

Rouget de Lisle—1792.

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1. Ye sons of France, a - wake to glo - ry! Hark! hark! what myriads bid you
 2. With lux - u - ry and pride sur - round - ed, The vile in - sa - tiate des - pots
 3. O Lib - er - ty! can man re - sign thee, Once hav - ing felt thy gen - 'rous

mf
 rise! Your chil - dren, wives, and grand - sires hoar - y, Be - hold their tears and hear their
 dare, Their thirst for gold and pow'r un - bound - ed, To mete and vend the light and
 flame? Can dun - geons, bolts and bars con - fine thee? Or whips thy no - ble spir - it

f
 cries! Be - hold their tears and hear their cries! Shall hate - ful ty - rants, mis - chief
 air, To mete and vend the light and air. Like beasts of bur - den would they
 tame? Or whips thy no - ble spir - it tame? Too long the world has wept be -

mf
 breed - ing, With hire - ling hosts, a ruf - fian band, Af - fright and des - o - late the
 load us, Like gods would bid their slaves a - dore; But man is man, and who is
 wail - ing That false - hood's dag - ger ty - rants wield; But free - dom is our sword and

ff
 land, While peace and lib - er - ty lie bleeding?
 more? Then shall they long - er lash and goad us? To arms, to arms, ye brave! Th'a -
 shield, And all their arts are un - a - vail - ing.

"There are two hymns which stand alone as having changed the course of two great nations — Ein Feste Burg, the triumphant war-cry of the German Reformation; and the Marsellaise, the blood-stirring song of the French Revolution. In the mightiness of their influence these hymns have never been equaled."—Nicholas Smith.

Marsellaise Hymn.

venging sword unsheathed! March on, march on! all hearts resolved on vic - to - ry or death.

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A Mighty Fortress is Our God. Martin Luther.

Martin Luther.
Maestoso.

(Ein Feste Burg.)

"Luther's Hymn" from
J. Klug's Gesangbuch.

1. A might - y fort - ress is our God, A bul - wark nev - er fail - ing;
2. Did we in our own strength con - fide, Our striv - ing would be los - ing,
3. And tho' this world, with dev - ils filled, Should threat - en to un - do us,
4. That word a - bove all earth - ly pow'rs—No thanks to them—a - bid - eth;

Our help - er He, a - mid the flood Of mor - tal ills pre - vail - ing.
Were not the right man on our side, The man of God's own choos - ing.
We will not fear, for God hath willed His trust to tri - umph thro' us.
The Spir - it and the gifts are ours Thro' Him who with us sid - eth;

For still our an - cient foe Doth seek to work us woe; His craft and pow'r are
Dost ask who that may be? Christ Je - sus, it is He; Lord Sab - aoth is His
The prince of dark - ness grim, We trem - ble not for him; His rage we can en -
Let goods and kin - dred go, This mor - tal life al - so; The bod - y they may

great, And armed with cru - el hate, On earth is not his e - qual.
name, From age to age the same, And he must win the bat - tle.
dure, For lol his doom is sure, One lit - tle word shall fell him.
kill; God's truth a - bid - eth still, His king - dom is for - ev - er.

The King's name is a tower of strength.—King Richard III.
The name of the Lord is a strong tower.—Prov. xviii, 10.