The song was frequently performed during the peaceful gatherings of 1989/1990 and was rediscovered in the last years, when Masytė re-recorded the song together with young Lithuanian singer Jurga, winner of the MTV Best Baltic Act award. Masytė, who was only in her early twenties when she first recorded the song in 1989, is known for her extreme privacy and usually refuses to perform in concerts or musical shows.

Artists: Jurga & Eurika Masytė Song
Title: Laisvė Album: Rūkso Pieva (2005)
Music: Eurika Masytė
Lyrics: Justinas Marcinkevičius
(C) Jurga / M.P.3, 2005 (P) M.P.3, 2005

*Aš jau nepakeliu minčių apie tave,
kaip obelis, apsunksi nuo vaisių,
užlaužiu tragiškai nusvirusias rankas,
o Tu sakai: „Stovėk, kaip stovi laisvė!“.*

*Pr.
Tai uždaryk mane, Tėvyne, savyje,
kaip giesmę gerklėje mirtis uždaro,
taip, kaip uždaro vakarą naktis,
o Tu man atsakai: „Aš - tavo laisvė!“.*

*O nesibaigianti kelionė į Tave!
Jau kaip akmuo, šalikelėj sukniubęs,
aš pilku vakaru lyg samanom dengiuos,
o Tu sakai: „Eik taip, kaip eina laisvė!“*

*The thoughts about you start to break me down
Like heavy apples break the trees' frail branches
I just give up upon the way I am
And so you tell me: "Stand the way like freedom!"*

*Refrain
So lock me up inside of you, my Native Land,
The way as song is shut by death in my throat
The way the evening ends up by the coming night,
And so you tell me: "Stand the way like freedom!"*

*All this endless journey into you
Just like the cracked stone on the sidewalk
I dress the cloudy evening mood upon
And so you tell me: "Stand the way like freedom!"*



People on the Wall,
close to the Brandenburg Gate, Berlin, 1990.
© BPA / Ullstein Bild / Roger-Viollet

Krystyna Janda

Ballada o Janku Wiśniewski
(The Ballad of Janek Wisniewski)

The "Ballad of Janek Wisniewski" recalls the killing of 18-year-old Zbigniew Godlewski, one of the victims of the violent suppression of strikes in the Polish shipyards of Gdansk and Gdynia in December 1970. The young man became a symbol of protest, and demonstrators carried bloodstained national flags to denounce the murder. Remembering Godlewski as "Janek Wisniewski", the "Ballad of Janek Wisniewski" was one of the iconic songs of the Solidarność movement – iconic to such a point that when the 1990s movie "Psy", directed by Pasikowski, showed former members of the secret police carrying a drunken colleague and singing the song's refrain "Janek Wisniewski fell", many Solidarność members protested against this provocative use of their ballad. Today, the song is mostly remembered in its version by actress and singer Krystyna Janda in Andrzej Wajda's movie "Man of Iron" (1981).

Music: Jacek Kaczmarski
Interpret: Krystyna Janda
From the movie Man of Iron by Andrzej Wajda
(c) Films Sans Frontières

*Chłopczy z Grabówka, chłopcy z Chyloni
Dzisiaj milicja użyła broni
Dzielnieśmy stali, celnie rzucali
Janek Wiśniewski padł*

*Na drzwiach ponieśli go Świętojańską
Naprzeciw glinom, naprzeciw tankom
Chłopczy, stoczniovcy, pomścicie druha
Janek Wiśniewski padł*

*Huczpy petardy, ścielą się gazy
Na robotników sypią się razy
Padają starcy, dzieci, kobiety
Janek Wiśniewski padł*

*Jeden raniony, drugi zabity
Krew się polata grudniowym świtem
To Partia strzela do robotników
Janek Wiśniewski padł*

*Krwawy Kociotek to kat Trójmiasta
Przez niego giną dzieci, niewiasty
Poczekaj draniu, my cię dostaniem
Janek Wiśniewski padł*

*Stoczniovcy Gdyni, stoczniovcy Gdańska
Idźcie do domu, skończona walka
Świat się dowiedział, nic nie powiedział
Janek Wiśniewski padł*

*Nie płaczcie matki, to nie na darmo
Nad stocznią sztandar z czarną kokardą
Za chleb i wolność, i nową Polskę
Janek Wiśniewski padł*

