

The Baden-Baden Lesson on Consent

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Collected plays - -
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Bd. 3: Lindbergh's Flight. The
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Characters:

THE AIRMEN [THE CRASHED AIRMAN and THE THREE MECHANICS]

THE LEADER OF THE CHORUS

SPEAKER

THREE CLOWNS

CHORUS

THE CROWD

Seven scenes or numbers from this work were set to music by Paul Hindemith for performance at the Baden-Baden music festival in 1929 under the title 'Lehrstück'. As in the parallel case of *Lindbergh's Flight*, the additional material introduced later by Brecht, but not set to music, is distinguished by use of a different typeface. Scene numbering is that of the final eleven-scene script; figures in brackets are those of Hindemith's score, where the order of scenes from 3 on is not the same as ours. Apart from scenes 7 (Instruction) and 8 (Examination) all other scenes after scene 3 were new, so that there is no music to them. And Brecht shifted some of the others, and made the clown scene become part of scene 3. Throughout, the Airman now became plural, a collective figure performed by four singers: three mechanics and one pilot.

On a platform corresponding in size to the number of participants the Chorus is positioned at the back. The orchestra is on the left. In the left foreground there is a table at which the conductor of the singers and instrumentalists, the Leader of the Chorus songs and the Speaker sit. The singers of the Airmen's (or Mechanics') parts sit at a desk in the right foreground. [The offstage orchestra should be as far away in the hall (gallery) as is possible.] To clarify the scene the wreckage of a plane can be placed on or beside the platform.

I (I)

THE STORY OF FLIGHT

[CHORUS] THE FOUR AIRMEN *report:*

At that time, when humanity
Began to know itself
We fashioned carriages
Of iron, wood and glass
And in these we went flying.
And that with a velocity that no hurricane
Has been known to ever exceed.
And such was our motor:
Strong as a hundred horses, though
Smaller than a single one.
Ages long all things fell in a downward direction
Except for the birds themselves.
On the oldest of tablets
No one has come on drawings
Of human beings flying through the air.
Only we, we have found the secret.
Near the end of the second millennium, as we reckon time
Our artless invention took wing
Pointing out the possible
Without letting us forget:
[The unattainable.]
The yet-to-be-attained.

THE CRASH

THE LEADER OF THE CHORUS *addresses the Crashed Airman:*

Fly no longer.
 Now no more do you have need of swiftness.
 The lowest piece of earth
 Is now high
 Enough for you.
 Lie there still and be
 Content.
 Not high above our heads
 Not far from us
 And no more in motion
 But immobile
 Tell us who you are.

THE CRASHED AIRMAN *answer[s]:*

I was sharing in the researches of my comrades.
 As our airplanes grew ever better
 We flew yet higher and higher
 The oceans were soon mastered
 And even the mountains humbled.
 I had been seized with the fever
 Of building cities, and of oil.
 And all my thoughts were of machines and the
 Attainment of ever greater speed.
 I forgot in my exertions
 My own name and identity
 And in the urgency of my searching
 Forgot the final goal I sought.
 But I beg you
 To come to me and
 To give me water
 And place a pillow under my head
 And to assist me, for
 I do not wish to die.

THE CHORUS *turns to the Crowd:*

Hearken: a man calls you

To assist him.
 In the heavens
 He went flying, and
 Now to earth has fallen
 And will not perish.
 So he's calling to you
 To assist him.
 And here
 We have a beaker of water and
 A pillow.
 Now you must tell us
 Whether we should assist him.
 [VOICES, *repeated by the Crowd:*
 Why should we now assist him?
 He has not given us assistance.]

THE CROWD *answers the Chorus:*

Yes.

CHORUS *to the Crowd:*

Have they assisted you?

CROWD:

No.

THE SPEAKER *turns to the Crowd and says:*

Across the body of the dying man the question is considered:
 whether men help each other.

3 (2)

INQUIRY: DO MEN HELP EACH OTHER?

First Inquiry

THE LEADER OF THE CHORUS *comes forward:*

One of our kind went sailing across the sea, and
 There he discovered an unknown continent.
 But many came after
 And built there in that place mighty cities, with
 Boundless effort and cunning.

CHORUS:

The price of bread did not get cheaper.

[CROWD:

Tear up the pillow!]

