

English text of the french national-anthem : La Marseillaise

1st verse

Arise children of the fatherland,
The day of glory has arrived!
Against us tyranny's,
Bloody standard is raised, (bis)
Listen to the sound in the fields
The howling of these fearsome soldiers?
They are coming into our midst
To cut the throats of your sons and consorts!

3rd verse

What! These foreign cohorts
They would make laws in our courts!
What! These mercenary phalanxes
Would cut down our warrior sons! (bis)
Good Lord! By chained bands
Our brow would yield under the yoke
The vile despots would have themselves be
The masters of destiny!

5th verse

Frenchmen, as magnanimous warriors,
Bear or hold back your blows!
Spare these sad victims,
That they regret taking up arms against us. (bis)
But not these bloody despots,
These accomplices of Bouillé,
All these tigers who pitilessly,
Ripped out their mothers' wombs!

7th verse

We shall enter into the pit
When our elders will no longer be there,
There we shall find their ashes
And the mark of their virtues. (bis)
We are much less jealous of surviving them
Than of sharing their coffins,
We shall have the sublime pride
Of avenging or joining them.

2nd verse

What do they want this horde of slaves,
Of traitors and conspiratorial kings?
For whom these vile chains,
These long-prepared irons? (bis)
Frenchmen, for us, ah! What outrage
What methods must be taken!
It is us they dare plan
To return to the old slavery!

4th verse

Tremble, tyrants and traitors
The shame of all good men,
Tremble! Your parricidal schemes
Will receive their just reward! (bis)
Against you we are all soldiers,
If they fall, our young heroes,
France will bear new ones,
Ready to join the fight against you!

6th verse

Drive on sacred patriotism,
Support our avenging arms,
Liberty, cherished liberty,
Join the struggle with your defenders! (bis)
Under our flags, let victory
Hurry to your manly tone,
So that in death your enemies
See your triumph and our glory!

Refrain

To arms, citizens
Form your battalions,
March, march!
Let impure blood
Water our furrows!

Music of the french national-anthem : La Marseillaise

La Marseillaise

JEAN-CLAUDE ROUGET DE LISLE

Al-lons en-fants de la Pa-tri-e le jour de gloire est ar-ri-
vé. Con-tre nous de la ty-ran-ni-e L'é-ten-dard sang-lant est le-
vé. *ff* L'é-ten-dard sang-lant est le-vé. *p* Én-ten-dez-vous dans nos cam-
pag-nes Mu-gir ces fé-ro-ces sol-dats? Ils vien-nent jus-que dans vos bras. É-gor-
ger vos fils, vos com-pag-nes! *ff* Aux ar-mes ci-toy-ens, For-mez vos ba-tail-
lons. Mar-chons, mar-chons, Qu'un sang im-pur A-breuve nos sil-lons.