



The Internationale

Words by Eugene Pottier (1871)

Music by Pierre Degeyter (1888)

Piano Arrangement by Jerry Engelbach (2001)

Degeyter's original piano arrangement of *The Internationale* (if indeed it was by him) is harmonically tame, so I wrote this one for myself. I wanted to avoid the stodginess of other versions but keep a 19th-century classical feeling.

Recordings on the Web tend to be didactic (a sin in a song about *revolution*) or (shudder) pseudo-folky. The best singing I have heard has been by Marxist groups at street rallies. You don't see too many of these in the United States.

The two versions in this file are in A Major and Bb Major. My chord symbols are the basic harmony and do not reflect all the changes in the arrangement. The lyrics I use are but one of many different versions available online.

This is an Adobe Acrobat PDF file. The original Finale 2002 files are on Coda Music's Finale Showcase. Just input "The Internationale" in the Search box:
http://www.codamusic.com/coda/fs_home.asp.

The arrangement is not under copyright and may be freely distributed. The more people who know, sing, and play *The Internationale*, the better. You may give out my email address (below) and I will send the PDF file to anyone requesting it. You may reprint it, post it on a Web site, or perform it at Carnegie Hall. Being subject to ordinary human vanity, I ask that you give me credit.

YFTR,

Jerry Engelbach

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SOFTWARE: Finale 2002b

COMPUTER: Macintosh G4

MIDI INPUT: Fatar SL-880 controller keyboard

MIDI OUTPUT: Korg 3500 electric piano

The Internationale

Words by Eugene Pottier (1871)
Music by Pierre Degeyter (1888)

Version: Key of A Major
Arranged by Jerry Engelbach, 2001

The musical score is presented in a standard format with a vocal line on a single treble clef staff and a piano accompaniment on a grand staff (treble and bass clefs). The key signature is A Major, indicated by three sharps (F#, C#, G#). The time signature is common time (C). The lyrics are written below the vocal staff, and chord markings (A, D, E7, B7, etc.) are placed above the piano staff. The score is divided into four systems, each containing a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The lyrics are: "A - rise ye work-ers from your slum - bers, A - rise ye pris-on-ers of want. For rea-son in re-volt now thun - ders, and at last ends the age of cant. A - way with all your su-per - sti - tions, Ser-vile mass-es a-rise, a - rise. We'll change hence-forth the old tra - di - tion, And spurn the dust to win the prize. So -".

A A D E7
A - rise ye work-ers from your slum - bers, A - rise ye pris-on-ers of

A E7 A D E7 A
want. For rea-son in re-volt now thun - ders, and at last ends the age of cant. A -

E B7 E B7 E B7
way with all your su-per - sti - tions, Ser-vile mass-es a-rise, a - rise. We'll

E E7 A E B7 E E7
change hence-forth the old tra - di - tion, And spurn the dust to win the prize. So -

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A D E7 A E7

com - rades come ral - ly, And the last fight let us face. The

A E7 F#m C#7 D B7 E E7

In - ter - na - tion - al - e u - nites the hu - man race. So -

A D E7 A A7

com - rades let's ral - ly, And the last fight let us face. The

F#7 Bm7 F#7 Bm7 F#7 Bm7 Bø A E7 A

In - ter - na - tion - al - e u - nites the hu - man race.

The Internationale

Words by Eugene Pottier (1871)
Music by Pierre Degeyter (1888)

Version: Key of Bb Major
Arranged by Jerry Engelbach, 2001

Bb Eb F7

A - rise ye work-ers from your slum - bers, A - rise ye pris-on-ers of

Bb F7 Bb Eb F7 Bb

want. For rea-son in re-volt now thun - ders, and at last ends the age of cant. A -

F C7 F C7 F C7

way with all your su-per - sti - tions, Ser-vile mass-es a-rise, a - rise. We'll

F F7 Bb F C7 F F7

change hence-forth the old tra - di - tion, And spurn the dust to win the prize. So -

Bb Eb F7 Bb F7

com - rades come ral - ly, And the last fight let us face. The

Bb F7 Gm D7 Eb C7 F F7

In - ter - na - tion - al - e u - nites the hu - man race. So -

Bb Eb F7 Bb Bb7

com - rades let's ral - ly, And the last fight let us face. The

G7 Cm7 G7 Cm7 G7 Cm7 Cø Bb F7 Bb

In - ter - na - tion - al - e u - nites the hu - man race.

The Internationale (Pottier, English)

The Internationale (1871)

by Eugène Pottier, translated by Eugène Pottier

This English version of The Internationale is attributed to Eugène Pottier (1871) who later fled to England and the United States. It is no longer known if anyone else made this version. Music by [Pierre Degeyter](#). Variant words are in square brackets.

Arrangement by Jerry Engelbach (USA, 2001), based on the music by Pierre Degeyter (France, 1888) with the first set of the following lyrics.

1. Arise! ye workers [starvelings], from your slumbers;

Arise! ye prisoners [criminals] of want.

For reason in revolt now thunders

And ends at last the age of cant.

Away with all your superstitions

Servile masses, arise! arise!

**We'll change henceforth [forthwith] the old tradition
[conditions]**

And spurn the dust to win the prize.

Chorus

So comrades, come rally

And the last fight let us face

The Internationale

Unites the human race.

2. No saviour from on high delivers;

No faith have we in prince or peer.

Our own right hand the chains must shiver:

Chains of hatred, greed and fear.

E'er the thieves will out with their booty [give up their booty]

And give to all a happier lot.

Each at his forge must do his duty

And strike the iron while it's hot!

3. The law oppresses us and tricks us,

The wage slave system drains our blood;

The rich are free from obligation,

The laws the poor delude.

Too long we've languished in subjection,

Equality has other laws;

"No rights," says she "without their duties,

No claims 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 plundered 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 Generals on Our Own Side.

6. We peasants, artisans, and others

Enrolled among the sons of toil,

Let's claim the earth henceforth for brothers,

Drive the indolent from the soil!

On our Flesh too Long has fed the Raven;

We've too long been the vulture's prey.

But now farewell the spirit craven:

The dawn brings in a brighter day.

Alternate version

1. Arise ye starvelings from your slumbers

Arise ye criminals of want

For reason in revolt now thunders

And at Last ends the age of cant

Now away with all your superstitions,

Servile masses arises arise!

