

HOOP

KAN ZOMAAR

HET BEGIN

VAN VREDE ZIJN

Loesje

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Buffy Sainte-Marie Universal Soldier

He's five feet two and he's six feet four
He fights with missiles and with spears
He's all of 31 and he's only 17
He's been a soldier for a thousand years

He's a Catholic, a Hindu, an athiest, a Jain,
a Buddhist and a Baptist and a Jew
and he knows he shouldn't kill
and he knows he always will
kill you for me my friend and me for you

And he's fighting for Canada,
he's fighting for France,
he's fighting for the USA,
and he's fighting for the Russians
and he's fighting for Japan,
and he thinks we'll put an end to war this
way

And he's fighting for Democracy
and fighting for the Reds
He says it's for the peace of all
He's the one who must decide
who's to live and who's to die
and he never sees the writing on the walls

But without him how would Hitler have
condemned him at Dachau
Without him Caesar would have stood alone
He's the one who gives his body
as a weapon to a war
and without him all this killing can't go on

He's the universal soldier and he
really is to blame
His orders come from far away no more
They come from him, and you, and me
and brothers can't you see
this is not the way we put an end to war

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=GDBbIXqQka>
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Joan Baez With god on our side

Oh, my name, it ain't nothing'
My age, it means less
The country I come from
Is called the Midwest
I's taught and brought up there
The laws to abide
And that the land that I live in
Has God on its side

Oh, the history books tell it
They tell it so well
The cavalries charged
The Indians fell
The cavalries charged
The Indians died
Ah, the country was young
With God on its side

The Spanish-American
War had its day
And the Civil War too
Was soon laid away
And the names of the heroes
I's made to memorize
With guns in their hands
And God on their side

It came and it went
The reason for fightin'
I never did get
But I learned to accept it
Accept it with pride
For you don't count the dead
When God's on your side

The Second World War
Came to an end
We forgave the Germans
And then we were friends
Though they murdered six million
In the ovens they fried
The Germans now too
Have God on their side

I've learned to hate the Russians
All through my whole life
If another war comes
It's them we must fight

To hate them and fear them
To run and to hide
And accept it all bravely
With God on my side
[Verse 7]
But now we got weapons
Of chemical dust
If fire them we're forced to
Then fire them we must
One push of the button
And a shot the world wide
And ya never ask questions
When God's on your side

Through many dark hour
I been thinking about this
That Jesus Christ
Was betrayed by a kiss
But I can't think for ya
You'll have to decide
Whether Judas Iscariot
Had God on his side

So now as I'm leavin'
I'm weary as Hell
The confusion I'm feelin'
Ain't no tongue can tell
The words fill my head
And they fall to the floor
That if God's on our side
He'll stop the next war

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=cqOST8KvrwM>

Lenard Cohen the Partisan:

When they poured across the border
I was cautioned to surrender
This I could not do
I took my gun and vanished

I have changed my name so often
I've lost my wife and children
But I have many friends
And some of them are whit me

An old woman gave us shelter
Kept us hidden in the garret
Then the soldiers came
She died without a whisper

There were three of us this morning
I'm the only one this evening
But I must go on
The frontiers are my prison

Oh, the wind, the wind is blowing
Through the graves the wind is blowing
Freedom soon will come
Then we'll come from the shadows

Les Allemands étaient chez moi
Ils me dirent, "Resigne-toi,"
Mais je n'ai pas pu
J'ai repris mon arme

J'ai changé cent fois de nom
J'ai perdu femme et enfants
Mais j'ai tant d'amis
J'ai la France entière

Un vieil homme dans un grenier
Pour la nuit nous a caché
Les Allemands l'ont pris
Il est mort sans surprise

Oh, the wind, the wind is blowing
Trough the graves the wind is blowing
Freedom soon will come
Then we'll come from the shadows

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=AX1XQE1NYw8>

` Het lied is van oorsprong van een fransman,
genaamd Emmanuel D'astier de la Vigerie
geschreven in 1943



Sting: Russians

In Europe and America
There's a growing feeling of hysteria
Conditioned to respond to all the threats
In the rhetorical speeches of the Soviets

Mister Kruschchev said, "We will bury you"
I don't subscribe to this point of view
It'd be such an ignorant thing to do
If the Russians love their children too

How can I save my little boy
From Oppenheimer's deadly toy?
There is no monopoly of common sense
On either side of the political fence

We share the same biology
Regardless of ideology
Believe me when I say to you
I hope the Russians love their children too

There is no historical precedent
To put the words in the mouth of the
president?
There's no such thing as a winnable war,
It's a lie we don't believe anymore

Mister Reagan says; "We will protect you"
I don't subscribe to this point of view
Believe me when I say to you
I hope the Russians love their children too

We share the same biology
Regardless of ideology
What might save us, me and you,
Is if the Russians love their children too

Live in Moskou

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=EiWvlpSyzbw>

Metallica - One

I can't remember anything
can't tell if this is true or dream
deep down inside I feel to scream
this terrible silence stops me

now that the war is through with me
I'm waking up, I cannot see
that there's not much left of me
nothing is real but pain now

hold my breath as I wish for death
oh please God, wake me

back in the womb it's much too real
in pumps life that I must feel
but can't look forward to reveal
look to the time when I'll live fed through the
tube that sticks in me
just like a wartime novelty
tied to machines that make me be
cut this life off from me

hold my breath as I wish for death
oh please God, wake me

now the world is gone I'm just one
oh God, help me hold my breath as I wish for
death
oh please god help me!

darkness imprisoning me
all that I see
absolute horror
I cannot live
I cannot die
trapped in myself
body my holding cell

landmine has taken my sight
taken my speech
taken my hearing
taken my arms
taken my legs
taken my soul
left me with life in hell

https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=_oxwYIHs5DU

The Cranberries - Zombie

Another head hangs lowly
Child is slowly taken
And the violence caused such silence
Who are we mistaken?

