

I am a soldier, but I am not happy to be one

I am a soldier, but I am not happy to be one,
When I became a soldier, I was not asked by anyone.
I was dragged away, pushed inside the barracks,
I was caught, like hunted wild animals.
Yes, I had to leave home and my beloved's heart,
From the circle of friends, I also had to part.
I feel the pains of melancholy, when I think of that
The fire of fury in my breast, I feel it so bad.

I am a soldier, but only with reluctance,
I do not like the blue skirt of the king.
I do not like the blood-stained life of weapons,
To defend myself, a stick would suffice.
Oh, tell me, why do you need soldiers?
Every nation only loves peace and quietness.
Only out of imperiousness and the people to harm,
You let, alas, the golden field be tread upon!

I am a soldier; day and night I have to march,
I have to be on duty, not at work,
Instead of being free, I have to salute,
And the pride of bold fellows, I have to watch.
On the field, I have to kill brothers,
None of whom has done me any harm at all,
Then as a cripple, wearing a band and medals,
'I was a soldier', I will call.

You all brothers, whether Germans or from France,
Whether Hungarians, Danes or from the Netherland,
Whether green, red, blue or whether white are your pants,
Greet each other by giving not lead, but the brotherly hand!
Come on, let us march back home,
To free our people from the tyrants,
For only tyrants should be at wars,
A soldier of freedom, I want to be.