

G. SCHIRMER'S SECULAR CHORUSES

No. 6640

# La Marseillaise

For Three-part Chorus  
Of Women's Voices  
With Piano Accompaniment

Arranged by  
Edward Shippen Barnes

Price, 5 cents net

SC. NET

G. Schirmer

New York : 3 East 43d St. · London, W. : 18, Berners St.  
Boston : The Boston Music Co.



# La Marseillaise

English Words by Florence Attenborough

Music by Rouget de l'Isle  
Arr. for Women's Voices by  
Edward Shippen Barnes

Soprano I  
1. Al-lons, en - fants de la pa - tri - e, Le jour de  
1. A - rise, ye chil - dren of the na - tion, The day of

Soprano II  
1. Al-lons, en - fants de la pa - tri - e, Le jour de  
1. A - rise, ye chil - dren of the na - tion, The day of

Alto  
1. Al-lons, en - fants de la pa - tri - e, Le jour de  
1. A - rise, ye chil - dren of the na - tion, The day of

Piano

gloire est ar - ri - vé; Con-tre nous de la ty-ran-ni - e L'é-ten-  
glo - ry now is here! See the hosts of dark op - pression Their

gloire est ar - ri - vé; Con-tre nous de la ty-ran-ni - e L'é-ten-  
glo - ry — now is here! See the hosts of dark op - pression Their

gloire est ar - ri - vé; Con-tre nous de la ty-ran-ni - e L'é-ten-  
glo - ry — now is here! See the hosts of dark op - pression Their

dard san-glant est le - vé, L'étendard sanglant est le - vé. Entendez-  
 blood-stained ban-ners rear, their blood-stained ban-ners rear; Doye not

dard san-glant est le - vé, L'étendard sanglant est le - vé. Entendez-  
 blood-stained ban-ners rear, their blood-stained ban-ners rear; Doye not

dard san-glant est le - vé, L'étendard sanglant est le - vé. Entendez-  
 blood-stained ban-ners rear, their blood-stained ban-ners rear; Doye not

vous dans nos cam-pagnes Mu - gir ces fé - ro - ces sol - dats? Ils  
 heed? roaring the tyrants go, Scat - tering homes and peace; Our

vous dans nos cam-pagnes Mu - gir ces fé - ro - ces sol - dats? Ils  
 heed? roaring the tyrants go, Scat - tering homes and peace; Our

vous dans nos cam-pagnes Mu - gir ces fé - ro - ces sol - dats? Ils  
 heed? roaring the tyrants go, Scat - tering homes and peace; Our

vien-nent jusque dans nos bras      É-gor-ger vos fils, vos com-pagnes.      Aux  
sons, our comrades face the foe,      The wounds of war in - crease.      To

vien-nent jusque dans nos bras      É-gor-ger vos fils, vos com-pagnes.      Aux  
sons, our comrades face the foe,      The wounds of war in - crease.      To

vien-nent jusque dans nos bras      É-gor-ger vos fils, vos com-pagnes.      Aux  
sons, our comrades face the foe,      The wounds of war in - crease.      To

ar - mes, ci-toy-ens!      For-mez vos batail-lons!      Marchons, marchons!  
arms! Ye warriors all!      Your bold battal-ions call!      March on, ye free!

ar - mes, ci-toy-ens!      For-mez vos batail-lons!      Marchons, marchons!  
arms! Ye warriors all!      Your bold battal-ions call!      March on, ye free!

ar - mes, ci-toy-ens!      For-mez vos batail-lons!      Marchons, marchons!  
arms! Ye warriors all!      Your bold battal-ions call!      March on, ye free!

Qu'un sang im - pur A - breu - ve nos sil - lons!  
 Death shall be ours, Or glo - rious lib - er - ty!

Qu'un sang im - pur A - breu - ve nos sil - lons!  
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Qu'un sang im - pur A - breu - ve nos sil - lons!  
 Death shall be ours, Or glo - rious lib - er - ty!

2. Nous entrerons dans la carrière,  
 Quand nos aînès n'y seront plus,  
 Nous y trouverons leur poussière,  
 Et la trace de leurs vertus. †  
 Bien moins jaloux de leur survivre,  
 Que de partager leur cercueil,  
 Nous aurons le sublime orgueil  
 De les venger ou de les suivre.  
 Aux armes, citoyens! *etc.*

3. Amour sacré de la Patrie,  
 Conduis, soutiens nos bras vengeurs;  
 Liberté, Liberté chérie,  
 Combats avec tes défenseurs! †  
 Sous nos drapeaux que la Victoire  
 Accoure à tes mâles accents;  
 Que tes ennemis expirants  
 Voient ton triomphe et notre gloire!  
 Aux armes, citoyens! *etc.*

2. Within the tomb ourselves must enter,  
 When all our oldest are at rest;  
 We shall find their dust reposing,  
 Trace the virtues each possess; †  
 Then, then shall we, jealous of honor, yet  
 Shrink not to share their grave;  
 For pride, o'ercoming vain regret,  
 Avenges still the brave!  
 To arms, ye warriors all! *etc.*

3. That sacred love - the love of country,  
 Spurs on afresh our eager arms,  
 And for conquest and for freedom,  
 We dare the vast alarms! †  
 Speedily then, crowning heroic deeds,  
 Triumph shall lift each head.  
 And our One Flag fly proudly o'er  
 The living and the dead!  
 To arms, ye warriors all! *etc.*



# SCHIRMER'S STANDARD SECULAR CHORUSES

## Women's Voices

### FOLK SONGS AND NATIONAL MELODIES OF ALL COUNTRIES

127	Twelve Old English Songs (Complete) (3 parts)	(Harm. by Max Vogrich)	20
128	The Three Ravens (3 parts)	} The Same, Singly	5
129	The Anchor's Weighed (3 parts)		5
130	Tell Her I'll Love Her (3 parts)		5
131	Hearts of Oak (3 parts)		5
132	Drink to Me Only (3 parts)		5
133	Black-Eyed-Susan (3 parts)		5
134	Tom Bowling (3 parts)		5
135	Shades of Evening (3 parts)		5
136	The Thorn (3 parts)		5
137	The Bay of Biscay (3 parts)		5
138	Sally in Our Alley (3 parts)		5
139	The Arethusa (3 parts)		5
196	Oh, Tell it Her (4 parts)		Russian
197	The Nightingale (4 parts)	Russian	6
198	Three-in-Hand (The Troika) (4 parts)	Russian	5
199	National Anthem (4 parts)	Russian	5
201	The Scarlet Sarafan (4 parts)	Russian	5
202	Farewell to Minka (4 parts)	Russian	5
211	O Dewy Morning Land (4 parts)	Neapolitan	6
212	Santa Lucia (4 parts)	Neapolitan	5
213	By the Sea (4 parts)	Neapolitan	5
214	Nymphs' Song (4 parts)	Neapolitan	6
215	Tarantella (4 parts)	Neapolitan	5
216	In Dreamy Shadows Lying (4 parts)	Neapolitan	5
217	Oh, Boat upon the Water (4 parts)	Neapolitan	5

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