THE LEADER OF THE CHORUS:

One of our kind once made an engine in which the
 Pressure of steam made a wheel turn, and that was
 The mother of many more engines
 Yet many men laboured a lifetime to
 Make them perfect.

CHORUS:

The price of bread did not get cheaper.

[CROWD:

Empty the water out!]

THE LEADER OF THE CHORUS:

Many of us have been drawn to meditate
 On the passage of the earth through the solar system
 And on a man's inner feelings and the laws
 Governing all people, and the properties of air
 And the fish in the ocean.
 Very many
 Great things they have discovered.

CHORUS:

The price of bread did not get cheaper.
 Rather
 Did poverty and need increase within our cities
 And long years have passed since
 Anyone knew what a man is.
 For instance, while you flew above
 Creatures like you crawled on earth
 Nothing like men.

[CROWD:

Tear up the pillow, thrown the water away!

THE LEADER OF THE CHORUS:

And so he is not to be assisted?

CHORUS:

Let us tear up the pillow
 And empty the water out.
The Speaker tears up the pillow and empties the water out.]

THE LEADER OF THE CHORUS turns to the Crowd:

So does one man help another?

CROWD: No.

Second Inquiry

THE LEADER OF THE CHORUS turns to the Crowd:

Look on our pictures and then say
 One man helps another!
*Twenty photographs showing how human beings slaughter one
 another in our times are shown.*

THE CROWD shouts:

No man helps another.

Third Inquiry (6)

THE LEADER OF THE CHORUS turns to the Crowd:

Watch now our clowns' scene, in which
 Some men help another man.

*Three Clowns mount the platform. One of them, called Mr
 Smith, is a giant. They speak very loudly.*

CLOWN 1: Lovely evening today, Mr Smith.

CLOWN 2: What do you say to the evening, Mr Smith?

SMITH: I don't find it at all lovely.

CLOWN 1: Wouldn't you like to sit down, Mr Smith?

CLOWN 2: Here is a chair, Mr Smith. Why don't you speak to us
any more?

CLOWN 1: Can't you see? Mr Smith wants to gaze at the moon.

CLOWN 2: Tell me, why are you always crawling up Mr Smith's
arse? You're inconveniencing Mr Smith.CLOWN 1: Because Mr Smith is so strong; that's why I crawl up his
arse.

CLOWN 2: Me too.

CLOWN 1: Please, Mr Smith, come and sit with us.

SMITH: I'm not feeling well today.

CLOWN 1: Then we must try and cheer you up, Mr Smith.

*The scene continues without music.*SMITH: I don't think I can be cheered up any more. *Pause.* How
does my complexion look?

CLOWN 1: Rosy, Mr Smith, nice and rosy.

SMITH: Really? And I thought I was looking rather pale.

CLOWN 1: How extraordinary! You say you think you are looking

rather pale. Now I come to look at you, I must say I think you do look a little pale.

CLOWN 2: In that case you should take a seat, Mr Smith, looking as you do.

SMITH: I don't feel like sitting today.

CLOWN 1: No, no — no sitting. Whatever you do, don't sit. Better remain standing.

SMITH: Why do you think I should remain standing?

CLOWN 1 to Clown 2: He mustn't sit down today, otherwise he'll never be able to get up again.

SMITH: Oh, God!

CLOWN 1: See? He knows it himself. That's why Mr Smith prefers to remain standing.

SMITH: Do you know, I rather think I've got a pain in my left foot.

CLOWN 1: Bad?

SMITH *suffering*: What?

CLOWN 1: Is it hurting much?

SMITH: Yes, it's hurting a good deal.

CLOWN 2: That's what comes of standing.

SMITH: Shall I sit down, then?

CLOWN 1: No, no, you mustn't. We must avoid that at all costs.

CLOWN 2: When your left foot starts hurting you, there's only one way: off with the left foot.

CLOWN 1: And the sooner, the better.

SMITH: Well, if you think —

CLOWN 2: No doubt about it.

They saw off his left foot. Music plays.

SMITH: A stick, please.

They give him a stick.

CLOWN 1: There. Can you stand better now, Mr Smith?

SMITH: Yes, on the left side. But you must give me back my foot. I wouldn't like to lose it.

CLOWN 1: As you please — if you don't trust us.

CLOWN 2: We can go away, if you like.

SMITH: No, no. You'll have to stay now. I can't walk on my own.

