



Scott Horne

, Edmonton

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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.

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Workers of the world, unite!

The Internationale

Eugène Pottier

Pierre Degeyter

Arr. P. Scott Horne

Marcia moderato (♩ = 84)

Piano

Musical notation for measures 1-5. The score is in 4/4 time with a key signature of two flats (B-flat and E-flat). The tempo is marked 'Marcia moderato' with a quarter note equal to 84 beats per minute. The dynamics are marked 'f' (forte). The notation includes a variety of chords and melodic lines in both the treble and bass staves.

Musical notation for measures 6-11. The notation continues with complex chordal textures and melodic patterns in both staves.

Musical notation for measures 12-17. The dynamics are marked 'mp' (mezzo-piano) and 'mf' (mezzo-forte). The notation features a mix of chords and moving lines.

Musical notation for measures 18-23. The dynamics are marked 'f' (forte). This section includes a triplet of eighth notes in the right hand. The notation is dense with chords and melodic fragments.

Musical notation for measures 24-29. The notation concludes with a series of chords and melodic lines in both staves.

1. 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.

2. 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.

3. 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'ral 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.