**We'll change forthwith the old conditions
And spurn the dust to win the prize!**

Chorus

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

**2. No Saviours from on high deliver,
No faith have we in prince or peer.
Our own right hand the chains of must shiver,
Chains of hatred, of greed and fear.
Ere the thieves will out with their booty
And to all give a happier lot,
Each at the forge must do his duty,
And strike the iron while it's hot!**

Chorus

**3. We peasants, artisans and others
Enrolled among the sons of toil,
Let's claim the earth henceforth for brothers,
Drive the indolent from the soil.
On our flesh too long has fed the raven,
We've too long been the vulture's prey.
But now farewell the spirit craven,
The dawn brings in a brighter day.**

Chorus



This work was published before January 1, 1923, and is in the public domain worldwide because the author died at least 100 years ago.

[https://en.wikisource.org/wiki/The_Internationale_\(Pottier,_English\)](https://en.wikisource.org/wiki/The_Internationale_(Pottier,_English))

The Internationale (Kerr)

The Internationale (1900)

by Eugène Pottier, translated by Charles Hope Kerr

Published in *Socialist Songs* (1900)

**Arise, ye prisoners 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.**

**Chorus:
Tis the final conflict,
Let each stand in his place.
The Industrial Union
Shall be the human race.**

**(Alternate chorus)
'Tis the final conflict,
Let each stand in his place.
The international working class
Shall be the human race.**

**We want no condescending saviors
To rule us from a judgment hall;**

**We workers ask not for their favors;
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.
(Chorus)**

**The law oppresses us and tricks us,
wage slav'ry drains the workers' blood;
The rich are free from obligations,
The laws the poor delude.
Too long we've languished in subjection,
Equality has other laws;
"No rights," says she "without their duties,
No claims on equals without cause."
(Chorus)**

**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 plundered toil?
Fruits of the workers' toil are buried
In the strong coffers of a few;
In working for their restitution
The men will only ask their due.
(Chorus)**

**Toilers from shops and fields united,
The union we of all who work;
The earth belongs to us, the workers,**

No room here for the shirk.
How many on our flesh have fattened;
But if the noisome birds of prey
Shall vanish from the sky some morning,
The blessed sunlight still will stay.
(Chorus)



This work is in the [public domain](#) in the United States because it was published before January 1, 1923.

The author died in 1944, so this work is also in the public domain in countries and areas where the [copyright term](#) is the author's life plus 70 years or less. This work may also be in the public domain in countries and areas with longer native copyright terms that apply the [rule of the shorter term](#) to foreign works.

[https://en.wikisource.org/wiki/The Internationale \(Kerr\)](https://en.wikisource.org/wiki/The_Internationale_(Kerr))

The Internationale

From Wikipedia, the free encyclopedia

"**The Internationale**" (French: *L'Internationale*) is a left-wing anthem. It has been a standard of the socialist movement since the late nineteenth century, when the Second International (now the Socialist International) adopted it as its official anthem. The title arises from the "First International", an alliance of workers which held a congress in 1864. The author of the anthem's lyrics, Eugène Pottier, attended this congress.

The original French refrain of the song is *C'est la lutte finale / Groupons-nous et demain / L'Internationale / Sera le genre humain*. (English: "This is the final struggle / Let us group together and tomorrow / The Internationale / Will be the human race."). "The Internationale" has been translated into many languages.

The Internationale has been celebrated by communists, socialists, anarchists, democratic socialists, and social democrats. It was also used by Republicans during the Spanish Civil War.^[1]

The Internationale



Internationalen in Swedish.

International anthem of International Communist Movement

International Socialist Movement

International Anarchist Movement

International Democratic Socialist Movement

International Social Democratic Movement

Also known as	<i>L'Internationale</i> (French)
Lyrics	Eugène Pottier, 1871
Music	Pierre De Geyter, 1888
Adopted	1890s

Audio sample



"The Internationale"
(instrumental)
file • help

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Copyright

The original French words were written in June 1871 by Eugène Pottier (1816–1887, previously a member of the Paris Commune)^[2] and were originally intended to be sung to the tune of "La Marseillaise".^[3] Pierre De Geyter (1848–1932) set the poem to music in 1888.^[4] His melody was first publicly performed in July 1888^[5] and became widely used soon after.

In a successful attempt to save Pierre De Geyter's job as a woodcarver, the 6,000 leaflets printed by Lille printer Bolboduc only mentioned the French version of his family name (Degeyter). In 1904, Pierre's brother Adolphe was induced by the Lille mayor Gustave Delory to claim copyright, so that the income of the song would continue to go to Delory's French Socialist Party. Pierre De Geyter lost the first copyright case in 1914, but after his brother committed suicide and left a note explaining the fraud, Pierre was declared the copyright owner by a court of appeal in 1922.^[6]

In 1972 Montana Edition owned by Hans R. Beierlein bought the rights for 5,000 Deutschmark, first for the territory of the West Germany, then East Germany, then worldwide. East Germany paid 20,000 DM every year for playing the music. Pierre De Geyter died in 1932, which means the copyright expired 2002.^[7] The German text Luckhards is public domain since 1984.

As the "Internationale" music was published before 1 July 1909 outside the United States of America, it is in the public domain in the United States.^[8] As of 2013, Pierre De Geyter's music is also in the public domain in countries and areas whose copyright durations are authors' lifetime plus 80 years or less.^[9] Due to France's wartime copyright extensions (*prorogations de guerre*), SACEM claims that the music was still copyrighted in France until October 2014.^[10]

As Eugène Pottier died in 1887, his original French lyrics are in the public domain. Gustave Delory once acquired the copyright of his lyrics through the songwriter G B Clement having bought it from Pottier's widow.^[11]

