

French Songs

SECOND SERIES

Berlioz, Hector	Villanelle, Op. 7, No. 1.	{ High in A. Low in F.	.50
Bizet, Georges	In the Woods. (<i>Vieille Chanson.</i>)	{ High in Ab. Low in Eb.	.50
do	Pastoral. (<i>Pastorale.</i>)	{ High in F minor. Low in D minor.	.50
Ferrari, G.	I've Such a Host of Things to Tell You. (<i>J'ai tant de choses à vous dire.</i>)	{ High in A. Medium in F	.40
Fontenailles, H. de	Steadfast Love. (<i>Obstination.</i>)	{ High in Db. Medium in B.	.40
do	Winter Roses. (<i>Roses d'Hiver.</i>)	{ High in C. Medium in Ab.	.50
Godard, Benjamin	Florian's Song. (<i>Chanson de Florian.</i>)	{ High in D. Low in B.	.40
do	Lullaby from "Jocelyn."	{ High in F. Medium in Db.	.40
do	Remembrance. (<i>Te souviens-tu?</i>)	{ High in F. Low in Eb. High in Db. Medium in Bb.	.40
Granier, Jules	Hosanna!	{ Low in G.	.50
Gregh, Louis	Wandering Lover. (<i>Chemin faisant.</i>)	{ High in Eb.	.60
Hahn, Reynaldo	Could My Songs Their Way Be Winged! (<i>Si mes vers avaient des ailes!</i>)	{ High in E. Medium in c.	.40
do	Perfect Hour, The. (<i>L'heure exquise.</i>)	{ High in D. Low in B.	.40
do	Reverie. (<i>Réverie.</i>)	{ High in F.	.40
Lalo, Edouard	The Captive. (<i>L'Esclave.</i>)	{ High in D. Low in A.	.40
Lara, Isidore de	Song of Farewell. (<i>Rondel de l'Adieu.</i>)	{ High in Bb.	.40
Lemaire, Gaston	Countess, in Thy Dancing. (<i>Vous dansez, Marquise.</i>)	{ Medium in G. Low in E.	.50
L'Isle, Rouget de	The Marseillaise. (<i>La Marseillaise.</i>)	{ High in A. Medium in G.	.40
Massenet, Jules	Elegy. (<i>Élégie.</i>)	{ High in F minor. Low in D minor.	.25
do	How Brief is the Hour. (<i>Que l'heure est donc brève.</i>)	{ High in A minor. Low in F minor.	.30
do	Provence Song. (<i>Chant Provençal.</i>)	{ Medium in F. Low in Eb.	.50
Membree, Ed.	Songs of Love. (<i>Chansons d'Amour.</i>)	{ Medium	.60
Pessard, Emile	The Morning Adieu. (<i>L'Adieu du Matin.</i>)	{ Medium in C.	.30
Rothschild, Baroness	Why with your Lovely Presence Haunt me? (<i>Si vous n'avez rien à me dire.</i>)	{ High in Db. Low in Bb.	.50
Thomas, Ambroise	Evening. (<i>Le Soir.</i>)	{ High in Db. Low in Bb.	.50
Thome, Francis	Good-day, Suzon. (<i>Bonjour, Suzon.</i>)	{ High in Ab.	.40
do	A Love Sonnet. (<i>Sonnet d'Amour.</i>)	{ High in Eb. Medium in C.	.30
Tosti, F. Paolo	The Maidens of Cadiz. (<i>Les Filles de Cadix.</i>)	{ High in F. Low in D.	.60
Unknown	My Little Heart is Sighing. (<i>Mon petit cœur soupire.</i>)	{ High in D.	.40
Wekerlin, J. B.	The Nymph of the Rhine. (<i>L'Ondine du Rhin.</i>)	{ High in D.	.50
Widor, C. M.	Invocation. Op. 28, No. 2.	{ Medium in Db. Bass in Bb.	.50
do	Sigh, The. (<i>Soupir.</i>)	{ High in Bb minor. Low in G minor.	.40

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THE MARSEILLAISE

(LA MARSEILLAISE)

FRENCH NATIONAL HYMN

Arranged by
FRANÇOIS GUÉRIN



Written on the night of April 23, 1792
Words and Music by
ROUGET DE L'ISLE

Allegro marziale

PIANO

1. Ye sons of France, awake to glo - ry, Hark, hark, what myriads bid you
1. Al - lons, en - fants de la pa - tri - e, Le jour de gloire est ar - ri -

rise. Your children, wives and grandsires hoar-y, Be hold their
ré; Con - tre nous de la ty - ran - ni - e, L'é - ten -

tears and hear their cries, Be-hold their tears and hear their
dard san-glant est le - vé, L'é - ten - dard san-glant est le -

cries: Shall hate-ful ty-rants mis-chief breed-ing, With hire-ling
vé! En - ten - dez vous, — dans le cam - pa - gne, Mu -

host, a ruf-fian band, Af-fright and des-o-late the
gir ces fé-ro-ces sol-dats? Ils vien-nent jus-que dans nos

land, While peace and lib-er-ty lie bleed-ing? To
bras, E - gor - ger nos fils: — nos com - pa - gnes! Aux

arms, — to arms, ye brave, Th'a - veng - ing sword unsheath! March
ar - mes, ci - toy - ens! For - mez vos ba - tail - lons: Mar -

on! march on! All hearts re - solved On
chons, mar - chons, Qu'un sang im - pur A -

vic - to - ry or death. March on! march on!
breu - ve nos sil - lons! Mar - chons, mar - chons,

All hearts re - solved On vic - to - ry or death!
Qu'un sang im - pur A - breu - ve nos sil - lons!

CODA ad lib.



2.

Now, now the dangerous storm is rolling,
Which treacherous kings confederate 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 crime and blood his hands embruing.
To arms, &c.

3.

With luxury and pride surrounded,
The vile insatiate despots dare,
Their thirst of gold and power unbounded,
"To mete 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,
Then shall they longer lash and goad us?
To arms, &c.

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,
And all their arts are unavailing.
To arms, &c.

5.

May patriot love and friendship glowing
Still be the aim to which we aspire.
May each spirit ever be lighted
"With the flame they both can inspire."
All may be won; be but united,
Our foes we will crush 'neath our feet;
No more then Frenchmen will repeat
That dread cry which hath our land affrighted!
To arms, &c.

2.

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

3.

*Tremblez, tyrans. et vous, perfides,
L'opprobre de tous les partis,
Tremblez! vos projets parricides
Vont enfin recevoir leur prix. (bis.)
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, &c.*

4.

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

5.

*Que l'amitié que la patrie,
Fassent l'objet de tous nos vœux;
Ayons toujours l'âme remplie
Des feux qu'ils inspirent tous deux. (bis.)
Soyons unis, tout est possible,
Nos vils ennemis tomberont;
Alors les Français cesseront
De chanter ce refrain terrible.
Aux armes, &c.*