

MARSEILLAISE HYMN.

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1. Ye sons of France, a-wake to glo - ry! Hark, hark! what myriads bid you rise! Your children,
 2. With lux-u - ry and pride sur-round - ed, The vile, in - sa - tiate des-pots dare, Their thirst for
 3. O Lib-er - ty! can man re-sign thee, Once having felt thy gen'rous flame? Can dungeons,

wives, and grand-sires hoar - y, Be-hold their tears, and hear their cries! Be-hold their
 gold and pow'r un - bound-ed, To mete and vend the light and air, To mete and
 bolts and bars con - fine thee? Or whips thy no - ble spir - it tame? Or whips thy

tears, and hear their cries! Shall hate-ful ty - rants, mis-chief breed - ing, With hireling
 vend the light and air, Like beasts of bur - den would they load us, Like gods would
 no - ble spir - it tame? Too long the world has wept be - wail - ing That falsehood's

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hosts, a ruf - fan band, Af - fright and des - o - late the land, While peace and
 bid their slaves a - dore; But man is man, and who is more? Then shall they
 dag - ger ty - rants wield; But free - dom is our sword and shield, And all their

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lib - er - ty He bleed - ing? }
 long - er lash and goad us? } To arms, to arms, ye brave! Th'a - veng - ing sword un -
 arts are un - a - vall - ing. }

sheathe! March on, march on! all hearts re - solved On vic - - to - ry or death!