Original lyrics

French lyrics	Literal English translation
First stanza	
Debout, les damnés de la terre Debout, les forçats de la faim La raison tonne en son cratère C'est l'éruption de la fin Du passé faisons table rase Foule esclave, debout, debout Le monde va changer de base Nous ne sommes rien, soyons tout	Stand up, damned of the Earth Stand up, prisoners of starvation Reason thunders in its volcano This is the eruption of the end. Of the past let us make a clean slate Enslaved masses, stand up, stand up. The world is about to change its foundation We are nothing, let us be all.
Chorus	
: C'est la lutte finale Groupons-nous, et demain L'Internationale Sera le genre humain :	: This is the final struggle Let us group together, and tomorrow The Internationale Will be the human race. :
Second stanza	
Il n'est pas de sauveurs suprêmes Ni Dieu, ni César, ni tribun Producteurs, sauvons-nous nous-mêmes Décrétons le salut commun Pour que le voleur rende gorge Pour tirer l'esprit du cachot Soufflons nous-mêmes notre forge Battons le fer quand il est chaud	There are no supreme saviours Neither God, nor Caesar, nor tribune. Producers, let us save ourselves, Decree the common salvation. So that the thief expires, So that the spirit be pulled from its prison, Let us fan our forge ourselves Strike the iron while it is hot.
Chorus	
Third stanza	
L'État comprime et la loi triche L'impôt saigne le malheureux Nul devoir ne s'impose au riche Le droit du pauvre est un mot creux C'est assez, languir en tutelle L'égalité veut d'autres lois Pas de droits sans devoirs dit-elle Égaux, pas de devoirs sans droits	The State oppresses and the law cheats. Tax bleeds the unfortunate. No duty is imposed on the rich; The rights of the poor is an empty phrase. Enough languishing in custody! Equality wants other laws: No rights without duties, she says, Equally, no duties without rights.
Chorus	
Fourth stanza	
Hideux dans leur apothéose Les rois de la mine et du rail Ont-ils jamais fait autre chose Que dévaliser le travail ?	Hideous in their apotheosis The kings of the mine and of the rail. Have they ever done anything other Than steal work?

Dans les coffres-forts de la bande Ce qu'il a créé s'est fondu En décrétant qu'on le lui rende Le peuple ne veut que son dû.	Inside the safeboxes of the gang, What work had created melted. By ordering that they give it back, The people want only their due.
Chorus	
Fifth stanza	
Les rois nous saoulaient de fumées Paix entre nous, guerre aux tyrans Appliquons la grève aux armées Crosse en l'air, et rompons les rangs S'ils s'obstinent, ces cannibales À faire de nous des héros Ils sauront bientôt que nos balles Sont pour nos propres généraux	The kings made us drunk with fumes, Peace among us, war to the tyrants! Let the armies go on strike, Stocks in the air, and break ranks. If they insist, these cannibals On making heroes of us, They will know soon that our bullets Are for our own generals.
Chorus	
Sixth stanza	
Ouvriers, paysans, nous sommes Le grand parti des travailleurs La terre n'appartient qu'aux hommes L'oisif ira loger ailleurs Combien de nos chairs se repaissent Mais si les corbeaux, les vautours Un de ces matins disparaissent Le soleil brillera toujours.	Workers, peasants, we are The great party of labourers. The earth belongs only to men; The idle will go to reside elsewhere. How much of our flesh have they consumed? But if these ravens, these vultures Disappear one of these days, The sun will shine forever.
Chorus	

Translations into other languages

The German version, *Die Internationale*, was used by East German anti-Stalinists in 1953 and again during the 1989 protests which toppled SED rule. When numerous East Germans were arrested for protesting the 40th anniversary celebrations for the GDR, several of them sang the hymn in police custody to embarrass their captors, and imply that they had abandoned the socialist cause they were supposed to serve.

Luckhardt's version, the standard German translation, of the final line of the chorus tellingly reads: "Die Internationale erkämpft das Menschenrecht". (The Internationale will win our human rights.) It was coupled with the chant: "Volkspolizei, steh dem Volke bei" (People's police, stand with the people!)

The Internationale in Chinese (simplified Chinese: 国际歌; traditional Chinese: 國際歌; pinyin: *Guójìgē*), literally the *International Song*, has several different sets of lyrics. One such version served as the *de facto* anthem of the Communist Party of China,^[12] the national anthem of the Chinese Soviet Republic,^[13] as well as a rallying song of the students and workers at the Tiananmen Square protests of 1989.^[14]

Russian lyrics

The Russian version was initially translated by Aron Kots (Arkady Yakovlevich Kots) in 1902 and printed in London in *Zhizn*, a Russian émigré magazine. The first Russian version

Интернационал

English: The Internationale

consisted of three stanzas (as opposed to six stanzas in the original French lyrics, and based on stanzas 1, 2 and 6) and the refrain. After the Bolshevik Revolution in Russia, the text was slightly re-worded to get rid of "now useless" future tenses - particularly the refrain was reworded (the future tense was replaced by the present, and the first person plural possessive pronoun was introduced). In 1918, the chief-editor of *Izvestia*, Yuri Steklov, appealed to Russian writers to translate the other three stanzas and in the end, the song was expanded into six stanzas.^[12] In 1944, the Soviet Union adopted the "Hymn of the Soviet Union" as its national anthem. Prior to that time, the "Internationale" served as the principal musical expression of allegiance to the ideals of the October Revolution and the Soviet Union (the "Internationale" continued to be recognized as the official song of the Communist Party of the Soviet Union, and the post-1919 Soviet version is still used by the Communist Party of the Russian Federation). The full song is as follows:

Internatsional

National anthem of

Russian SFSR

Soviet Union

CPSU

Lyrics

Arkady Yakovlevich Kots, 1902

Music

Pierre De Geyter, 1888

Adopted

1918 (as anthem of Russian SFSR)
1922 (as anthem of Soviet Union)

Relinquished

1944

Audio sample

"The Internationale"

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Russian translation	Romanization	Literal English translation
First stanza		
<p>Вставай, проклятьем заклеймённый, Весь мир голодных и рабов! Кипит наш разум возмущённый И в смертный бой вести готов. Весь мир насилия мы разрушим До основания, а затем Мы наш, мы новый мир построим, — Кто был ничем, тот станет всем.</p> <p><i>Прпев (×2):</i></p> <p>Это есть наш последний И решительный бой; С Интернационалом Воспрянет род людской!</p>	<p>Vstavay, proklyat'yem zakleymyonny, Ves' mir golodnykh i rabov! Kipit nash razum vozmushchyonny I v smertnyy boy vesti gotov. Ves' mir nasil'ya my razrushim Do osnovan'ya, a zatem My nash, my novyy mir postroim, — Kto byl nichem, tot stanet vsem.</p> <p><i>Pripev (×2):</i></p> <p>Eto yest nash posledniy I reshitel'nyy boy; S Internatsionalom vospryanet rod lyudskoy!</p>	<p>Stand up, ones who are branded by the curse, All the world's starving and enslaved! Our outraged minds are boiling, Ready to lead us into a deadly fight. We will destroy this world of violence Down to the foundations, and then We will build our new world. He who was nothing will become everything!</p> <p><i>Chorus (×2):</i></p> <p>This is our final and decisive battle; With the Internationale humanity will rise up!</p>
Second stanza		
<p>Никто не даст нам избавленья: Ни бог, ни царь и не герой! Добьёмся мы освобожденья Своею собственной рукой. Чтоб свергнуть гнёт рукой умелой, Отвоевать своё добро, — Вздувайте горн и куйте смело, Пока железо горячо!</p> <p><i>Прпев (×2)</i></p>	<p>Nikto ne dast nam izbavlen'ya: Ni bog, ni tsar' i ne geroy! Dob'yomsya my osvobozhden'ya Svoyeyu sobstvennoy rukoy. Chtob svergnut' gnyot rukoy umeloy, Otvoeyevat' svoyo dobro, — Vzduvayte gorn i kuyte smelo, Poka zhelezo goryacho!</p> <p><i>Pripev (×2)</i></p>	<p>No one will grant us deliverance, Not god, nor tsar, nor hero. We will win our liberation, With our very own hands. To throw down oppression with a skilled hand, To take back what is ours — Fire up the furnace and hammer boldly, while the iron is still hot!</p> <p><i>Chorus (×2)</i></p>
Third stanza		
<p>Довольно кровь сосать, вампиры, Тюрьмой, налогом, нищетой!</p>	<p>Dovol'no krov' sosat', vampiry, Tyur'moy, nalogom, nishchetoy!</p>	<p>You've sucked enough of our blood, you vampires, With prison, taxes and poverty! You have all the power, all the</p>

