

PATRIOTIC SONGS OF THE WARRING NATIONS

War and National Songs from Balkan Peninsula

"Rise Servians," National Hymn of Montenegro, and the Battle Song of Greece.

By H. E. KREHBIEL.

If I were to attempt to characterize minutely the music of the patriotic songs of the nations which are grouped in the Balkan Peninsula I should be compelled to make a wide excursion in the field of folk-song—too wide, indeed, to further the purpose of these studies. The temptation to do so is strong, for, in a sense, the songs with which the Balkan peoples stimulate their patriotic ardor are the only political songs that preserve folk-song characteristics in their music. Racial idioms are found in them in forms, rhythms and scales; but the mixture of these idioms is as confusing to the musical folklorist as is the racial to the ethnological investigator. One might almost as well undertake to separate and group accurately the racial elements in the peninsula as to try to indicate the hallmarks of the melodies affected by the inhabitants. The Albanians are looked upon as the oldest of these inhabitants, being the surviving representatives of the primitive Illyrian population. Next in order of antiquity come the Greeks. The Rumanians (Rumans, Vlaehs, Arumani) are a remnant of Latinized natives with an infusion of Roman refugees. Then are found Turks, Serbo-Croats, Bulgarians, Armenians, Jews and Gypsies; and the ubiquitous Romany, being a natural-born minstrel, with a singular capacity for assimilating the music of the people among whom he sojourns as well as to impose his own characteristics upon it, has contributed not a little toward making the task of the musical folklorist difficult.

The Slavonic element has occupied the ter-

ritory since the third century of the Christian era. An invasion of the Serbo-Croats took place in the seventh century, and in the twelfth was founded the Serbian dynasty of Nemanja, which endured two hundred years. This was the period of old Serbian glory, dreams of which are haunting the minds of patriots to-day. The rule of the Turks began in the fourteenth century; its decline began in the eighteenth, and the last vestiges of it will probably end with the present war.

The Serbians lead the Balkan peoples of Slavonic origin in musical culture and have done more than any of them to collect their folk-songs, those true indices of innate love for the art. Many collections have been printed of late years, and hundreds of songs not yet printed are preserved in the Academy of Arts and Sciences at Belgrade. Very true of the melodies as well as the words of these songs is what Owen Meredith said of Serbian poetry: "Such flowers as grow here may be merely mountain weeds; but the dew of the morning is on them." When Tschakowsky sought a characteristic melody to associate with the Russian national anthem in his "Marche Slave," designed for a patriotic purpose, he chose a Serbian folk-song, "Sunce Zarko." Its distinguishing marks are the employment of a scale containing two instances of the interval known as the augmented, or superfluous, second and the conclusion of the final cadence on the super-tonic, or second of the scale. The former characteristic is found in nearly all Oriental

SONS OF GREECE, COME, ARISE! (Modern Greek War-Song.)

1 Rise ye Greeks, arise, ye sons of Greece, arise!
2 Rise ye Greeks, arise, ye sons of Greece, arise!

1 Rise ye Greeks, arise, ye sons of Greece, arise!
2 Rise ye Greeks, arise, ye sons of Greece, arise!

1 Rise ye Greeks, arise, ye sons of Greece, arise!
2 Rise ye Greeks, arise, ye sons of Greece, arise!

1 Rise ye Greeks, arise, ye sons of Greece, arise!
2 Rise ye Greeks, arise, ye sons of Greece, arise!

1 Rise ye Greeks, arise, ye sons of Greece, arise!
2 Rise ye Greeks, arise, ye sons of Greece, arise!

1 Rise ye Greeks, arise, ye sons of Greece, arise!
2 Rise ye Greeks, arise, ye sons of Greece, arise!

Serbians Lead Balkan Slavs in Music Culture

Have Done More Than Others to Collect and Preserve Their Folk Songs.

Sustine cu ta mana Corona Romana!"
"Long live our Noble King, honor and peace to him,
Long for our dear-loved land live our noble defender.
May he reign glorious, brave lord of all;
Conquer, evermore, ne'er may he fall.
O God Almighty,
O Heavenly Father,
Uphold with loving hand
The holy crown of Rumania!"

