

The Red *Internationale*

Arise, you prisoners of starvation!
Arise, you wretched of the earth!
For justice thunders condemnation:
A better world's in birth!
No more tradition's chains shall bind us,
Arise, you slaves, no more in thrall!
The earth shall rise on new foundations:
We have been naught, we shall be all!

'Tis the final conflict;
Let each stand in their place!
The international working class
Shall be the human race.

We want no condescending saviors
To rule us from their 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.

'Tis the final conflict;
Let each stand in their place!
The international working class
Shall be the human race.

— Eugène Pottier 1871 (French)
English lyrics by Charles H. Kerr
music by Pierre Degeyter