<p>У вас — вся власть, все блага мира, А наше право — звук пустой ! Мы жизнь построим по- иному — И вот наш лозунг боевой: Вся власть народу трудовому! А дармоедов всех долгой!</p> <p><i>Прпнев (×2)</i></p>	<p>U vas — vsya vlast', vse blaga mira, A nashe pravo — zvuk pustoy! My zhizn' postroim po- inomu — I vot nash lozung boyevoy: Vsya vlast' narodu trudovomu! A darmoyedov vsekhdoloy!</p> <p><i>Pripev (×2)</i></p>	<p>blessings of the world, And our rights are but an empty sound! We'll make our own lives in a different way — And here is our battle cry: All the power to the people of labour! And away with all the parasites!</p> <p><i>Chorus (×2)</i></p>
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Fourth stanza

<p>Презренны вы в своём богатстве, Угля и стали короли! Вы ваши троны, тунеядцы, На наших спинах возвели. Заводы, фабрики, палаты — Всё нашим создано трудом. Пора! Мы требуем возврата Того, что взято грабежом.</p> <p><i>Прпнев (×2)</i></p>	<p>Prezrenny vy v svoynom bogats'tve, Uglya i stali koroli! Vy vashi trony, tuneyadtsy, Na nashikh spinakh vozveli. Zavody, fabriki, palaty — Vsyo nashim sozdano trudom. Pora! My trebuyem vozvrata Togo, chto vzyato grabezhom.</p> <p><i>Pripev (×2)</i></p>	<p>Contemptible you are in your wealth, You kings of coal and steel! You had your thrones, parasites, At our backs erected. All the factories, all the chambers — All were made by our hands. It's time! We demand the return Of that which was stolen from us.</p> <p><i>Chorus (×2)</i></p>
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Fifth stanza

<p>Довольно королям в угоду Дурманить нас в чаду войны! Война тиранам! Мир Народу! Бастуйте, армии сыны! Когда ж тираны нас заставят В бою геройски пасть за них — Убийцы, в вас тогда направим Мы жерла пушек боевых!</p> <p><i>Прпнев (×2)</i></p>	<p>Dovol'no korolyam v ugodu Durmanit' nas v chadu voyny! Voyna tiranam! Mir Narodu! Bastuyte, armii syny! Kogda zh tirany nas zastavyat V boyu geroyski past' za nikh — Ubiytsy, v vas togda napravim my zherla pushek boyevykh!</p> <p><i>Pripev (×2)</i></p>	<p>Enough of the will of kings Stupefying us into the haze of war! War to the tyrants! Peace to the people! Go on strike, sons of the army! And if the tyrants tell us To fall heroically in battle for them — Then, murderers, we will point The muzzles of our cannons at you!</p> <p><i>Chorus (×2)</i></p>
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Sixth stanza		
<p>Лишь мы, работники всемирной Великой армии труда, Владеть землёй имеем право, Но паразиты — никогда! И если гром великий грянет Над сворой псов и палачей, — Для нас всё так же солнце станет Сиять огнём своих лучей.</p> <p><i>Привнес (×2)</i></p>	<p>Lish' my, rabotniki vsemirnoy Velikoy armii truda, Vladet' zemlyoy imeyem pravo, No parazity — nikogda! I yesli grom velikiy gryanet Nad svoroy psov i palachey, — Dlya nas vsyo tak zhe solntse stanet siyat' ognyom svoikh luchey.</p> <p><i>Pripev (×2)</i></p>	<p>Only we, the workers of the worldwide Great army of labour, Have the right to own the land, But the parasites — never! And if the great thunder rolls Over the pack of dogs and executioners, For us, the sun will forever Shine on with its fiery beams.</p> <p><i>Chorus (×2)</i></p>

English lyrics

The traditional British version of The Internationale is usually sung in three verses, while the American version, written by Charles Hope Kerr with five verses, is usually sung in two.^{[13][14]} The American version is sometimes sung with the phrase "the internationale", "the international soviet", or "the international union" in place of "the international working class". In English renditions, "Internationale" is sometimes sung as /Intərnæfə'næli/ rather than the French pronunciation of [ɛ̃tɛʁnasjɔnal(ə)].

Billy Bragg was asked by Pete Seeger to sing the Internationale with him at the Vancouver Folk Festival in 1989. Bragg thought the traditional English lyrics were archaic and unsingable (Scottish musician Dick Gaughan^[15] and former Labour MP Tony Benn^[16] disagreed), and composed a new set of lyrics.^[17] The recording was released on his album *The Internationale* along with reworkings of other socialist songs. A full, six-stanza translation can be found on the Wikisource page on The Internationale.

