

## Ukranian Children's Song of 1933

### Father Stalin, Look at This

Father Stalin, look at this  
Collective farming is such bliss  
The hut's in ruins, the barn's all  
sagged  
All the horses broken nags  
And on the hut a hammer and sickle  
And in the hut death and famine

Father Stalin, look at this  
No cows left, no pigs at all  
Just your picture on the wall  
Father Stalin, look at this  
Daddy and Mommy are in the grave  
The poor child cries as alone he goes

Father Stalin, look at this  
There's no bread and there's no fat  
The party's ended all of that  
Seek not the gentle nor the mild  
A father has eaten his own child

Father Stalin, look at this  
The party man he beats and stamps  
And sends us to Siberian camps

Father Stalin, look at this  
Collective farming is such bliss

Source; Lidia Kovalenko and Volodymyr Maniak, eds., 33'i: Holod: Narodna knyha-memorial, Kyiv: Radians'kyi pys'mennyk, 1991, page 110, cited by Timothy Snyder in *Bloodlands*