

“Canakkale-Gallipoli Songs”

Hey Onbesli (Turkish Traditional)

English translation:

Hey, fifteen-year-old,
The roads of Tokat are rocky,
The quinzies are coming,
The eyes of the girls are teary.

My brave lover, my brave lover,
Let's go away from your country,
Let me get rid of your gossips about me.
If I were a green-headed duck
I wouldn't drink water from your lake.

My brave lover-girl, your name is Hediye.
I've rambled, you ramble too, then come forward.
I've bought a dress for 17 lira for its measure.

My brave lover, my brave lover,
Let's go away from your country,
Let me get rid of your gossips about me.
If I were a green-headed duck
I wouldn't drink water from your lake.

Two Songs For the Anzac Centenary (John Wayne Dixon, words by Sylvia Rice)

1918

They did not bring him back, my son, my child.
They laid his shattered body in the war-torn earth, far away from home.
My tears flow when I see his brave young face, his shining eyes
Framed upon my wall

What a loss of one so young, a waste of energy and courage.
Has the world gone mad?
It takes the blood of youth and demands more blood, more blood, more blood
Of children yet unborn.

1945

He came to me in my young days, in my springtime,
When life had just begun.
And in that moment I knew he was the one, the only one.
His name set my heart aflame, he became my whole life's song.
And I loved him then as I love him now,
He was the one, the only one.

He was tender, brave and strong, that man above all men.
I lost him in a country far away, where war and hatred wasted youthful lives.
I love him now as I loved him then,
He was the one, the only one.

He comes to me in my old days now, my summers almost gone;
Still shining young he calls to me.
I love him now as I loved him then,
He was the one, the only one.

Au pays ou se fait le guerre (Henri Duparc, words by Theophile Gautier)

English translation:

To the Country Where War is Waged

To the country where war is waged
My beautiful love departed.
It seems to my desolate heart
That I alone remain on earth.
When leaving, at our kiss goodbye,
He took my soul from my mouth...
Who is holding him back so long, O God?
There is the sun setting,
And I, all alone in my tower,
I still await his return.

The pigeons on the roof are cooing,
Cooing lovingly
With a sad and charming sound;
The waters under the large willows flow....
I feel ready to cry.
My heart, like a full lily, overflows
And I no longer dare to hope.
Here gleams the white moon
And I, all alone in my tower,
I still await his return.

Someone is climbing the ramp rapidly.
Could it be him, my sweet love?
It isn't him, but only
My little page with my lamp.
Evening winds, veiled, tell him
That he is in my thoughts and my dreams,
All my joy and my longing.
Here is the dawn rising.
And I, all alone in my tower,
I still await his return.

Songs Are Against War (Erberk Eryilmaz, words by various poets)

English translations:

Round For War (words by Oran Veli, trans. T S Halman)

Blonde lad bound for the war,
Come back as pretty as you are,
With this sea-smell on your lips
And this salt on your eyelashes,
Blonde lad bound for war.

Name of Something (words by Ozdemir Asaf, trans. Erberk Eryilmaz)

First, I thought big,
Then, I lived big.
Whatever I had they took.
Now there is only that small death left for me.

Keep The Change (words by Cemal Sureya, trans. Eryilmaz)

I am dying, God.
It is happening.
Every death is an early one
I know.

But, also, this life you are taking
Is not bad at all...
Keep the change.

These Men (Ross Fiddes, words by Leon Gellert)

The Attack At Dawn

‘At every cost’, they said, ‘it must be done.’
They told us in the early afternoon.
We sit and wait the coming of the sun
We sit in groups, - grey groups that watch the moon.
We stretch our legs and murmur half in sleep
And touch the tips of bayonets and yarn.
Our hands are cold. They strangely grope and creep,
Tugging at the ends of straps. We wait the dawn!
A gentle rustling runs along the line.
‘At every cost’ they said, ‘it must be done.’

A hundred eyes are staring for the sign.
It's coming! Look!....Our God's own laughing sun!

The Rendezvous

I'll step out from the sea again
To the shoulder of the land.
And pass the dead boy where he lies
Prone on the tideless strand.
Treading lightly lest I move
His fingers in the sand.

I'll meet you where the breeze brought
The first scent of thyme.
I'll meet you where we yearned that morn,
Under the April sky,
Waiting on our bellies there
For the battle cry.

I'll meet you where I left you there
Lying all awry.
You said "we will continue the
Discussion by and by."
If I could remember what we spoke of, you and I!

These Men

Men...
Lifting bodies on their clotted frames:
Men...
That twist and fumble strangely at dead names.

These men know life – know death a little more.
These men see paths and ends, and see
Beyond some swinging open door
Into eternity.

Sights

I saw a singer singing to a crowd,-
Singing of laughing life,- and all the while
He sang in tones so shrilly loud,
Not one man had a smile.