British translation	Billy Bragg's Revision ^[18]	American version
First stanza		
<p>Arise, ye workers from your slumber, Arise, ye prisoners of want. For reason in revolt now thunders, and at last ends the age of cant! Away with all your superstitions, Servile masses, arise, arise! We'll change henceforth the old tradition, And spurn the dust to win the prize!</p> <p>So comrades, come rally, And the last fight let us face. The Internationale Unites the human race. So comrades, come rally, And the last fight let us face. The Internationale Unites the human race.</p>	<p>Stand up, all victims of oppression, For the tyrants fear your might! Don't cling so hard to your possessions, For you have nothing if you have no rights! Let racist ignorance be ended, For respect makes the empires fall! Freedom is merely privilege extended, Unless enjoyed by one and all. So come brothers and sisters, For the struggle carries on. The Internationale Unites the world in song. So comrades, come rally, For this is the time and place! The international ideal Unites the human race.</p>	<p>Arise, ye prisoners 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!</p> <p>'Tis the final conflict; Let each stand in his place. The International working class Shall be the human race! 'Tis the final conflict; Let each stand in his place. The International working class Shall be the human race!</p>
Second stanza		
<p>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!</p> <p>And if those cannibals keep trying, To sacrifice us to their pride, They soon shall hear the bullets flying, We'll shoot the generals on our own side.</p> <p>So comrades, come rally, And the last fight let us face. The Internationale Unites the human race. So comrades, come rally, And the last fight let us face. The Internationale Unites the human race.</p>	<p>Let no one build walls to divide us, Walls of hatred nor walls of stone. Come greet the dawn and stand beside us, We'll live together or we'll die alone. In our world poisoned by exploitation, Those who have taken, now they must give! And end the vanity of nations, We've but one Earth on which to live.</p> <p>So come brothers and sisters, For the struggle carries on. The Internationale Unites the world in song. So comrades, come rally, For this is the time and place! The international ideal Unites the human race.</p>	<p>We want no condescending saviors To rule us from a judgment hall; We workers ask not for their favors; 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.</p> <p>'Tis the final conflict; Let each stand in his place. The International working class Shall be the human race! 'Tis the final conflict; Let each stand in his place. The International working class Shall be the human race!</p>
Third stanza		
<p>No saviour from on high delivers, No faith have we in prince or peer. Our own right hand the chains</p>	<p>And so begins the final drama, In the streets and in the fields. We stand unbowed before their</p>	<p>Toilers from shops and fields united, The union we of all who work:</p>

must shiver, Chains of hatred, greed and fear. E'er the thieves will out with their booty, And to all give a happier lot. Each at his forge must do their duty, And we'll strike the iron while it's hot. So comrades, come rally, And the last fight let us face. The Internationale Unites the human race. So comrades, come rally, And the last fight let us face. The Internationale Unites the human race.	armour, We defy their guns and shields! When we fight, provoked by their aggression, Let us be inspired by life and love. For though they offer us concessions, Change will not come from above! So come brothers and sisters, For the struggle carries on. The Internationale Unites the world in song. So comrades, come rally, For this is the time and place! The international ideal Unites the human race.	The earth belongs to us, the workers, No room here for the shirk. How many on our flesh have fattened! But if the noisome birds of prey Shall vanish from the sky some morning, The blessed sunlight still will stay. 'Tis the final conflict; Let each stand in his place. The International working class Shall be the human race! 'Tis the final conflict; Let each stand in his place. The International working class Shall be the human race!
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Chinese lyrics

Qu Qiubai's version

The most common and official Chinese version is the *de facto* anthem of the Communist Party of China.^[23] It was first translated on 15 June 1923 from the Russian version by Qu Qiubai (Chinese: 瞿秋白),^[24] a leading member of the Communist Party of China in the late 1920s. His translation has transliterated the Internationale as Yīngtènàxióngnà'ěr (simplified Chinese: 英特纳雄耐尔; traditional Chinese: 英特納雄耐爾) when singing the phrase in Standard Chinese. When the Chinese Soviet Republic was established in 1931, it was decided to be its national anthem.^[25] As he was executed by the Kuomintang in 1935, his Chinese translation is in the public domain wherever the duration of copyright is an author's lifetime plus up to 70 years, including Chinese-speaking Mainland China, Hong Kong, Macau, Taiwan (lifetime plus 50 years in these places), and Singapore (lifetime plus 70 years). The three Chinese lyrics roughly correspond to the three Russian lyrics by Arkady Yakovlevich Kots and the first, second, and sixth French lyrics by Eugène Pottier. The fourth and fifth stanzas are not used in the official Chinese version and the PRC forbids the use of them in public performances of the song.

The song was a rallying anthem of the demonstrators at the Tiananmen Square protests of 1989, and was repeatedly sung both while marching to the Square and within the Square.

...many hundreds of people (not only students) appeared on the street. They ran after the trucks and shouted protest slogans. A few stones were thrown. The soldiers opened fire with live ammunition. The crowd threw themselves on the ground, but quickly followed the convoy again. The more shots were fired, the more the crowd got determined and outraged. Suddenly they started singing the Internationale; they armed themselves with stones and threw them towards the soldiers. There were also a few Molotov cocktails and the last truck was set on fire.^[19]