CLOWN 1: Here's your foot.

Smith puts it under his arm.

SMITH: Now I've lost my stick.

CLOWN 2: But you've got your foot back.

Both laugh loudly.

SMITH: Now I really can't go on standing. The other leg is beginning to hurt.

CLOWN 1: What did you expect?

SMITH: I don't want to put you to more inconvenience than is absolutely necessary, but without that stick I find things rather difficult.

CLOWN 2: By the time we pick up the stick, we can just as well saw the other leg off, if it's hurting you so much.

SMITH: Yes, maybe that would be better.

Music plays. They saw off his other leg. Smith falls down.

SMITH: Now I'll never be able to stand again.

CLOWN 1: That's terrible, and just when we didn't want you to sit at any price.

SMITH: What?!

CLOWN 2: You can't stand up any more, Mr Smith.

SMITH: Don't say that. I can't bear it.

CLOWN 2: Say what?

SMITH: That.

CLOWN 2: That you can't stand up any more?

SMITH: Can't you keep your mouth shut?

CLOWN 2: No, Mr Smith, but what I can do is unscrew your left ear. Then you won't be able to hear me saying that you can't stand up any more.

SMITH: Yes, maybe that would be better.

They unscrew his left ear. Music.

SMITH to Clown 1: Now I can't hear you any more. *Clown 2 goes over to the other side.* My ear, please. *Growing angry:* And while you are about it, the other leg too. This is no way to treat a sick man. I demand the immediate return of all missing parts to their rightful owner, which is myself. *They put the other leg under his arm and lay the ear in his lap.* If you think you can play tricks with me, then you are utterly mistaken. — What's the matter with my arm?

CLOWN 2: It's because of all that useless junk you're carrying around with you.

SMITH *softly*: Yes, that'll be it. Couldn't you take it off me?

CLOWN 2: Yes, or we could take off the arm. That would certainly be better.

SMITH: Yes, please, if you think –

CLOWN 2: Of course.

They saw off his left arm. Music.

SMITH: Thank you. It's kind of you to take so much trouble over me.

CLOWN 1: There, Mr Smith, now you've got everything that belongs to you. Nobody will be able to rob you now.

They place all the amputated limbs in his lap. Smith examines them.

SMITH: Funny, my head's so full of unpleasant thoughts. To Clown 1: Say something nice, will you?

CLOWN 1: With pleasure, Mr Smith. Would you like to hear a story? There were these two men coming out of a pub, arguing furiously. Then they began to pelt each other with bits of horse-shit. One of them got a lump right in the mouth. So he says: 'Right, that stays there now till the police arrive.'

Clown 2 laughs. Smith does not laugh.

SMITH: That's not a nice story. Can't you tell me something nice? I told you, my head's full of unpleasant thoughts.

CLOWN 1: No, Mr Smith, I'm sorry, but apart from that story there is really nothing I could think of telling you.

CLOWN 2: But we could of course saw off the top of your head, to let those stupid thoughts out.

SMITH: Yes, please, maybe that will help.

They saw off the upper part of his head. Music.

CLOWN 1: How does that feel, Mr Smith? Is that easier?

SMITH: Yes, much easier. Now I feel much, much easier. Only – my head feels rather cold.

CLOWN 2: Then why not put on your hat? *Bawling:* Hat on!

SMITH: But I can't reach.

CLOWN 1: Would you like your stick?

SMITH: Yes, please. *Fishing for his cap:* Now I've dropped the stick. I can't reach my hat. And I'm feeling so terribly cold.

CLOWN 2: Maybe if we were to screw your head right off?

SMITH: Well, I don't know.

CLOWN 1: Oh, come on.

SMITH: No, really – I just don't know anything any more.

CLOWN 2: All the more reason, then.

They screw off his head. Music. Smith falls over backwards.

SMITH: Stop! Someone, put a hand on my brow.

CLOWN 1: Where?

SMITH: Someone, hold my hand.

CLOWN 1: Which one?

CLOWN 2: Are you feeling easier now, Mr Smith?

SMITH: No, I'm not. There's a stone sticking into my back.

CLOWN 2: Now really, Mr Smith, you can't have everything.

Both laugh loudly.

(End of the Clown Number.)

THE CROWD *shouts:*

No man helps another.

THE LEADER OF THE CHORUS:

Shall we tear up the pillow?

