1. Ye sons of France, awake to glory! Hark, hark! what myriads bid you rise! Your children, wives, and grand-sires hoary, Be hold their tears, and hear their cries! Be hold their
2. With luxury and pride surround-ed, The vile, insatiate des-pots dare, Their thirst for
gold and pow'r un-bound-ed, To mete and vend the light and air, To mete and
3. O Liberty! can man re-sign thee, Once having felt thy gen'rous flame? Can dungeons,

bonds and bars con-fine thee? Or whips thy no-ble spir- it tame? Or whips thy
tears, and hear their cries! Shall hate-ful tyrants, 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 wall ing That falsehood's

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

lib er ty! He bleed ing? long er lash and goal us! To arms, to arms, ye brave! Th'a veng ing sword un-

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

"Marseillaise Hymn"