Traditional Chinese	Simplified Chinese	Pinyin	Literal English translation
First stanza			
<p>起來，饑寒交迫的奴隸， 起來，全世界受苦的人！ 滿腔的熱血已經沸騰， 要為真理而鬥爭！ 舊世界打個落花流水， 奴隸們起來起來！ 不要說我們一無所有， 我們要做天下的主人！</p> <p>這是最後的鬥爭， 團結起來到明天， 英特納雄耐爾 就一定要實現。</p>	<p>起来，饥寒交迫的奴隶， 起来，全世界受苦的人！ 满腔的热血已经沸腾， 要为真理而斗争！ 旧世界打个落花流水， 奴隶们起来起来！ 不要说我们一无所有， 我们要做天下的主人！</p> <p>这是最后的斗争， 团结起来到明天， 英特纳雄耐尔 就一定要实现。</p>	<p>Qǐlái, jīhánjiāopò de núlì, Qǐlái, quánshìjiè shòukǔ de rén! Mǎnqiāng de rèxuè yǐjīng fèiténg, Yào wèi zhēnlǐ ér dòuzhēng! Jiù shìjiè dǎ gè luòhuāliúshuǐ, Núlimen, qǐlái!, qǐlái! Bú yào shuō wǒmen yìwúsuǒyǒu, Wǒmen yào zuò tiānxià de zhǔrén.</p> <p>Zhè shì zuìhòu de dòuzhēng, Tuánjié qǐlái, dào míngtiān, Yīngtènnàxióngnà'ěr Jiù yídìng yào shíxiàn.</p>	<p>Arise, slaves afflicted by hunger and cold, Arise, suffering people all over the world! The blood which fills my chest has boiled over, We must struggle for truth! The old world shall be destroyed Arise, slaves, arise! Do not say that we have nothing, We shall be the masters of the world!</p> <p>This is the final struggle, Unite together towards tomorrow, The Internationale Shall certainly be realised.</p>
Second stanza			
<p>從來就沒有什麼救世主， 也不靠神仙皇帝。 要創造人類的幸福， 全靠我們自己！ 我們要奪回勞動果實， 讓思想衝破牢籠。 快把那爐火燒得通紅， 趁熱打鐵才能成功！</p> <p>這是最後的鬥爭， 團結起來到明天， 英特納雄耐爾 就一定要實現。</p>	<p>从来就没有什么救世主， 也不靠神仙皇帝。 要创造人类的幸福， 全靠我们自己！ 我们要夺回劳动果实， 让思想冲破牢笼。 快把那炉火烧得通红， 趁热打铁才能成功！</p> <p>这是最后的斗争， 团结起来到明天， 英特纳雄耐尔 就一定要实现。</p>	<p>Cónglái jiù méiyǒu shénme jiùshìzhǔ, Yě bú kào shénxiān huángdì. Yào chuàngzào rénlèi de xìngfú, Quán kào wǒmen zìjǐ. Wǒmen yào duóhuí láodòng guǒshí, Ràng sīxiǎng chōngpò láolóng. Kuài bǎ nà lúhuǒ shāo de tōnghóng, Chènrèdǎtiě cái néng chénggōng.</p> <p>Zhè shì zuìhòu de dòuzhēng, Tuánjié qǐlái, dào míngtiān, Yīngtènnàxióngnà'ěr Jiù yídìng yào shíxiàn.</p>	<p>There has never been any saviour of the world, Nor deities, nor emperors on which to depend. To create Humankind's happiness We must entirely depend on ourselves! We shall retake the fruits of our labour, And let the mind burst free from its prison cell. Let the flames in the furnace burn red-hot, For only when the iron is hot will we succeed in forging it!</p> <p>This is the final struggle, Unite together towards tomorrow, The Internationale Shall definitely be realised.</p>

Third stanza			
<p>是誰創造了人類世界？ 是我們勞動群眾。 一切歸勞動者所有， 哪能容得寄生蟲！ 最可恨那些毒蛇猛獸， 吃盡了我們的血肉。 一旦把他們消滅乾淨， 鮮紅的太陽照遍全球！</p> <p>這是最後的鬥爭， 團結起來到明天， 英特納雄耐爾 就一定要實現。</p>	<p>是谁创造了人类世界？ 是我们劳动群众。 一切归劳动者所有， 哪能容得寄生虫！ 最可恨那些毒蛇猛兽， 吃尽了我们的血肉。 一旦把他们消灭干净， 鲜红的太阳照遍全球！</p> <p>这是最后的斗争， 团结起来到明天， 英特纳雄耐尔 就一定要实现。</p>	<p>Shì shéi chuàngzào le rénlèi shìjiè? Shì wǒmen láodòng qúnzhòng. Yíqiè guī láodòngzhě suǒyǒu, Nǎnéng róngde jìshēngchóng! Zuì kěhèn nàxiē dúshéměngshòu, Chījìn le wǒmen de xuèròu. Yídan bǎ tāmen xiāomiè gānjìng, Xiānhóng de tàiyáng zhào biàn quánqiú.</p> <p>Zhè shì zuìhòu de dòuzhēng, Tuánjié qǐlái, dào míngtiān, Yīngtè'nàxióngnà'ěr Jiù yídìng yào shíxiàn.</p>	<p>Who is it that created the world of humankind? It is us, the masses. Everything is for workers, How can parasites be accommodated! The most detestable are those poisonous snakes and savage beasts Eating up our flesh and blood. Exterminate them all at once, The red sun will shine all over the globe!</p> <p>This is the final struggle, Unite together towards tomorrow, The Internationale Shall definitely be realised.</p>

Note that the lyrics above were translated from the first, second and sixth (last) stanza of the French original.

National Revolutionary Army version

When commemorating the 55th anniversary of the Paris Commune on 18 March 1926, the National Revolutionary Army printed a music sheet with three lyrics of the Internationale in Chinese, roughly corresponding to the first, second, and sixth French lyrics by Eugène Pottier. When singing refrain twice after each lyric, the Internationale is transliterated first as Yīngtè'ěrlāxióngnà'ěr (Chinese: 英特爾拉雄納爾) and second as Yīngtè'ěrnàxióngnà'ěr (Chinese: 英特爾納雄納爾).

Traditional Chinese	Simplified Chinese	Pinyin	Literal English translation
<p>起來飢寒交迫的奴隸， 起來全世界上的罪人！ 滿腔的熱血已經沸騰， 作一最後的戰爭！ 舊世界打他落花流水， 奴隸們起來起來！ 莫要說我們一錢不值， 我們要做天下的主人！</p> <p>(副歌)</p> <p>這是最後的爭鬥， 團結起來到明天， 英特爾拉雄納爾 就一定要實現。 這是最後的爭鬥， 團結起來到明天， 英特爾納雄納爾 就一定要實現。</p>	<p>起来饥寒交迫的奴隶， 起来全世界上的罪人！ 满腔的热血已经沸腾， 作一最后的战争！ 旧世界打他落花流水， 奴隶们起来起来！ 莫要说我们一钱不值， 我们要做天下的主人！</p> <p>(副歌)</p> <p>这是最后的争斗， 团结起来到明天， 英特尔拉雄纳尔 就一定要实现。 这是最后的争斗， 团结起来到明天， 英特尔纳雄纳尔 就一定要实现。</p>	<p>Qǐlái, jīhánjiāopò de núlì, Qǐlái, quánshìjiè shàng de zuìrén! Mǎnqiāng de rèxuè yǐjīng fèiténg, Zuòyí zuìhòude zhànzhēng! Jiù shìjiè dǎ tā luòhuāliúshuǐ, Núlimen, qǐlái, qǐlái! Mò yào shuō wǒmen yìqiánbùzhí, Wǒmen yào zuò tiānxià de zhǔrén.</p> <p>(Fùgē)</p> <p>Zhè shì zuìhòu de zhēngdòu, Tuánjié qǐlái dào míngtiān, Yīngtè'ěrlāxióngnà'ěr Jiù yídìng yào shíxiàn. Zhè shì zuìhòu de zhēngdòu, Tuánjié qǐlái dào míngtiān, Yīngtè'ěrnàxióngnà'ěr Jiù yídìng yào shíxiàn.</p>	<p>Arise, slaves afflicted by hunger and cold, Arise, persecuted all over the world! The blood which fills my chest has boiled over, Make one last war! The old world, it shall be destroyed. Arise, slaves, arise! Do not say that we are worth nothing, We shall be the masters of the world!</p> <p>(Refrain)</p> <p>This is the final struggle, Unite together towards tomorrow, The Internationale Shall certainly be realised. This is the final struggle, Unite together towards tomorrow, The Internationale Shall certainly be realised.</p>
(二)	(二)	(Èr)	Second stanza
<p>從來沒有什麼救世主， 不是神仙也不是皇帝。 更不是那些英雄豪傑， 全靠自己救自己！ 要殺盡那些強盜狗命， 就要有犧牲精神。 快快的當這爐火通紅， 趁火打鐵才能够成功！</p> <p>(副歌)</p>	<p>从来没有什麼救世主， 不是神仙也不是皇帝。 更不是那些英雄豪杰， 全靠自己救自己！ 要杀尽那些强盗狗命， 就要有牺牲精神。 快快的当这炉火通红， 趁火打铁才能够成功！</p> <p>(副歌)</p>	<p>Cónglái méiyǒu shénme jiùshìzhǔ, Búshì shénxiān yě búshì huángdì. Gèng búshì nàxiē yīngxióng háojié, Quán kào zìjǐ jiù zìjǐ! Yào shājìn nàxiē qiángdào gǒumìng, Jiù yào yǒu xīshēng jīngshén. Kuàikuài de dāngzhè lúhuǒ tōnghóng, Chènhuǒdǎtiě cái nénggòu chénggōng!</p> <p>(fùgē)</p>	<p>There has never been any saviour of the world, Nor deities, nor emperors. Not even those heroes, Entirely depend on ourselves to save ourselves! To fully kill those bandits' crestless lives Requires sacrificing spirit. Quickly, while this furnace burns red-hot, For only when the iron is fired will we succeed in forging it!</p> <p>(Refrain)</p>