CROWD:

Yes.

THE LEADER OF THE CHORUS:

Shall we empty the water out?

CROWD:

Yes.

4

HELP REFUSED

CHORUS:

So they are not to be helped.

We tear up the pillow, we

Empty the water out.

The Speaker now tears up the pillow and empties the water out.

THE CROWD *reads out:*

Here for sure you have seen

Help of some kind

Given here and there within conditions

As yet indispensable, of

Force.

And still we advise you to meet cruel

Reality

Even more cruelly and

To lay aside the claim
 Together with the conditions
 That give rise to the claim. Thus
 Not to count on help:
 To refuse help requires force
 To obtain help requires force also.
 As long as force reigns help can be refused
 When force no longer reigns, there is no need of help.
 So you should not demand help, but abolish force.
 Help and force form a single whole
 And this whole must be altered.

5

CONSULTATION

THE CRASHED AIRMAN:

Comrades, we
 Are about to die.

THE THREE CRASHED MECHANICS:

We know we are about to die, but
 Do you know it?
 Listen, then:
 You will die for certain.
 Your life will be stripped from you
 Your achievement wiped out
 You die alone
 No one else is concerned
 You die finally
 And so must we too.

6

CONTEMPLATION OF THE DEAD

THE SPEAKER:

Contemplate the dead!
Ten photographs of dead bodies are shown. The Speaker then

says: 'Second contemplation of the dead', and the photographs are shown again.

After the contemplation of the dead, THE CRASHED AIRMEN begin shouting:

We cannot die!

[(4)

LOOK ON DEATH

From the centre of the Chorus a dancer comes slowly forward and performs a dance of death. As the music ends, the Airman cries out:

AIRMAN:

I cannot die!

CHORUS *to the Airman:*]

7 (5)

INSTRUCTION

THE CHORUS *turns to the Crashed Airmen:*

We have no help to give you.
 Just a book, just a single thought, just a word of guidance
 Can we give you on your way.
 Die
 But still seeking, seeking
 And in seeking learn truth.

AIRMAN:

I have but little time:
 Not enough for much learning.

CHORUS:

Though your time is short
 Still it is enough
 For the way of truth is easy.
The Speaker steps forward from the Chorus, a book in his hand. He goes to the Crashed Airmen, sits down and reads from the commentaries.

THE SPEAKER *reading*:

1. He who takes something away will keep hold of something. And he from whom something has been taken will also keep hold of it. And he who keeps hold of something will have it taken away.

Whoever of us shall die, what does he lay aside? Surely he does not lay simply his table or his bed aside. He of us who dies knows this: I lay aside all that exists. I give away more than I have. Whoever dies lays aside the street which he knows, but also that which he does not know; the treasures that he has and also those that he does not have; poverty itself; his own hand.

Yet how shall he who is not practised lift up a stone? How shall he lift up a large stone? How shall he who has not learned to lay aside, lay aside his table or — even more — lay aside everything that he has and everything that he does not have? The street which he knows, and also that which he does not know; the treasures that he has and also those that he does not have; poverty itself; his own hand?

[AIRMAN *sings*:

So I learn to see:
What I have done was wrong.
Now I learn to see that a man
Must lie prostrate and not strive
For heights, nor depths, nor yet velocity.

THE SPEAKER *reading*:

2. When the thinking man was overtaken by a great storm, he was seated in a large carriage, taking up much room. The first thing that he did was to descend from his carriage. The second was to take off his cloak. The third thing was that he laid himself down on the ground. Thus he conquered the storm in his smallest dimension.

AIRMAN *addresses the Speaker*:

Did he thus outlast the storm?

[CHORUS *and* CROWD] THE SPEAKER:

In his smallest dimension he outlasted the storm.

THE CRASHED AIRMEN:

In his smallest dimension he outlasted the storm.

THE SPEAKER *continues*:

3. Encouraging a fellow-being to face up to his death, the thinking man bade him lay his goods aside. When he had laid them all aside, there remained to him only his life. Lay yet more aside, said the thinking man.

[CHORUS *and* CROWD:

Lay yet more aside.

