

THE CELEBRATED MARSEILLES HYMN.

Words and Music by

Mons. Rougé de Lille,

Officier du genie, dans l'armée Francaise

Arranged for the Piano Forte by

H.N. GILLES.

The original English words with additional

Verses by a

GENTLEMAN OF BALTIMORE.

Published by John Cole, Baltimore

Allons en-fans de la Pa - tri - e, Le jour de gloire est ar - ri - vé; Contre

Ye sons of France awake to glo - ry, Hark, hark what myriads bid you rise; Your children

MARZIALE.

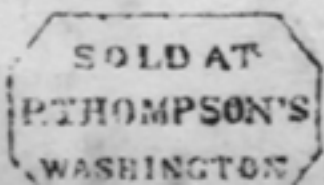
The first system of music features a vocal line on a treble clef staff and a piano accompaniment on two staves (treble and bass clefs). The key signature is one sharp (F#) and the time signature is common time (C). The piano part includes dynamic markings 's.' and 'mf'.

nous de la tyran - ni - e, L'étendart sanglant est le - vé, L'étendart sanglant est le - vé,

wives and grandsires hoar-y, Behold their tears and hear their cries, Behold their tears and hear their cries:

The second system of music continues the vocal line and piano accompaniment. It includes dynamic markings 'ff' and '8ve' (octave), and features triplets in both the vocal and piano parts.

Entered according to Act of Congress Sep. 14th 1830, by John Cole of the State of Maryland,



Entendez vous dans les campagnes, Mu - gir ces fe - ro - ces sol - dats, Ils

Shall hateful Tyrants, mis - chief breeding, With hire - ling hosts, a ruff - ian band, Af -

vien - nent jusques dans vos bras Egor - ger vos fils et vos compag - nes, Aux

fright and desolate the land, While peace and li - berty lie bleeding! To

Armes Citoy - ens, For - mez vos batail - lons, Mar -

Arms to arms ye brave, Th'aven - ging sword un - sheath March

chons, Mar - chons qu'un sang im - pur, a - breuve nos sil -

on March on all hearts re - solv'd on Vic - tory or

lons. Marchons, Marchons qu'un sang impur a-breuve nos sillons. 3

CHORUS.

death. March on March on all hearts re-solv'd on Vic-tory or Death.

March on March on all hearts re-solv'd on Vic-to-ry or Death.

2
Now, now the dangerous storm is rolling,
Which treach'rous 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 crime and blood his hands embruing. To arms.

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 tyrants bid their slaves adore;
But man is man, and who is more?
Nor shall they longer lash and goad us. To arms.

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 falsehoods dagger tyrants wield;
But freedom is our sword and shield,
And all their arts are unavailing. To arms.

5
Tho' stilled for years, yet rights invaded
Roused heroes from their troubled sleep,
To crush the throne whose power degraded
The crowd, that knelt around, to weep.-
Strike home, the Tyrant flies before ye,
Cast off the scabbard from the sword,
Be Lafayette the rallying word!
And freedoms flag shall soon wave o'er ye! To arms.

6
Long be it thus, - may France forever
For freedom brave the battle-storm;
Rise in her might, and rising sever
The bonds that tyrant-hands would form.
Then plume and steel, in sunbeams glancing,
Shall shew where freedom's banners float,
And, thrilling to the trumpet's note,
We'll see her warrior-sons advancing. To arms.

2
Que veut cette horde d'esclaves,
De traitres, de Rois conjurés,
Pour qui ces ignobles entraves,
Ces fers des long-tems préparés:
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.

3
Quoi! des cohortes étrangères
Feroient la loi dans nos foyers,
Quoi! ces phalanges mercenaires
Terrasseroient nos fiers guerriers.
Grand Dieu! par des mains enchaînées
Nos fronts sous le joug se ploieroient,
De vils despots deviendroient
Les maîtres de nos destinées. Aux armes.

4
Tremblez tyrans, et vous perfides;
L'opprobre de tous les partis.
Tremblez, vos projets parricides
Vont en fin recevoir leur prix:
Tout est soldat pour vous combattre,
S'ils tombent, nos jeunes héros,
La terre en produit de nouveaux
Contre vous tous prêts à se battre. Aux armes.

5
Français, en guerriers magnanimes
Portez ou retenez vos coups,
Épargnez ces tristes victimes
A regret s'armant contre nous.
Mais ces despots sanguinaires,
Mais les complices de Bouillé,
Tous ces tigres qui sans pitié
Déchirent le sein de leur mère. Aux armes.

6
Amour sacré de la Patrie
Conduis, soutiens nos bras vengeurs,
Liberté, Liberté chérie,
Combats pour tes défenseurs:
Sous nos drapeaux que la victoire
Accoure à tes mâles accents,
Que tes ennemis expirans
Voient ton triomphe et notre gloire. Aux armes.

lons. Marchons, Marchons qu'un sang impur a-breuve nousillons. 3

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