

The Internationale
(Words by Eugene Pottier)

Arise ye workers from your slumbers
Arise ye prisoners of want
For reason in revolt now thunders
And at last ends the age of cant
So away with all superstitions
Servile masses arise arise
We'll change forth with the old conditions
And spum the dust to win the prize

Chorus

So comrades come rally
And the last fight let us face
The International unites the human race
So comrades come rally
And the last fight let us face
The International unites the human race

We peasants, artisans and others
Enrolled among the souls of toil
We'll claim henceforth the earth as equals
Drive the indolent from the soil!
On our flesh too long has fed the raven
We've too long been the vulture's prey
But now farewell the spirit craven
The dawn brings in a brighter day

No saviours from on high deliver
No trust have we in price or peer
Our own right hands the chains must sever
Chains of hatred, of greed and fear
Ere the thieves will out with their booty
And to each give a happier lot
Each at the forge must do their duty
And strike while the iron's still hot