THE SPEAKER *continues*:

4. When the thinking man conquered the storm, he did so because he recognised the storm and agreed to it. Thus, if you wish to conquer death, you may conquer it by recognising death and agreeing to it. But let whoever has the wish to agree hold on to his poverty. Let him not cling to objects. For objects can be taken away, and then there is no agreement. Similarly, let him not cling to life. For life can be taken away, and then there is no agreement. Nor should he cling to his thoughts. For thoughts too can be taken away, and there too there is then no agreement.

8 (7)

EXAMINATION

The Chorus examines the Airmen in the presence of the Crowd.

i

CHORUS:

How high then were you flying?

[AIRMAN] THE THREE MECHANICS:

Unimaginably high was I flying.

CHORUS:

How high then were you flying?

[AIRMAN] THE THREE MECHANICS:

Over twelve thousand feet was I flying.

CHORUS:

How high then were you flying?

[AIRMAN] THE THREE MECHANICS:

Fairly high was I flying.

CHORUS:

How high then were you flying?

[AIRMAN] THE THREE MECHANICS:

I raised myself but little over the earth's surface.

[CROWD] THE LEADER OF THE CHORUS *turns to the Crowd:*

He raised himself but little above the earth's surface.

THE CRASHED AIRMAN:

I flew unimaginably high.

CHORUS:

And he flew unimaginably high.

ii

CHORUS:

Was your deed acclaimed?

[AIRMAN] THE THREE MECHANICS:

No, it was not enough acclaimed.

CHORUS:

Was your deed acclaimed?

[AIRMAN] THE THREE MECHANICS:

It was acclaimed.

CHORUS:

Was your deed acclaimed?

[AIRMAN] THE THREE MECHANICS:

It was enough acclaimed.

CHORUS:

Was your deed acclaimed?

[AIRMAN] THE THREE MECHANICS:

I for my deed was vastly acclaimed.

[CROWD] THE LEADER OF THE CHORUS *to the Crowd:*

For his deed he was vastly acclaimed.

THE CRASHED AIRMAN:

I was not enough acclaimed.

CHORUS:

And he was not enough acclaimed.

iii

CHORUS:

Who are you?

[AIRMAN] THE THREE MECHANICS:

We are those who have [I am he who has] flown across the ocean.

CHORUS:

Who are you?

[AIRMAN] THE THREE MECHANICS:

We are ones [I am the one] like yourselves.

CHORUS:

Who are you?

[AIRMAN] THE THREE MECHANICS:

I am no one.

THE LEADER OF THE CHORUS *to the Crowd:*

They are no one.

THE CRASHED AIRMAN:

I am Charles Nungesser.

CHORUS:

And he is Charles Nungesser.

iv

CHORUS:

Who waits for you now?

[AIRMAN] THE THREE MECHANICS:

Many over the sea wait for us [me] now.

CHORUS:

Who waits for you now?

[AIRMAN] THE THREE MECHANICS:

Our fathers [My father] and our mothers [my mother] are awaiting us [me] now.

CHORUS:

Who waits for you now?

[AIRMAN] THE THREE MECHANICS:

No one is waiting now.

THE LEADER OF THE CHORUS *to the Crowd:*

[He is no one, and] no one waits for him now.

v

CHORUS:

Who therefore dies when you die?

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[AIRMAN] THE THREE MECHANICS:

We [He] whose deed was acclaimed too much.

CHORUS:

Who therefore dies when you die?

[AIRMAN] THE THREE MECHANICS:

We [He] who raised ourselves [himself] but little from the ground.

CHORUS:

Who therefore dies when you die?

[AIRMAN] THE THREE MECHANICS:

We [He] whom no one waits for.

CHORUS:

Who therefore dies when you die?

[AIRMAN] THE THREE MECHANICS:

No one.

CHORUS:

Now you [he] have [has] seen it:

No one dies when he dies.

[CROWD:

Now he has seen it:

No one dies when he dies.

CHORUS:

Now is his smallest dimension attained.

CROWD:]

Now is their [his] smallest dimension attained.

THE CRASHED AIRMAN:

But I with my flight
Reached my greatest dimension.
However high I flew, none flew
Higher.

I was not enough acclaimed, I
Cannot be acclaimed enough
I flew for nothing and for nobody.
I flew for flying's sake.
No one awaits me, I
Do not fly towards you, I
Fly away from you, I
Shall never die.

FAME AND DISPOSSESSION

CHORUS:

But now
Show what you have achieved.
For only
Achievement is real.
So now lay aside the engine
Wings and undercarriage, everything
With which you flew and
Together made.
Lay it aside.

