

LA MARSEILLAISE.



A FAVORITE
FRENCH NATIONAL SONG.
Composed for the
PIANO.

THE MARSEILLES HYMN.

Moderato.

PIANO.

mf

The piano introduction consists of two staves in G major and common time. The right hand features a melody of eighth and sixteenth notes, while the left hand provides a steady accompaniment of quarter notes. The dynamic marking is mezzo-forte (mf).

VOICE.

Ye sons of France a - wake to glo - - - ry, Hark, hark, what my - riads bid you

The first system of the vocal part shows the melody for the first line of the hymn. The piano accompaniment continues with a similar rhythmic pattern to the introduction.

rise, Your children, wives and grand - sires ho - ry; Be - hold their

The second system of the vocal part continues the melody. The piano accompaniment features a more active eighth-note pattern in the right hand.

tears and hear their cries, Be - hold their tears and hear their cries: Shall hateful

The third system of the vocal part concludes the line. The piano accompaniment continues with eighth-note figures.

ty - rants mis - chiefs breed - ing, With hire - ling hosts, a ruf - fian band, Af -

_fright and de - so - late the land, While peace and li - ber - ty lie bleed - ing. To

arms, to arms ye brave! Th'aven - - - - gingsword un - sheathe! *f* March

on! March on! All hearts re - solved, on Vic - - - - to - ry or

Death, March on, March on!..... All hearts re - solved, on

Vic - - - to - ry or Death.

2

Now, now the dangerous storm is rolling,
Which treacherous Kings 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 gen'rous 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.