The national hymn of Greece, though written over ninety years ago, was not adopted officially as the national anthem until George I came to the throne in 1863 after the deposition of the Bavarian dynasty. The poem dates back to the revolutionary period and is a product of the enthusiasm which Lord Byron strove to promote by his translation of an earlier hymn. In 1823 the poet Solomos, a native of Zante, one of the Ionian Islands, wrote a "Hymn to Freedom," of which the first stanza reads as follows (English version from "Sixty Patriotic Songs"):

"Se gnori z' apo tin kopsi
Tow spathion tin tromeri,
Se gnori z' ap tin opsi,
Pow me via metrai tin yi.
'Ap ta kokala Igalmeni
Ton 'Ellinon ta ie ra.
Kaisan priton' andrelomeni
Chaire, o Eleutheria!"

And I know that glance embracing
All the world within its light.
"Fore thee, sprung from blood of heroes,
Liberty, the tyrants' quail,
Hail, O Freedom; hail, O Freedom,
Ours the victory! All hail!"

This was set to music of an agreeably melodious type by a native composer named Manzaros, but it is greatly inferior in all the elements which make for effectiveness in a political song to the war song "O kairos adelphoi," which is the true popular expression of Greek enthusiasm. This is a later product of whose origin nothing seems to be known, though there would seem to be evidence in its parallelisms that it was inspired by the song beginning "Deute paides ton Ellenon, 'O kairos tes doxas lithon," which Byron translated. The poet who wrote "Sons of the Greeks, Arise!" was Riga, who perished in the struggle for independence in the 20's of the nineteenth century. Byron's version of his song begins:

"Sons of the Greeks, arise!
The glorious hour's gone forth,
And, worthy of such ties,
Display your give us birth.

CHORUS.
"Sons of Greece, let us go
In arms against the foe,
Till the hated blood shall flow
In a river past our feet!"

Mr. Bantock, in his "Sixty Patriotic Songs," confounds this poem with the modern "O kairos adelphoi."

National Hymn of Montenegro

Andante

Yon - der, yes yon - der, ov - er the moun-tains, There lies the
O - ha - mo, ha - mo! sa - op - ga moun-tains, To - bo - pe,

cas - tie home of my Czar, Fall'n are the arch - es,
ga - ja pa - so - pru goopy Mo - je - ra ga - pal

si - lent the foun-tains, Gone are the knights who glo-ri- ed in war.
O - ha - mo, ha - mo, sa - op - ga o - ha, ou - o - je her - ga jy - han - ku soop.

Yonder yes yon-der! Thib-er id has-ten, Back to my homeland, I fare
O - ha - mo, ha - mo, sa - op - ga o - ha, ou - o - je her - ga jy - han - ku soop.

music, especially in the synagogal chants of the Jews; the latter may be found in the national hymn of Serbia printed on this page ("Ustaj, ustaj Srbije"). This is a true folk-song. Its authorship is unknown, but it was long handed down by tradition, and an old copy was found in the library at Neustadt. As a political song it came into prominence in 1848, when the Serbians were at war, as they are again, with Hungary. I have made a translation of two stanzas of the original song and placed it under the music; other stanzas which I have only in an English version are given here. Whether or not they are contemporaneous with the first stanzas I cannot state:

Serbia, peaceful land of flow'rs,
Home of vines and leafy bow'rs—
Thou, the Danube's gentle daughter,
Rise, prepare for slaughter!
Foes are near,—will Serbia cower?
Rise, and strike for freedom's power.

Free are Sav and Dunna's waves,
Shall then we be Turkish slaves?
Like Stefan, so fam'd in story,
We will lead in glory!
Foes are near,—will Serbia cower?
Rise, and strike for freedom's power!

Though no stately tow'rs have we,
Yet our land is fair and free!
Balkan vales, Moravian land,
Free shall be from tyrant's hand!

