

Zamuchen tiazheloi nevolei

[6] Kak tī, mī, bīt' mozhet, posluzhim
Lish' pochvoy dlya novikh lyudey,
Lish' grozn'īm prorochestvom novikh,
Gryadushchikh i doblestn'īkh dney

[9] Nash vrag nad toboy ne glumilsya,
Krugom tebya bīli svoi.
Mī sami, rodimiy, zagrili
Orlin'ie ochi tvoi...

Ne gore nam dushu davilo,
Ne slyozī blistali v ochakh,
Kogda mī, proshchayas' s tobouy,
Zemlyoy zasipali tvoi prakh.

Net, zloba nas tol'ko dushila,
Mī k bitve s vragami rvals'!
I mstit' za tebya bespochchadno
Nad prakhom twoim poklyalis'!

Nash vrag nad toboy ne glumilsya,
Krugom tebya bīli svoi.
Mī sami, rodimiy, zagrili
Orlin'ie ochi tvoi...

S tobouy odna nam doroga:
Kak tī, mī po tyur'mam sgniyom.
Kak tī, za rabochee delo
Mī golovī nashi snesyon.

Kak tī, mī, bīt' mozhet, posluzhim
Lish' pochvoy dlya novikh lyudey,
Lish' grozn'īm prorochestvom novikh,
Gryadushchikh i doblestn'īkh dney...

No znaem, kak znal tī, rodimiy,
Chto skoro iz nashikh kostey
Podimetsya mstitel' suroviy,
I budet on nas posil'ney!

[20] Gde eti tyoplie nochi

Gde eti tyoplie nochi,
Gde tak pel solovey?
Gde eti karie ochi,
Kto ikh laskaet teper'?

V vecher osenney poroyu
Viyyu ya v sad pogulyat'.
Nochka eshche ne nastala,
Budu ya milogo zhdat'.

[24] Internatsional

Vstavay, proklyat' em zakleymonnii,
Ves' mir golodn'īkh i rabov!
Kipit nash razum vozmushchyonniy
I v smertn'īy boy vesti gotov.

Tormented by a Lack of Freedom

Like you, we may simply become
The soil for the new people,
Or a terrifying prophecy of the new,
Imminent and heroic days.

Our enemy did not mock you,
At your death you were surrounded
By your own people, and we,
Your friends, closed your eagle eyes.

It was not sorrow weighing on our souls,
And not tears sparkling in our eyes,
When we, saying farewell to you,
Buried you in the earth.

We were suffocated by rage,
We yearned for combat with the enemies,
And above your grave we took the oath
To avenge your death mercilessly.

Our enemy did not mock you,
At your death you were surrounded
By your own people, and we,
Your friends, closed your eagle eyes.

We will share your path:
Like you, we will rot in jails.
Like you, we will give our lives
For the rights of the working people.

Like you, we may simply become
The soil for the new people,
Or a terrifying prophecy of the new,
Imminent and heroic days.

But we know, just like you knew,
That soon an unforgiving avenger
Will rise from our bones
And he will be stronger than we are!

Where are those warm nights

Where are those warm nights,
When the nightingale was singing?
Where are those brown eyes,
Who is kissing them now?

On an autumn evening
I will go for a walk in the garden.
The night is not here yet,
So I will wait for my beloved.

Internationale

Rise, you accursed world
Of slaves and the hungry!
Our minds are seething with indignation,
And are ready to lead us into fatal combat!

[29] Znamyona shumyat

Shagay, shagay!
 Znamyona shumyat, na boy posledniy, proletariat!
 Nas pesni i basni Igunov ne obmanut.
 Nam puli fashistov pregradoy ne stanut.
 Puskay grozyat so vsekh storon.
 Rot front! Rot front! Rot front!
 Moskva, mī vstayom milionnoy podmogoy.
 Moskva! Mi idyom bolshevistskoy dorogoy.
 Dryakhliy mir, tvoi chas upast!
 Proletariatu vlast'!

[33] ¡A las barricadas!

Negras tormentas agitan los aires,
 nubes oscuras nos impiden ver;
 aunque nos espere el dolor y la muerte,
 contra el enemigo nos llama el deber.
 El bien más preciado es la libertad,
 hay que defenderla con fe y valor.

Alza la bandera revolucionaria
 que del triunfo sin cesar nos lleva en pos.
 Alza la bandera revolucionaria
 que del triunfo sin cesar nos lleva en pos.

En pie pueblo obrero, ¡a la batalla!
 hay que derrocar a la reacción.
 ¡A las barricadas, a las barricadas,
 por el triunfo de la Confederación!
 ¡A las barricadas, a las barricadas,
 por el triunfo de la Confederación!

- Spanish lyrics by Valeriano Orobón Fernández
 (1901-June 1936)

[34] Salyut Ispanii

Vremya i zhizn' toropliivo begut,
 Mnogoe v zhizni nashey budet zabīto,
 No nikogda ne zabudem mī
 Imeni twoego, Rosita, Rosita.

Rosita, serdtse moyo bolit.
 Ispaniya krov'yu svoikh detey omīta.
 Ya videl, kak pogibali oni,
 I tī sredi nikh, Rosita, Rosita.

No tī ne dostalas' zhivoy vragu,
 Serdtse twoyo twoeyu puley probito.
 Net, nikogda ne zabudem mī
 Imeni twoego, Rosita, Rosita.

[36] Po dolinam i po vzgor'yam

Po dolinam i po vzgor'yam
 Shla diviziya vperiyod,
 Chtobi's boyu vzyat Primor'ye—
 Belyo armii oplot.

The Banners Flap in the Wind

March, march!
 The banners are calling us to the last fight, proletariat!
 We will not believe the songs and tales of liars!
 The bullets of fascists will not stop us.
 Let them threaten us from everywhere.
 Red front! Red front! Red front!
 Moscow, we will rise as a million-strong support.
 Moscow! We are marching along a Bolshevik road!
 This rotten world, your time is up!
 Power to the proletariat!

- English translations by Anastasia Belina

To the Barricades!

Black storms rock the skies,
 dark clouds obscure our view;
 though pain and death may await us,
 duty calls us to face the enemy.
 Our most precious possession is liberty,
 we have to defend it with faith and valour.

Raise the revolutionary flag
 which leads us ever in pursuit of victory.
 Raise the revolutionary flag
 which leads us ever in pursuit of victory.

Arise, you workers, to battle!
 we must overthrow reaction.
 To the barricades, to the barricades,
 for the triumph of the Confederation!
 To the barricades, to the barricades,
 for the triumph of the Confederation!

- English translation by Susannah Howe

Salute to Spain

Time and life are quickly passing,
 Much from our lives will be forgotten,
 But we will never forget
 Your name, Rosita, Rosita.

Rosita, my heart is aching.
 Spain is awash with the blood of her children.
 I saw them dying,
 And among them were you, Rosita, Rosita.

But your enemy did not get you,
 Your heart was pierced by your own bullet.
 No, we will never forget
 Your name, Rosita, Rosita.

Along the valleys and over the hills

Along the valleys and over the hills
 Marched the division forward,
 To take in battle Primorye—
 The stronghold of the White Army.

Nalivalisya znamyona
Kumachom poslednikh ran,
Shli likhie eskadroni
Priamurskikh partizan.

The banners were filled
With the crimson of the last wounds,
Marched the swift light squadrons
Of the partisans of the Amur.

- English translations by Anastasia Belina