

CENTURY EDITION

La Marseillaise



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The Marseillaise

(La Marseillaise)

French National Hymn

ROUGET DE LISLE
Arr. by M. Greenwald

Tempo di Marcia

Ye sons of France, a-wake to glo - ry! Hark, hark, what myr-iads bid you rise! Your children,
Al-lons, en-fants de la pa-tri-e! Le jour de gloire est ar-ri-ré, *Con-tre*

wives and grand-sires hoar-y, Be-hold their tears and hear their cries, Be-hold their
nous de la ty-ran-ni-e, L'é-ten-dard san-glant est le-ré, L'é-ten-

tears and hear their cries! Shall hate-ful ty-rants mis-chiefs breed-ing, With hire-ling
dard san-glant est le-ré! En-ten-des vous dans les cam-pag-nes, Mu-

hosts a ruf-fian band, Af-fright and des-o-late the land, While
gir ces fêr-o-ces sol-dats? Ils vien-nent jus-que dans nos bras, E-gor-

peace and lib-er-ty lie bleed-ing! To arms, to arms, ye brave, The a-veng - ing sword un-sheath! March
ger nos fils, nos com-pa-gnes! Aux armes, ci - toy-ens! For - mez vos ba-tail-lons, Mar-

on, march on, all, all hearts re-solved On vic - - to-ry or death. March death.
chons, mar-chons, Qu'un sang im-pur A - breu - - ve nos sil-lons. Mar- lons.

2. Now, now the dang'rous storm is rolling,
 Which treach'rous kings confed'rate raise;
 The dogs of war, let loose, are howling,
 And lo! our walls and cities blaze!
 And shall we basely view the ruin,
 While lawless force with guilty stride,
 Spreads desolation far and wide,
 With desolation far and wide,
 With crimes and blood his hands embruing?
 To arms, etc.

3. With luxury and pride surrounded,
 The vile, insatiate despots dare,
 (Their thirst of gold and power unbounded,)
 To meet and vend the light and air.
 Like beasts of burden would they load us,
 Like gods would bid their slaves adore
 But man is man, and who is more?
 But man is man, and who is more?
 Then shall they longer lash and goad us?
 To arms, etc.

4. O liberty! can man resign thee,
 Once having felt thy gen'rous flame?
 Can dungeons, bolts and bars confine thee?
 Or whips thy noble spirit tame?
 Too long the world has wept, bewailing
 That falsehood's dagger tyrants wield,
 But freedom is our sword and shield,
 But freedom is our sword and shield,
 And all their arts are unavailing.
 To arms, etc.

2. *Que veut cette horde d'esclaves
 Contre nous en vain conjurés?
 Pour qui ces ignobles entraves,
 : Ces fers dès longtems préparés?:
 Français pour nous, ah quel outrage?
 Quels transports il doit exiter!
 C'est nous qu'on ose méditer
 De rendre à l'antique esclavage?
 Aux armes, etc.*

3. *Tremblez, tyrans! et vous, perfides,
 L'opprobre de tous les partis;
 Tremblez! vos projets parricides
 : Vont enfin recevoir leur prix.:
 Tout est soldat pour vous combattre
 S'ils tombent nos jeunes héros,
 La terre en produit de nouveaux
 Contre vous tout prêts à se battre.
 Aux armes, etc.*

4. *Amour sacré de la patrie,
 Conduits, soutiens nos bras vengeurs.
 Liberté, liberté chérie,
 : Combats avec tes défenseurs.:
 Sous nos drapeaux que la victoire
 Accoure à tes mâles accents;
 Que tes ennemis expirans
 Voyent ton triomphe et notre gloire.
 Aux armes, etc.*