*Boys from Grabówek, boys from Chylonia
Today the militsiya opened fire
Bravely we stood, accurately we threw
Janek Wiśniewski fell*

*On a door we carried him along Świętojańska
Against the cops, against the tanks
Boys, shipyard workers, avenge your comrade
Janek Wiśniewski fell*

*The bangers sound, the gas spreads
Blows fall on the workers
Elderly, children, women are falling
Janek Wiśniewski fell*

*One is wounded, another killed
Blood was spilled at dawn in December
It's the Party shooting at the workers
Janek Wiśniewski fell*

*Bloody Kociotek is the Tricity's executioner
Because of him the children, ladies are dying
Wait bastard, we're gonna get ya
Janek Wiśniewski fell*

*Shipyard workers of Gdynia, workers of Gdańsk
Go home, the battle is over
The world heard about this, and said nothing
Janek Wiśniewski fell*

*Don't cry mothers, it wasn't for naught
There's black banner above the shipyard
For bread and freedom, and a new Poland
Janek Wiśniewski fell*



A Trabant crosses the border at Bornholm
Bridge, Berlin, 10 November 1989.

© BPA / Ullstein Bild / Roger-Viollet



ACKNOWLEDGMENT

«It was the Bundesstiftung zur Aufarbeitung der SED-Diktatur (Berlin) who first had the idea of putting together this compilation in summer 2008.

Based on the initial research and conceptual work of the Bundesstiftung zur Aufarbeitung der SED-Diktatur (Ulrich Mählert and Elke Neumann), the Directorate General Communication of the European Commission started working on the project in autumn 2008 in close cooperation with the German foundation.

“Sound of Revolution” could not have been realised without the input from our various networks in the member states, ranging from the Representations of the European Commission and cultural organisations to historical institutes, journalists and personal friends.»

We would like to thank all of the labels and artists that appear on this album as well as the many European music business partners and organisations for their kind support and collaboration.

Producer: European Commission - Directorate General Communication
Music: Bundesstiftung zur Aufarbeitung der SED-Diktatur
Executive Producer: SO U! www.so-u.net
Graphic Design: www.mixgraphik.com
Translation: Teamwork
Consultant: European Music Office

Cover credit: © Raymond Depardon/Magnum Photos
The fall of the Berlin Wall, 11 November 1989.

ACKNOWLEDGMENT

the 1990s, the number of publications on the topic has increased steadily, with a marked increase in the last few years (Fig. 1). This increase is likely due to the growing awareness of the importance of the topic and the increasing number of researchers in the field.

The most common methods used in the literature are surveys, interviews, and focus groups. Surveys are used to collect data from a large number of respondents, while interviews and focus groups are used to explore the experiences and perceptions of individuals in more depth.

The most common findings in the literature are that individuals who experience violence are more likely to experience mental health problems, such as depression, anxiety, and post-traumatic stress disorder. Additionally, individuals who experience violence are more likely to experience physical health problems, such as headaches, back pain, and chronic pain.

The most common interventions used in the literature are cognitive-behavioral therapy, trauma-focused therapy, and support groups. Cognitive-behavioral therapy is used to help individuals change their thoughts and behaviors, while trauma-focused therapy is used to help individuals process their traumatic experiences. Support groups provide individuals with a safe space to share their experiences and receive support from others who have had similar experiences.

The most common barriers to care are lack of awareness, financial barriers, and cultural barriers. Lack of awareness is a major barrier to care, as many individuals do not know where to go for help or what services are available. Financial barriers, such as lack of insurance or income, can also prevent individuals from seeking care. Cultural barriers, such as stigma and mistrust of the healthcare system, can also prevent individuals from seeking care.

The most common recommendations for future research are to conduct more longitudinal studies, to explore the role of social support, and to develop culturally sensitive interventions. Longitudinal studies can help researchers understand the long-term effects of violence and the effectiveness of interventions. Exploring the role of social support can help researchers understand how social support can help individuals cope with violence. Developing culturally sensitive interventions can help researchers develop interventions that are more effective for individuals from diverse backgrounds.

The most common conclusions in the literature are that violence is a major public health problem, that individuals who experience violence are more likely to experience mental and physical health problems, and that interventions can help individuals cope with violence. Additionally, the literature highlights the need for more research on the topic and the need for culturally sensitive interventions.

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