Serbians, quit the plough and tether.
One and all we'll fight together,
We will fight together,
Foes are near,—will Serbia cower?
Rise, and fight for freedom's power!

The Stefan referred to in the second stanza was Nemanja, who about 1165 freed Serbia from the Byzantine yoke. The King of Montenegro belongs not only to a royal but also a literary family. He is a poet and has tried his hand at play writing. His brother is also a poet and the author of the national hymn of Montenegro, "Ohama za opga oha," of which I have attempted a paraphrase with the help of a Serbian friend. Musicians will note that it ends on the mediant instead of the tonic, as is the Occidental rule, leaving a decidedly sentimental rather than a martial effect, though there is something stirring in the change from double to triple time at the close. The hymn, as I have it, is doubtless a fragment.

As I write Serbs, Montenegrins and Turks are the only Balkan peoples physically embroiled in the war. A Turkish national hymn

is said to be an impossibility because the glorification of the Sultan must always be an individual one, though, as I have pointed out in an earlier article in the series, a song beginning with a prayer for a long life for the ruler has in at least one instance gone over from one reign to another. There is also in official use in Turkey a piece for military band composed by an Egyptian, Nebjeb Pacha, on the European model. The language of the Montenegrin songs is a dialect of the Illyric-Serbian Slavic uncorrupted by admixture of foreign words. In Macedonia there are two classes of folk-songs, one making use of pure Macedonian, the other corrupted by Serbian and Turkish words. One thus sophisticated in language, but is as spirited in melody as in sentiment and shares one of its poetical images with the national song of Bulgaria. It is called "Janun na sredo selo," and like "Rise, Servians" it ends on the super-tonic. Strong and picturesque is its text:

"A bright light lies spread over the village, and the fountain is radiant with many colors. But I see a troubled and turbid stream. Why is the Maritza so turbid? It is not roiled with mud; it is red—red with blood, red with the blood of Macedonians given to their enemies. Give me to drink of the turbid water, and I will give myself a sacrifice to my country!"

The blood-red Maritza figures also in the war song of Bulgaria. Like other patriotic hosts told in story, the Bulgars marched into battle three years ago to the tune and tramp of a national song which has the power to stir up a tremendous enthusiasm among those who hear as well as those who sing it. Of this I had proof in the time of the recent Balkan War, when, at an informal entertainment for the Authors' Club in New York, Mr. Savine, a Serbian singer and composer, was called on to sing it over and over again to an accompaniment of cheers. "Choumi, Maritza," is at once the simplest and the stoutest of the national songs of the Balkan peoples. There was no difficulty in paraphrasing its words:

"Wild rolls Maritza; red are its waters,
Swoll'n with the tears of widows and their daughters.
March! March! Forward, valiant soldiers,
One, two, three—and victory will be ours."

Equally simple is the tune, but it fits the words like a glove of steel, and every note deals a blow. The song was first sung by the Bulgarian volunteers in the war with Turkey, and to its measures Shipka Pass was stormed.

It is fitted for such bayonet charges as it is said to have inspired in 1878. In one brief and lurid picture it calls up visions, the atrocities of the contemplation of which turn simple men into frenzied patriots and fiends. Its melody, an educated Bulgarian told me, was adapted from a German students' song, but I have never heard the tune sung to German words nor found it in any collection of German songs. The poem, if poem it may be called, may have been created by a popular poet; but it rings as if it had not been made at all, but had sprung up spontaneously and complete in the hearts of a people—a folk-song of the truest type. It is easy to imagine it having an effect upon the excitable Bulgars like the "Marsellaise" upon the French or the "Rakoczy March" upon the Hungarians. "When I hear the 'Rakoczy,'" said an Hungarian gentleman, "I feel as if I must go to war to conquer the world. My fingers twitch convulsively to seize a sword, pistol, bludgeon or whatever else is in hand. I want to clutch it and march forward!"