But you see, it's not me
It's not my family
In your head, in your head
They are fighting

With their tanks and their bombs
And their bombs and their guns
In your head, in your head
They are crying

Another mother's breaking
Heart is taken over
When the violence causes silence
We must be mistaken

It's the same old theme since 1916
In your head, in your head
They're still fighting

With their tanks and their bombs
And their bombs and their guns
In your head, in your head
They are dying

Refrijn:

In your head, in your head,
Zombie, Zombie, Zombie
What's in your head, in your head?
Zombie, Zombie, Zombie

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=6Ejga4kJUts>

Boudewijn De Groot - Welterusten Meneer de President

Meneer de president, welterusten.
Slaap maar lekker in je mooie witte huis.
Denk maar niet te veel aan al die verre
kusten waar uw jongens zitten, eenzaam, ver
van thuis.
Denk vooral niet aan die zesenvieftig doden,
die vergissing laatst met dat bombardement.
En vergeet het vierde van die tien geboden
die u als goed christen zeker kent.

Denk maar niet aan al die jonge frontsoldaten
eenzaam stervend in de verre tropennacht.
Laat die weke pacifistenkliek maar praten,
meneer de president, slaap zacht.

Droom maar van de overwinning en de zege,
droom maar van uw mooie vredesideaal
dat nog nooit door bloedig moorden is
verkregen, droom maar dat het u wel lukken
zal dit maal.
Denk maar niet aan al die mensen die
verrekken,
hoeveel vrouwen, hoeveel kinderen zijn
vermoord.
Droom maar dat u aan het langste eind zult
trekken
en geloof van al die tegenstand geen woord.

Bajonetten met bloedige gevesten
houden ver van hier op uw bevel de wacht
voor de glorie en de eer van het vrije westen.
Meneer de president, slaap zacht.

Schrik maar niet te erg wanneer u in uw
dromen
al die schuldeloze slachtoffers ziet staan
die daarginds bij het gevecht zijn
omgekomen
en u vragen hoe lang dit nog zo moet gaan.
En u zult toch ook zo langzaam wel weten
dat er mensen zijn die ziek zijn van geweld,
die het bloed en de ellende niet vergeten
en voor wie nog steeds een mensenleven
telt.

Droom maar niet te veel van al die dode
mensen,
droom maar fijn van overwinning en van
macht.
Denk maar niet aan al die vredeswensen.
Meneer de president, slaap zacht.

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=5Cmw1NHUig>

Wannes van der Velde: Ik ben soldaat

Ik ben soldaat doch tegen mijn begeren
Toen ik het werd heeft men mij niet gevraagd
Men trok mij mee, ik mocht me niet verweren
Ik werd gevangen en als wild gejaagd

Van 't ouderhuis en van mijn liefjes harte
Verjoeg men mij en uit de vriendenkring
Als ik daaraan denk met kommer en met smarte
Ontgloeit m'n toorn en mijn verbittering

Ik ben soldaat, 'k moet dag en nacht marcheren
In plaats van werken moet ik op schildwacht
staan
In plaats van vrij te zijn moet ik salueren
Voor lummels vol van domme eigenwaan

En in de strijd moet ik de moordenaar worden
Van broeders die ik geen van allen haat
Daarvoor krijg ik verminkt een ridderorde
En hongerig roep ik dan 'ik was soldaat'

Oh broeders, of gij Duitsers zijt of Denen
Uit Frankrijk, Oostenrijk of Engeland
Met rood of blauwe broeken aan uw benen
Reikt aan elkaar voorgoed de broederhand

Kom laten wij naar huis tesaam marcheren
Onszelf bevrijden uit de slavernij
Om hand in hand de oorlog te verleren
Soldaat der vrede noem ik gaarne mij

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=e48Vkc5siuY>

Graham Nash Military Madness

In an upstairs room in Blackpool
By the side of a northern sea
The army had my father
And my mother was having me
Military Madness was killing my country
Solitary Sadness comes over me

After the school was over and I moved
To the other side
I found a different country but I never
Lost my pride
Military Madness was killing the country
Solitary sadness creeps over me

And after the wars are over
And the body count is finally filed
I hope that The Man discovers
What's driving the people wild
Military madness is killing your country
So much sadness, between you and me
War, War, War, War, War, War

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=czUx2gvjdJk>

Amnesty international verzamelt hedendaagse protestsongs

<https://www.amnesty.nl/wordt-vervolgd/de-soundtrack-van-het-verzet-32-dronebommen>