

FRANCE

La Marseillaise

Words and Music by
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Heroically

f

Al-lons, en - fants de la Pa - tri - e, Le jour de gloire est ar - ri -
See additional lyrics

vé; Con - tre nous de la ty - ran - ni e, L'é - ten -
no chord

dard san - glant est le - vé, L'é - ten - dard — san glant - est le -

vé. En - ten - dez - vous, dans les cam - pa - gnes, Mu -

gir ces fé - ro - ces sol - dats? Ils vien - nent jus - que dans nos

bras, É - gor - ger nos fils, nos com - pa - gnes. Aux

ar - mes, ci - toy - ens! For - mez vos ba - tail -

lons! Mar - chons, mar - chons! Qu'un sang im -

pur a - breu - ve nos sil - lions! A-mour Sa - lons!

Additional Lyrics

2. Amour Sacré de la Patrie,
Conduis, soutiens, nos bras vengeurs.
Liberté, liberté chérie
Combats avec tes défenseurs!
Combats avec tes défenseurs!
Sous nos drapeaux, que la victoire
Accours à tes mâles accents!
Que tes ennemis expirants
Voient ton triomphe et notre gloire.
Aux armes, etc.

3. Nous entrerons dans la carrière
Quand nos aînés n'y seront plus.
Nous y trouverons leur poussière
Et la trace de leurs vertus,
Et la trace de leurs vertus,
Bien moins jaloux de leur survivre
Que de partager leur cercueil
Nous aurons le sublime orgueil
De les venger ou de les suivre.
Aux armes, etc.

English Translation

1. Arise you children of our Motherland,
Oh now is here our glorious day!
Over us the bloodstained banner
Of tyranny holds sway!
Of tyranny holds sway!
Oh, do you hear there in our fields
The roar of those fierce fighting men?
Who came right here into our midst
To slaughter sons, wives and kin.
To arms, oh citizens!
Form up in serried ranks!
March on, march on!
And drench our fields
With their tainted blood!

2. Supreme devotion to our Motherland,
Guides and sustains avenging hands.
Liberty, oh dearest Liberty,
Come fight with your shielding bands.
Come fight with your shielding bands!
Beneath our banner come, oh Victory,
Run at your soul-stirring cry.
Oh come, come see your foes now die,
Witness your pride and our glory.
To arms, etc.

3. Into the fight we too shall enter,
When our fathers are dead and gone,
We shall find their bones laid down to rest,
With the fame of their glories won,
With the fame of their glories won!
Oh, to survive them care we not,
Glad are we to share their grave,
Great honor is to be our lot
To follow or to venge our brave.
To arms, etc.