The people of Rumania are a heterogeneous folk, and mixed also are their language and their music. For centuries Moldavia and Wallachia, which chiefly constitute the modern country, left the cultivation of music to the hands of the peripatetic gypsy, and it is scarcely a matter of wonder that when Rumania fifty-five years ago felt the need of a national anthem it resorted to the generally ineffectual means of a prize competition to secure one. The result, quite naturally, was a hybrid product—a poem written in the language of the country by a native, set to music of the Western type by a German and showing in both respects the influence of the British hymn. The author of the words was Vasil Alexandri, a poet of excellent parts, whose interest in the folksongs of his native land is proved by the fact that he made the first collection of Rumanian ballads. The composer of the music was Edward A. Hübner, a German military bandmaster, who took part in the movement made to revive interest in Rumanian music in the early part of the nineteenth century. Here is the first stanza of the hymn in the original, to show the large remnant of Latin in the language, as in a translation borrowed from "Sixty Patriotic Songs of All Nations," published by the Oliver Ditson Company:

"Trascaea Regale, in pace si onor,
De teas inibor s'aparator de teas!
Fi e Domn Glorios pestenoi,
Fi e vecl noroos, in resbol.
O Domno sfinite,
Ceresse parinte,

Rise, Servians

Ser-via's son-rise in your might! Come, do bat-tle for the right,
Us - taj, us - taj Srbi - ne, Us - taj na o - ru - zi - je!

Night is gone, the day is break-ing, Up, base fear for - sak - ing! Serbs, a
Dan te ie - ka, noc tes be - ga, Us - taj na o - ale - taj! Na no

rise! - chases are fall-ing Lib - er - ty, is call - ing
Srbi - s bra - co, Slo - ba - da - so - tel!

Sounds of lamentation cease,
Grief and sorrow hold your peace!
See, our foemen give us battle,
Sabers clash and rattles!
Serbs arise! Chains are falling,
Liberty is calling!

Dosta bete nevolje,
Dosta be s tuge,
Sad se drze dumanski,
Kad se Srbin skruze!
Na nase, Srbi bracio,
Sloboda zove!

TEACHING SINGING BY COMMUNITY EFFORT THE NEW METHOD

Coaxing a reluctant young woman with doubtful musical attainments to sing for the company in the parlor is a hard and thankless piece of work; coaxing two thousand reluctant men and women ought to be two thousand times as hard and thankless. But Professor Peter W. Dykema, who teaches music at the University of Wisconsin, and has just finished giving some courses at the Columbia Summer Session, has not found it so? Professor Dykema is an advocate of community singing—an expert coxer of bashful, unmusical audiences.

The distinguishing characteristic of a community singing leader, says Professor Dykema, is versatility. He must be a consummate musician and a resourceful public speaker; a teacher or a social worker; a scholar and a variety actor. He must have the coolness of an auctioneer and the enthusiasm of a preacher.

He must be able to flatter and amuse and instruct and cajole and browbeat an audience—and all this so skillfully that the technique of his art escapes the audience while the results delight them. He must sing well enough to inspire the falterers; but he must not let himself sing well enough to gain the admiration that is expressed by silence. He must be leader, soloist and chorus all at once, interjecting advice whenever he gets a chance. He must forget high art, and become jubilant over voices that are rough and cracked and impossible. He must take hold of two thousand strangers and after half an hour's singing weld them into a social group.

The occasion may be a lecture or a moving picture show, or that manner of spending an evening known as an "entertainment."

This is the way Professor Dykema gets the people to sing:

Professor Dykema stands on the platform and smiles at the audience and waits, while the potential musicians before him wonder. Then, with a convincing mingling of the interrogative and the imperative he says, "Shall we all stand up and sing 'My Old Kentucky Home'?" The audience stands up, bashfully, almost distrustingly. The orchestra goes through the tune, and the people read the words of the song printed on the programme.

"Now," says Professor Dykema, and begins. The audience sings weakly despite the exhortations of the leader. He stops them. "The women sit. Now the men will sing alone." He smiles and nods encouragingly, and all but blesses them with his outstretched hands.

"That was good. Now the men may sit and the women will stand and sing. They are on

their mettle now; they can sing better than the men and they are going to prove it. Professor Dykema shows that he agrees with

them. All the women are singing bravely now. The men applaud and the women sit down.

