

La Marseillaise

Silverstein

Arise!
The children of the fatherland.
The day of glory as arrived.
Against us tyranny.
The bloody standard is raised.
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Do you hear in the countryside
the roar of those ferocious soldiers?
They're coming right into our arms to cut the throats
of our sons and our women.
In arms, citizens!
Form your battalions!
Let us march! (Let us march!)
Let this impure blood water our furrows.