

## Small Fred

### "Denmark 1943"

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And it's Eichmann and Himmler are turning the screws

The Fuhrer they say grows impatient

"How can it be Denmark's Jews still walk free

After three years of kind occupation?

We will take them like sheep in their beds as they sleep

On the second night of their new year

Devoutly at home they'll be helpless alone

When they cry out no one will hear

But Duckwitz the German tells Hedtoft the Dane

"My friend I have dangerous news

In three hours the transport ships will set at anchor

You must warn them warn all the Jews"

Soon good Rabbi Melchior stands in the synagogue

"There'll be no service today

The raids come tomorrow, dwell not on your sorrow

By nightfall we must be away."

And it's fire up the diesel and look out for swells

We're leaving Espergaerde behind us

Who strike at our friends strike us as well

We'll pray the patrol boats don't find us

When the sirens are wailing and shouts fill the night

Never will you stand alone

So it's over the O\*resund

Till the day we can welcome you home.

Sompolinski the tailor on the eve of Rosh Hashana

Gathers his family near

"The Lord is my light and salvation

Whom on this earth shall I fear?"

When a young Danish gentile steps into the glow

Of the candle with tears flowing down

"Good neighbors flee -- I pray you believe me"

And as quickly the young man is gone.

Christian policemen, shopkeepers, and teachers

Tell their friends of the quickening storm

While students on bicycles race through the streets

Searching for Jews to be warned

And Katlev the foreman blurts out to the trainman

"My family has no place to hide"

"Well bring em to my house" the stranger replies

"And we'll spit in the damn Nazi's eyes."

And it's fire up the diesel and look out for swells

We're leaving Espergaerde behind us

Who strike at our friends strike us as well

We'll pray the patrol boats don't find us

When the sirens are wailing and shouts fill the night

Never will you stand alone

So it's over the O\*resund  
Till the day we can welcome you home.  
Ellen Nielsen the fishwife in the port of Drago\*r  
Has no use for political views  
She'll call out the catch "Fresh salmon! Fresh cod!"  
Comes a whisper "Please help. We are Jews."  
"But if you are Jews you're not safe on the street  
I know a man with a sail"  
Till moonrise they sleep in the shade of her eaves  
And escape on the fisherman's keel.  
Rabbi Melchior hires a young trawlerman  
To ferry his family across  
After twelve hours afloat in a scurvy old boat  
Morning light shows the same Danish coast  
Says the skipper "I'm afraid of the German blockade  
So we've motored in circles around"  
The rabbi gives a shout, with one blow knocks him out  
And steers a straight line 'cross the sound.  
Frozen with fright in the October night  
Families huddle in basements and barns  
Mistaking each breath for the angel of death  
The Gestapo the shot the alarm  
Then down into the hold with the stench and the cold  
And drug all the babies with schnapps  
Someone shouts "Valkoemmen till Sverige  
You are in Swedish waters at last!"

Seven thousands of Jews smuggled over to Sweden  
By fishermen, nurses, and priests  
Hitler sends Eichmann to hunt them down  
But his quarry have vanished like mist  
When the war's over the Jews return  
Cheers and flowers adorn their way home  
"We're not heroes or martyrs" so say the Danes  
"We were just looking after our own."  
And it's fire up the diesel and look out for swells  
We're leaving Espergaerde behind us  
Who strike at our friends strike us as well  
We'll pray the patrol boats don't find us  
When the sirens are wailing and shouts fill the night  
Never will you stand alone  
So it's over the Oresund  
...And today we will welcome you home  
And today we welcome you home

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