

Auf, ihr Brüder (Music Recording, Translation)

Poet: Margarethe Thulcke

English Translation: Ryan Hansen

Composer: Luise Greger

Up, my brothers, line yourselves up!
We want to play a soldier game
Happy, brave, down to a man,
Now soldiers, how is your aim?

I, the Captain, give the commands:
Forward march, full stride!
Left, right - you're the enemy now,
Behind the gate you must hide!

And as we march by,
You begin the attack,
And the war-cry rings loud,
We fight valiantly back.

As the great bomb explodes
The battle is then won
And the victors sing with joy
Till the day is done.

Oh no, Father now comes -
Belt in hand, he comes our way!
I have stayed much too long,
So much fun we had today!