(三)	(三)	(Sān)	Third stanza
<p>誰是世界上的創造者？ 只有我們勞苦的工農。 一切只歸生產者所有， 哪裡容得寄生蟲！ 我們的熱血流了多少， 只把那殘酷惡獸。 倘若是一旦殺滅盡了， 一輪紅日照遍五大洲！</p> <p>(副歌)</p>	<p>谁是世界上的创造者？ 只有我们劳苦的工农。 一切只归生产者所有， 哪里容得寄生虫！ 我们的热血流了多少， 只把那残酷恶兽。 倘若是一旦杀灭尽了， 一轮红日照遍五大洲！</p> <p>(副歌)</p>	<p>Shéi shì shìjièshàng de chuàngzàozhě? Zhǐyǒu wǒmen láokǔ de gōngnóng. Yíqiè zhǐ guī shēngchǎnzhě suǒyǒu, Nǎlǐ róngde jìshēngchóng! Wǒmen de rèxuè liúle duōshǎo, Zhǐ bǎ nà cánkù èshòu. Tāngguòshì yídan shāmiè jìnliǎo, Yìlún hóng rì zhào biàn wǔdàzhōu.</p> <p>(fùgē)</p>	<p>Who is the creator of the world? Only us, hard working labours and farmers. Everything is for producers only, Where can parasites be accommodated! How much hot blood of ours have bled, Only to handle that cruel and evil monster. If it is someday fully killed, A red sun will shine all over the five continents!</p> <p>(Refrain)</p>

Shen Baoji's version

The third, fourth, and fifth French stanzas are not sung in Chinese in the above two versions of Qu and the National Revolutionary Army. Chinese translator Shen Baoji (simplified Chinese: 沈宝基; traditional Chinese: 沈寶基, 1908–2002) has made a complete Chinese translation, published in 1957, of all six French stanzas.^[27] Shen's translation has transliterated the Internationale as Yīngdāi'ěrnàxī'àonà'ěr (simplified Chinese: 因呆尔那西奥纳尔; traditional Chinese: 因呆爾那西奧納爾) in the stanzas, different from the transliterations of Qu and the National Revolutionary Army. As the Copyright Law of the People's Republic of China grants individuals copyright for their lifetime plus 50 years, Shen's translation is expected to remain copyrighted there until the end of 2052.

Non-Mandarin versions

In addition to the Mandarin version, the Internationale also has Cantonese^[20] and Taiwanese Hokkien^[21] versions, occasionally used in Hong Kong and Taiwan. The word "Internationale" is not translated in either version.

South Asian lyrics

- Versions of the song in Indian languages, particularly Bengali and Malayalam, have existed since the time of colonial rule. It was translated into Bengali by the radical poet Kazi Nazrul Islam and subsequently by Bengali mass singer Hemanga Biswas. The Assamese version was translated by the poet Bishnu Rabha.
- The Malayalam version of the song has also existed since the 1950s with the translation of the song for the people of the Indian state of Kerala by actor and social activist Premji for the united Communist Party of India (CPI).
- In the 1980s, more translations appeared. Translations by Sachidanandan and Mokeri Ramachandran were sung by the activists of Janakeeya Samskarikavedi, an organisation connected with CPI(Marxist–Leninist) (CPI(ML)). Translation by N. P. Chandrasekharan was for Students Federation of India (SFI),

the student organisation associated with CPI(Marxist) (CPI(M) and published in the Student Monthly, the organ of SFI.

- Nepali translations of the song have also been sung in Kathmandu and other parts of Nepal, and the song has been popularised by the Nepali Maoists.
- Pakistani musical group Laal performed on translation of this anthem on their translation.^[22]

Cultural influence

In literature

- In George Orwell's 1945 novel, *Animal Farm*, the animals' anthem, "Beasts of England", is based on "The Internationale".
- Frantz Fanon's 1961 work *The Wretched of the Earth* takes its title from a line from "The Internationale".
- The residents of the lunar penal colony in *The Moon Is A Harsh Mistress* by Robert Heinlein sing it in the opening political protest meeting which sets up the inescapability of the revolution.
- The motto of the socialist magazine *Jacobin* is "Reason in Revolt", a reference to "The Internationale".
- The title of the novel *Do Not Say We Have Nothing* is a reference to the Chinese version of "The Internationale".

In music

- The "Finale" song of the musical *Les Misérables* references the lyric "the wretched of the earth" from "The International".
- The song "Hammerblow" from the 2008 album *Susquehanna* by American ska-swing band the Cherry Poppin' Daddies includes a verse of "L'Internationale" within its bridge ("L'Internationale/Sera le genre humain"). The song itself concerns an underground Marxist movement.
- The music video to the Manic Street Preachers' 1998 hit single, "If You Tolerate This Your Children Will Be Next" features excerpts from De Geyter's melody at the beginning and end. The song itself makes numerous references to the Spanish Civil War; *The Internationale* having served as a popular Republican anthem during the conflict.

