



Song of the Peat Bog Soldiers

for choir SATB a cappella

Arrgt. Jean-Christophe Rosaz



Song of the Peat Bog Soldiers

Chant originel: Moorsoldatenlied / 1933

Mélodie: Rudi Goguel

Texte: Johann Esser et Wolfgang Langhoff

Arrgt. Jean-Christophe Rosaz

♩ = 104

Soprano

Alto

Ténor

Basse

p poco *bocca chiusa **

p *simile* *bocca chiusa **

p poco *bocca chiusa **

p *bocca chiusa **

* ossia: moïto ou [o]

indistinct, comme dans la brume

a tempo
pp *espress.*

S

A

T

B

légèrement réarticulé

légèrement réarticulé

1)Far and

1)Far and

1)Far and wide as the eye can won-der

1)Far and

S

A

T

B

pp

p

pp

pp

wide so far as the eye can won - der We

wide _____ Not a bird sings out to cheer us Oaks are stan-ding gaunt and bare. We

Heath and bog are e - very - where Not a bird Oaks are stan - ding gaunt and bare. We

wide _____ as the eye can won - der won - der We

17 *poco più presente alla seconda volta*

S are the sol - diers, Mar - ching with our spades — to the moor. To the moor. We

A *poco più presente alla seconda volta*
are the peat bog sol - diers, Mar - ching with our spades — to the moor. To the moor. We

T *poco più presente alla seconda volta*
are the peat bog sol - diers, Mar - ching with our spades — to the moor. To the moor. We

B *poco più presente alla seconda volta*
are the peat bog sol - diers, Mar - ching with our spades — to the moor. To the moor. We

23 2. *mp*

S moor. Oh! 2) Up and down the — guards are mar-ching,

A moor. Oh! Ah! Ah!

T moor. Oh! Ah! Ah!

B moor. Oh! Mar - ching, oh mar - ching with our spades to the moor. *p* *espress.* *p* *espress.* *p* chanter sur le [m] Dom dom dom Dom dom

29

S No one, no one can get through. Flight, would mean a — sure death fa-cing, Guns and barbed wire block our view. We

A Ah! Ah! Flight, ah flight would mean a sure — death We

T Ah! Ah! Flight, ah — flight — would mean a — sure — death — We

B simile
dom Dom dom dom Dom dom dom Dom dom dom Flight, would mean a sure death We

35 *mf* *la seconda volta, dim.* 1.

S are the peat bog sol - diers, Mar - ching with our spades to the moor. To the moor! We

A *mf* *la seconda volta, dim.*

A are the peat bog sol - diers, Mar - ching with our spades to the moor. We

T *mf* *la seconda volta, dim.*

T are the sol - diers, the sol - diers, to the moor. To the moor! We

B *mf* *la seconda volta, dim.*

B are the peat bog sol - diers, Mar - ching with our spades to the moor. To the moor! We

41 *poco meno forte* 2.

S moor! Mar - ching to the moor. No com - plai - ning, Win -

A *poco meno forte* *p* chanter sur le [m]

A moor! Mar - ching to the moor. Dom dom dom Dom dom

T *poco meno forte* *mp*

T moor! Oh! Mar - ching to the moor. 3) But for us there is no com - plai - ning,

B *mp*

B moor! We are the sol-diers, mar-ching to the moor. 3) But for us there is no com - plai - ning,

47 *mp*

S - ter will be past. One day we shall rise re - joi - cing. Home - land, you're

A *mp*

A dom Dom dom dom Dom dom dom Dom dom dom Dom dom Dom dom

T *mf*

T Win - ter will in time be past. One day we shall rise re - joi - cing. Home - land, dear, you're

B *mf*

B Win - ter will in time be past. One day we shall rise re - joi - cing. Home - land, dear, you're

52 *f*

S mine at last. We are the peat bog sol - diers, mar-ching with our spades to the moor. To the moor! We

A dom Dom We are the sol - diers, mar-ching with our spades to the moor. To the moor! We

T mine at last. We are the peat bog sol - diers, mar-ching with our spades to the moor. To the moor! We

B mine at last. We are the peat bog sol - diers, mar-ching with our spades to the moor. To the moor! We

59 *dim.* chanter sur le [m]

S are the peat bog sol - diers, mar-ching, oh mar-ching with our spades to the moor. To the moor. Dom dom dom

A are the sol - diers, mar-ching with our spades to the moor. To the moor. Dom dom

T are the peat bog sol - diers, mar-ching with our spades to the moor. To the moor. Oh!