I saw a fiddler from a broken plain
Playing his weeping fiddle,- sweet and clear.
He sang of Death and Cries and Pain,-
But no-one shed a tear.

I saw a whistling soldier, still and wan,
Firing his rifle from a fearful place,-
But all the time a dying man
Looked upon his face.

Armageddon

The world rolls wet with blood,
and the skinny hand of Death
gropes at the beating heart.
The salt tears well and flood
With strife the choking breath,
And nations away and part.
The scythe of Time runs red,
Red with the bleeding year.
Sound is but a knell,
And Sleep has a scarlet bed.
Dreams are wet with Fear,
And Honour sits in Hell.

The Cross

“I wear a cross of bronze” he said,
“and men have told me I was brave.”
He turned his head,
And pointing to a grave,
“they told me that my work of war was done.”
His fierce mouth set.
“and yet, and yet”...
He trembled where he stood,
“and yet, and yet”...
I have not won
That broken cross of wood.

The Last To Leave

The guns were silent, and the silent hills
Had bowed their grasses to a gentle breeze.
I gazed upon the vales and on the rills,
And whispered “What of these?” and “What of these?”
These long forgotten dead with sunken graves,
Some crossless, with unwritten memories.

Throughout each day and through each blistered night
I sat there long, and listened too.
I heard the epics of a thousand trees,
A thousand waves I heard; and then I knew
The waves were very old, the trees were wise:

The dead would be remembered evermore-
The valiant dead that gazed upon the skies,
And slept in great battalions by the shore.

Canakkale Turkusu (Turkish folksong)

English translation:

In Canakkale stands the Mirror Bazaar.
Mother, I set forth against the enemy, oh, my youth, alas!

In Canakkale there's a cypress tree.
Some of us are engaged, some of us are married, oh, my youth, alas!

In Canakkale there's a broken jug.
Mothers and fathers abandoned hope, oh, my youth, alas!

Canakkale's are shrouded with smoke.
The thirteenth division marched to war, oh, my youth, alas!

In Cannakale the cannonballs landed.
Ah, our comrades fell wounded together, oh, my youth, alas!

Canakkale's bridge is narrow, impassable.
Its waters have become red blood, not a cup can be drunk, oh, my youth, alas!

From Canakkale I barely escaped.
My lungs rotted from vomiting blood, oh, my youth, alas!

From Canakkale I escaped, my head is safe.
Doomsday came before I reached Anafarta, oh, my youth, alas.

In Canakkale they shot me.
They buried me before I died, oh, my youth, alas!

In Canakkale are rows of willows.
Brave lions rest beneath them, oh, my youth, alas!

Remembrances Four (Diana Blom, words by various writers as shown)

Enlisting (words by Charles Bingham)

They walked from Cooma and they walked from Grafton to enlist because they didn't have the fares. And they washed their feet before the medical officer saw them at Victoria Barracks....some of them, they'd walked for two and three days... It was a remarkable expression of loyalty. I doubt if it would ever occur again.

The Landings

(words by Bill de Saxe:)

It was the most magnificent morning you could imagine, you couldn't imagine a more perfect morning as the morning we went ashore.

(words by Tom Usher:)

You're up to your neck in water – and a lot of them get drowned, too, with the weight of the packs....then scramble ashore and take shelter as quick as you could. You're only looking after yourself, you couldn't worry about the other bloke, you had to get ashore as quick as you could – just keep your rifle above your head, keep it dry...I could see these cliffs, and I ran fir it. You didn't care who you were with as long as you got away from the fire.

(words by Mustafa Koha:)

You either die or you survive. At the front there is nowhere to escape. We were up on the hill and they were down on the plain. They put their machine-guns at the bottom of the slopes and tried to dig in....even eventually made some flower beds there, right on the flat where they were, and they're still there.

The Morning Star

(words by Lionel Simpson:)

There was one chap in our troop that was in the South African war, and he was about forty-odd...I was on duty in the trench at Walker's Ridge, and I'm looking over at Hill 60 and I could see a light coming up. I think it's a bloke carrying a lantern. I say 'look here, I'm going to have a go at him'.....'Don't fire, don't fire', he says, 'you'll draw their fire'...And do you know what it was? I watched that light. I was the morning star! Just as well I didn't have a go!

Goodnight Gallipoli

(words by Adil Shahin)

There was this heavy fog, so we had no idea...and all the gun noises had stopped....It was early morning and we sent out a scout. He found the trenches deserted...So all of us went all the way down to the shore, looked in the trenches and saw, too, they were deserted. They'd gone!...Well, what could we do? I found this badge (which) had been dropped. I think it was on their caps. I've kept it as a memento.

The words for "Remembrances Four" are taken from letters and other communications of soldiers on both sides collected in The Boys Who Came Home – recollections of Gallipoli - Harvey Broadbent, ABC Books, 1990