In film

- The 1965 Propaganda Film *The East Is Red* concludes with a mass sing along at the play's final act.
- The 1973 semi-autobiographical Federico Fellini film *Amarcord* set in 1930s Italy features a scene where one protagonist plays an instrumental gramophone recording of the Internationale over a loudspeaker within the bell tower of the town church in protest of Benito Mussolini and the ruling fascists. The fascists fire upon the loudspeaker and in a later scene interrogate and torture their captured suspect.
- The 1974 film *Sweet Movie*, features two different versions of the melody, one being played in 6/8 time signature with an accordion, the other one, played in 4/4 at fast tempo with an organ.
- In the 1993 film *In the Heat of the Sun* (Yangguang canlan de rizi) by Chinese director Jiang Wen, the song plays loudly over a brutal scene where the main character, Ma Xiaojun, repeatedly beats an innocent victim to a state of bloodied unconsciousness. Set during the Cultural Revolution (1966–1976), the film's use of The Internationale, a song played at official events and at the end of the day's radio broadcast during this era, is intended to symbolise the hypocrisy of Maoist ideological rectitude.^{(^[23])^[24]}
- Ken Loach used Spanish version of this song in his 1995 movie *Land and Freedom*.^[25]
- In the 1996 film, *I'm Not Rappaport*, written and directed by Herb Gardner, based on his Tony Award winning play, "The Internationale" can be heard in flashbacks, as well as accompanying the end credits.
- In the 1997 film, *Air Force One*, inmates at a prison sing the song as General Ivan Radek, a communist terrorist leader, is released.
- In the 1999 film *Cradle Will Rock* by Tim Robbins, Bill Murray's character Tommy Crickshaw sings one verse of the song (mostly from the "American Version" above) at the end. He's a ventriloquist at the end of his career, a man who once was a fiery radical, but who has now been reduced to a near nonentity. He can't even bring himself to sing it, so he sings it through his puppet.
- In the 2009 American film, *Capitalism: A Love Story*, by director Michael Moore, singer Tony Babino sings a lounge version of the Internationale over the ending credits.

See also

- Anarchism and the arts
- Eugene Pottier
- Pierre De Geyter
- *The Internationale*, an album by Billy Bragg featuring Bragg's rewritten lyrics to the song.
- A Las Barricadas, an anthem of anarchism.

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External links

- Bibliowiki has original media or text related to this article: The Internationale (Bragg) (in the public domain in Canada)
- A documentary on the Internationale.
- Another large collection of downloadable recordings
- The Internationale: lyrics and tabs
- Communist propaganda clip with the Internationale as background music (Albanian and Russian) on YouTube
- (in French) The Internationale in a minor mode by the Prolétariat Mondial Organiseyyy Video on YouTube
- Downloadable recordings in more than 40 languages
- Piano arrangements and orchestral MIDI file of *The Internationale*
- *The Internationale* in 98 languages
- Lyrics of this song at MetroLyrics
- IWW Version, translated by Charles Kerr from 'The Little Red Songbook' London, 1916

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L'Internationale (original French lyrics by Eugène Edmée Pottier)

Debout! l'âme du prolétaire!
Travailleurs groupons nous enfin.
Debout! les damnés de la terre!
Debout! les forçats de la faim!
Pour vaincre la misère et l'ombre.
Foule esclave, debout! debout!
C'est nous le droit, c'est nous le nombre
Nous qui n'étions rien, soyons tout.

C'est la lutte finale:
Groupons-nous, et demain,
L'Internationale
Sera le genre humain.
C'est la lutte finale:
Groupons-nous, et demain,
L'Internationale
Sera le genre humain.

Il n'est pas de sauveurs suprêmes:
Ni Dieu, ni César, ni tribun,
Producteurs, sauvons-nous nous-mêmes!
Travaillons au Salut Commun.
Pour que le voleur rende gorge,
Pour tirer l'esprit du cachot,
Allumons notre grande forge,
Battons le fer quand il est chaud!

C'est la lutte finale:
Groupons-nous, et demain,
L'Internationale
Sera le genre humain.
C'est la lutte finale:
Groupons-nous, et demain,
L'Internationale
Sera le genre humain.

Les rois nous soulaient de fumées,
Paix entre nous, guerre aux tyrans!
Appliquons la grève aux armées,
Crosse en l'air et rompons les rangs!
Bandit, prince, exploiteur ou prêtre
Qui vit de l'homme est criminel;
Notre ennemi c'est notre maître
Voilà le mot d'ordre éternel.

C'est la lutte finale:
Groupons-nous, et demain,
L'Internationale
Sera le genre humain.
C'est la lutte finale:
Groupons-nous, et demain,
L'Internationale
Sera le genre humain.

L'engrenage encore va nous tordre;
Le Capital est triomphant;
La mitrailleuse fait de l'ordre
En hachant la femme et l'enfant.
L'Usure folle en ses colères,
Sur nos cadavres calcinés,
Soudé à la grève des salaires
La grève de assassinés.

C'est la lutte finale:
Groupons-nous, et demain,
L'Internationale
Sera le genre humain.
C'est la lutte finale:
Groupons-nous, et demain,
L'Internationale
Sera le genre humain.

Ouvriers, paysans, nous sommes
Le grand parti des travailleurs;
La terre n'appartient qu'aux hommes,

L'oisif ira loger ailleurs.
Combien de nos chairs se repaissent!
Si les corbeaux, si les vautours,
Un de ces matins, disparaissent...
Le terre tournera toujours!

C'est la lutte finale:
Groupons-nous, et demain,
L'Internationale
Sera le genre humain.
C'est la lutte finale:
Groupons-nous, et demain,
L'Internationale
Sera le genre humain.

Qu'enfin le passé s'engloutisse!
Qu'un genre humain transfiguré
Sous le ciel clair de la justice
Mûrisse avec l'épi doré!
Ne crains plus les nids de chenilles
Qui gâtaient l'arbre et ses produits.
Travail étends sur nos familles
Tes rameaux tout rouges de fruits.

C'est la lutte finale:
Groupons-nous, et demain,
L'Internationale
Sera le genre humain.
C'est la lutte finale:
Groupons-nous, et demain,
L'Internationale
Sera le genre humain.