The Marseilles Hymn
Song of the French Revolution

Ye sons of Freedom, wake to glory!
Hark! Hark! What myriads bid you rise!
Your children, wives and grandsires hoary,
Behold their tears and hear their cries
Shall hateful tyrants, mischiefs breeding,
With hireling hosts a ruffian band,
Affright and desolate the land,
While pease and liberty lie bleeding?
To arms! To arms! Ye brave!
Th’ avenging sword unsheathe:
March on! March on! All hearts resolv’d
On victory or death.

Now, now the dangerous storm is rolling,
Which treacherous kings confederate raise;
The dogs of war let loose are howling,
And lo! Our fields and cities blaze;
And shall we basely view the ruin,
While lawless force with guilty stride,
Spreads desolation far and wide,
With crimes and blood his hands embruing.
To arms! To arms! Ye brave etc.

With luxury and pride surrounded,
The vile insatiate despots dare,
(Their thirst of power and gold 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! to arms! ye brave etc.

O! Liberty, can man resign thee,
Once having felt thy generous flame?
Can dungeons, bolts, or 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! to arms! ye brave etc.