

THE CELEBRATED

Marseilles Hymn

AS SUNG BY

MADELEINE RACHE

ARRANGED FOR THE

PIANO

"With French & English Words by

THOMAS BAKER.

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THE CELEBRATED MARSEILLES HYMN.

Arranged by THOMAS BAKER.

Allons, en...
Ye Sons of

MAESTOSO.

f

fanç de la Pa...trie le jour de Gloire est ar...ri...ve! Contre
France a...wake to glo...ry, Hark hark what Myriads bid you rise, Your children,
nous, de la ty...ran...nie, L'E...ten...dard san...giant est le...
wives and Grand sires hoa...ry; Behold their tears and hear them
lé, L'E...ten...dard san...giant est le...vé. En...ten...dez
cries, Behold their tears and hear their cries; Shall hate ful
f.

vous dans les cam...pa.....gnes mu.....gir ces fe...ro....ces Sol.
 Ty...rants mis...chief breeding with hire...ling host a ruf...fian
 dats! Ils vien.....nent jus...que dans vos bras, E'gor.
 band, Af...fright and des...o...late the land, While
 ger vos fils vos com...pa....gnes! Aux ar.....mes Ci...toy...
 peace and li...ber...ty lie blee...ding! To arms..... to arms ye
 ens! for....mez..... vos ba...tail....lons! Mar...
 braves! Th'a...ven... ging sword in...sheath; March

A...
 ...chez Mar... chez qu'un sang im... pur a...
 on, March on all hearts re... solvd On
 breuve tenuant nos Sil... lons;
 Vic.....to ry or Death: March on March on
 a....breuve nos Sil... lons!
 On Vic.....to ry or Death.
 Au...
 L'heure, l'heure glorieuse
 Goupe avec les defenseurs
 Goupe des chevaliers des crois
 Tous ces seneurs et chevaliers
 Tous ces triomphes et victoires

... 6 treb. mi sopr. alto. op

nO

Bylvok, lez abusif

B.

sopr. alto. op

treb. mi

2
Que veut cette horde d'esclaves,
De traîtres, de Rois conjurés?
Pour qui ces ignobles entraves,
Ces fers, dès long temps, préparés!
Français! pour nous, ah! quel outrage?
Quels transports il doit exciter
C'est nous qu'on ose mediter:
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.
Tous sont Soldats pour vous combattre;
S'ils tombent, nos jeunes Héros:
La terre en produira de nouveaux!
Contre vous tous prêts à se battre.
Aux armes, &c.

4
Amour sacré de la patrie,
Condvis, soutiens nos bras vengeurs:
Liberté, Liberté chérie,
Combats avec tes défenseurs:
Sous nos drapeaux que la victoire
Accoure à tes mâles accens;
Dans tes ennemis expirans
Vois ton triomphe et notre gloire.
Aux armes, &c.

2
Now, now the dangerous storm is rolling,
Which treacherous King's 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 crimes 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 generous 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.