B are the peat bog sol - diers, mar-ching without spades to the moor. To the moor. To the

65

S Dom dom dom dom dom Oh! Yes for us there is

A dom Dom dom dom Oh! Dom dom dom Dom dom dom

T Dom dom dom Dom To the moor! Yes for us there is

B moor! Oh! Dom dom dom Dom dom dom Dom! Dom dom dom dom

69

S no com - plai - ning, Win - ter will in time be past. One day we shall

A Dom dom dom dom dom dom dom dom dom dom dom dom Dom dom dom

T 8 no com - plai - ning, Win - ter will in time be past. One day we shall

B Dom dom dom dom Dom dom dom dom dom Dom dom dom dom dom Dom dom dom dom

73

S rise re - joi - cing. Home-land, dear, you're mine at last. We are the peat bog sol - diers, mar - *ff*

A Dom dom dom dom dom dom dom dom dom dom! We are the peat bog sol - diers, mar - *ff*

T 8 rise re - joi - cing. Home-land, dear, you're mine at last. We are the peat bog sol - diers, mar - *ff*

B Dom dom dom dom Dom dom dom dom dom Dom dom dom dom We are the sol - diers, mar - *ff*

78

S ching with our spades to the moor. To the moor. We are the peat bog sol - diers, mar -

A ching with our spades to the moor. To the moor. We are the peat bog sol - diers, mar -

T 8 ching with our spades to the moor. To the moor. We are the peat bog sol - diers, mar -

B ching with our spades to the moor. To the moor. We are the sol - diers, mar -

84

S ching with our spades to the moor. The

A ching with our spades to the moor. The

T ching with our spades to the moor. The

B ching our spades to the moor. The

87

S moor! The moor! b.c. *perdendosi...*

A moor! Dom dom dom Dom dom dom dom Dom dom dom Dom dom dom dom! *perdendosi...*

T moor! The moor! b.c. *perdendosi...*

B moor! Dom dom dom Dom dom dom Dom dom dom Dom dom dom dom dom! *perdendosi...*

suggestion d'interprétation: un immense crescendo du début à la fin!

Le Chant des marais (en allemand Moorsoldatenlied, "chanson des soldats du marécage") est l'adaptation en français d'un chant allemand composé en 1933 par des prisonniers du camp de concentration pour détenus politiques de Börgermoor. Ce chant est né de la tradition concentrationnaire de faire chanter les détenus, et de la volonté de ceux-ci de rendre compte des conditions de détention, des violences subies mais aussi de leur conviction de voir abattue la tyrannie nazie. Les détenus du camp étaient pour la plupart des prisonniers politiques. Le titre de la chanson évoque les travaux forcés dans les marécages du camp. Quelques-uns des déportés de Börgermoor, libérés à l'issue de leur condamnation, choisirent de s'exiler et la firent connaître en Angleterre. Hans Eisler en fit une adaptation. En Espagne, chanté par les volontaires allemands des Brigades, ce chant acquit rapidement une grande notoriété. Il se répandit en Allemagne, d'un camp de concentration à l'autre. Il en a été créé des versions dans de nombreuses langues.

Les seize chanteurs, membres de l'association ouvrière de chant de Solingen, défilaient bêche à l'épaule dans leurs uniformes de prisonnier. Je menais la marche, avec un manche de bêche brisé en guise de baguette de chef d'orchestre. Nous chantions, et à la deuxième strophe, presque tous les prisonniers - au nombre de mille - commençaient à entonner le refrain. De strophe en strophe, celui-ci revenait de plus belle et, à la dernière, les SS, qui étaient apparus avec leurs commandants, chantaient, apparemment parce qu'ils se sentaient interpellés eux aussi comme « soldats de marécage ».

Aux mots « Alors n'envoyez plus les soldats bêcher dans les marécages », les seize chanteurs plantèrent leur bêche dans le sable et quittèrent l'arène, laissant les bêches derrière eux. Celles-ci donnaient alors l'impression de croix tombales.

Rudi Goguel (*Mémoires*)