



Scott Horne

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A propos de la pièce

Titre : L'Internationale en anglais
Compositeur : Degeyter, Pierre
Arrangeur : Horne, Scott
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Instrumentation : Piano seul

Style : Hymnes Nationaux
Commentaire : « L'Internationale » en anglais pour piano solo.

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Workers of the world, unite!

The Internationale

Eugène Pottier

Pierre Degeyter

Arr. P Scott Horne

Marcia moderato (♩ = 84)

Piano

The image displays a piano score for 'The Internationale' in B-flat major, 4/4 time. The score is divided into five systems, each with a treble and bass clef staff. The first system begins with a dynamic marking of *f* and includes the tempo instruction 'Marcia moderato (♩ = 84)'. The second system starts at measure 6. The third system starts at measure 12 and includes dynamic markings of *mp* and *mf*. The fourth system starts at measure 18 and includes a dynamic marking of *f*. The fifth system starts at measure 24. The score features various musical notations including chords, arpeggios, and triplets.

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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.