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About the piece

Title:	The Internationale in English
Composer:	Degeyter, Pierre
Arranger:	Horne, Scott
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Instrumentation:	Piano solo
Style:	National Anthems
Comment:	«The Internationale» in English, for solo piano.

Scott Horne on free-scores.com



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Workers of the world, unite!

The Internationale

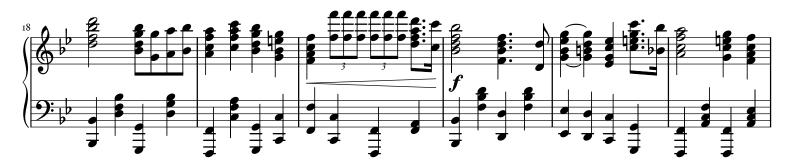
Eugène Pottier

Pierre Degeyter Arr. P Scott Horne











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I. Arise, ye pris'ners of starvation! Arise, ye wretched of the earth! For justice thunders condemnation; A better world's in birth. No more tradition's chains shall bind us: Arise, ye slaves, no more in thrall! The earth shall rise on new foundations: We have been nought; we shall be all!

Refrain:

Then, comrades, come rally, And the last fight let us face. The Internationale Unites the human race.

- We want no condescending saviours To rule us from their judgement halls. We workers ask not for their favours: Let us consult for all! To make the thief disgorge his booty, To free the spirit from its cell, We must ourselves decide our duty— We must decide and do it well.
- The law oppresses and deceives us; The wage-slave system drains our blood. The rich are free from obligations; The laws the poor delude. Too long we've languish'd in subjection. Equality has other laws: «No rights», says she, «without their duties»;
 - «No claim on equals without cause.»

- 4. Behold them seated in their glory, The kings of mine and rail and soil! What have you read in all their story But how they plunder'd toil? Fruits of the workers' toil are buried In strongholds of the idle few. In working for their restitution, The men will only claim their due.
- 5. No more deluded by reaction, On tyrants only we'll make war. The soldiers too will take strike action: They'll break ranks and fight no more. And if those cannibals keep trying To sacrifice us to their pride, They soon shall hear the bullets flying: We'll shoot the gen'rals on our own side!
- 6. Toilers from shops and fields united, The party of all who work. The world belongs to us, the workers; No room for those who shirk! For too long on our flesh they've fatten'd! But if the bloody birds of prey We'll sweep from the skies some morning, The golden sunlight still will stay.