THE CRASHED AIRMAN:

I will not lay it aside
What is
The aircraft without the airman?

THE LEADER OF THE CHORUS:

Take it!

The aircraft is carried off to the opposite corner of the stage by the Crashed Airman. During the dispossession, the CHORUS acclaim the Crashed Airman:

Rise up, airmen, you have changed the earthly laws.
Ages long all things fell in a downward direction
Except for the birds themselves.
On the oldest of tablets
No one has come on drawings
Of human beings flying through the air.
Only you found the secret.
Near the end of the second millennium, as we reckon time.

THE THREE CRASHED MECHANICS *suddenly point to the Crashed Airman:*

Look, what is that?

THE LEADER *quickly, to the Chorus:*

Begin the 'Completely Unrecognisable'.

CHORUS *groups around the Crashed Airman:*

Completely unrecognisable to us
Has now become the face

Of him who
 Needed us as we
 Had need of him: for such
 Was he.

THE LEADER OF THE CHORUS:

This
 Holder of a function
 Though but self-assumed
 Took from us what he needed, and
 Denied us that of which we had need.
 Thus his face
 Was extinguished with his function:
 He had but one.

Four members of the Chorus discuss him over his body.

THE FIRST:

If he was here –

THE SECOND:

He was here.

THE FIRST:

What was he?

THE SECOND:

He was no one.

THE THIRD:

Had he been someone –

THE FOURTH:

He was no one.

THE THIRD:

How did one bring him into sight?

THE FOURTH:

By giving him something to do.

ALL FOUR:

By calling on him he comes into existence.
 When one changes him he is there.
 Who needs him recognises him.
 Who finds him useful enlarges him.

THE SECOND:

And still he is no one.

CHORUS *all together, to the Crowd:*

What lies there functionless

Is no longer human.
 Die now, you No-Longer-Man!

THE CRASHED AIRMAN:

I cannot die.

THE THREE MECHANICS:

Man, you have dropped out of the flow.
 Man, you were never in the flow.
 You are too big, you are too rich
 You are too self-contained.
 That is why you cannot die.

CHORUS:

But
 He who cannot die
 Will yet die.
 He who cannot swim
 Will yet swim.

IO (3)

THE CHORUS SPEAKS TO THE CRASHED AIRMAN

CHORUS:

One of our kind
 In his body, face and his thinking
 To us all akin
 Must now take leave of us, for
 He has been branded overnight and
 Since this morning has his breath been stinking.
 See how his flesh decays, and his face which
 Once we knew, is now strange to us.
 Come, speak to us now, we await
 From the usual place the sound of your voice. Speak!

He speaks not. Not a word from
 His mouth. Be not afraid, for you
 Must go now. Go at once!
 Do not look round, go
 Away from us.

II

AGREEMENT

CHORUS *addressing the Three Mechanics:*

You, however, who have shown you agree to the flow of things
 Do not sink back into the void.
 Do not dissolve like salt in water, but
 Dying
 Rise to your death
 As you worked at your work
 By revolutionising a revolution.
 So in your dying do not
 Observe death's demands
 But accept from us the charge
 To rebuild our aircraft.
 Begin!
 So as to fly for us
 To the place where we have need of you
 And at the necessary time. For
 We call on you
 To march with us, and with us
 To change not only
 An earthly law, but
 The basic law
 Accepting that all must be altered
 The world and all mankind
 Above all, the disorder
 Of human classes because there are two kinds of people
 Exploitation and ignorance.

THE THREE MECHANICS:

We agree to the alteration.

CHORUS:

And we request you:
 Alter our engine and improve it.
 Also increase safety and speed
 And in the swifter outset do not forget the goal.

THE THREE MECHANICS:

We improve engines, safety and

Speed.

CHORUS:

Then lay them aside.

THE LEADER OF THE CHORUS:

March on!

CHORUS:

Having improved the world, then
 Improve the improved world.
 Lay it aside.

THE LEADER OF THE CHORUS:

March on!

CHORUS:

If in improving the world you have fulfilled truth, then
 Fulfil this fulfilled truth.
 Lay it aside!

THE LEADER OF THE CHORUS:

March on!

CHORUS:

In altering the world, alter yourselves!
 Lay yourselves aside!

THE LEADER OF THE CHORUS:

March on!