The professor steps forward a little and smiles. "I never heard such a good argument for single blessedness in my life," he

says. "Then men alone sing well, and the women alone sing well, but you don't sing well together. Now let us try it again."

Most of the women in the audience don't believe in single blessedness; neither do the men. They sang better. Nobody remains silent. The professor is enthusiastic; he puts out his hands to the singers, asking for still better work; he lives up to the orchestra; at the first sign of weakening he sings louder and louder. The quality of the music gets more satisfactory. The audience is surprised; it wants to applaud itself, but is doubtful as to the modesty of the proceeding.

"I knew you didn't believe in single blessedness," says the professor. And the singers sit down happy.

Now what is the god of it all? Let Professor Dykema explain.

"The trouble with American audiences," he says, "is that they are passive, and proud of being passive. They have the phonograph to sing for them, and the automatic piano to play for them, and the movies to act and even to dance for them. The tired business man, that worst specimen of passivity, is glorified. Now, as a result, any form of amusement to appeal to such an audience as I have described must become increasingly snappy and spiky and risqué. But if the audience could be prevailed upon to be active instead of passive we should have no such artificial entertainment.

"Take baseball, for instance. You never heard the people who play baseball—not the rooters—demand that the game be made spicier. Now, if we can get people to play a singing game just as they play a baseball game, they would be just as spontaneously joyous.

"Get people to sing together and in the first place they will give beautiful expression to their emotions. That is the artistic aim. Then they will get rid of a form of energy that otherwise might lead to less innocent pleasures. And finally, these people, after singing together, will become an organized social group. No amount of talking at them will make them community-conscious to the same degree as half an hour of singing.

"I do not believe for a moment," continued Professor Dykema, "that music will cure all our social ills. But if we have more music it will help make us healthier socially. You can compare singing to fruit at the table. Fruit in itself, of course, is not enough for a meal. But, on the other hand, fruit is not, or should not be, a luxury. It has its place in the daily menu; it goes well with other foods, and it helps the digestion."

Professor Dykema's plan was put to an un-

expected test on Tuesday evening. Thomas Mott Osborne, warden of Sing Sing, invited him to lead the prisoners in community singing. Because of some misunderstanding the arrangements were not complete; the words of the songs had not been printed, and no orchestra had been engaged. Professor Dykema was not discouraged. At the end of a five-reel movie he got up on the platform and talked to the prisoners.

"I was careful not to choose a pathetic song," he said afterward, "or a song that might remind them of home or freedom. I selected some very simple rounds."

The prisoners took to the new idea.

"Row, row, row your boat
Gently down the stream;
Merrily, merrily, merrily,
Life is but a dream."

So sang Professor Dykema. And the 750 prisoners in the Sing Sing chapel listened and sang after him. They tried another song and another. When it was all over they were so surprised that they applauded themselves.

"That," remarked Professor Dykema afterward, "was a touching example of the inarticulate man paying homage to the musician within himself; or, if you will, the hopeless prisoner of the old order giving praise to the prisoner humanized."

Just as Professor Dykema was leaving Sing Sing one of the convicts approached him. "You're all right," he said, "you're all right. Come back to us and let us sing again."

Confronted with the question of how he would adapt community singing to New York, Professor Dykema had his answer ready.

"At every public lecture, at every concert, at every appropriate mass meeting," he said, "I should make the audience sing at least one song. At a lecture on popular music, for instance, instead of letting the lecturer do all the illustrating, I should ask the audience for help. As for the public schools, I should insist on teaching the children the folk-songs of many nations. This is a cosmopolitan city; the children ought to know the music of the lands that send their people to live here. It will broaden their sympathies.

"You see, this isn't a visionary programme at all. It will cost the city almost nothing."

"Where will the city get the leaders?" he was asked.

"That is a hard question to answer," said Professor Dykema, "but not a hopeless one. I am training them of my right here." And he pointed to his classroom.



Professor Peter W. Dykema, of Wisconsin University, teaching one of his Columbia community singing classes.