

# The Internationale

- Eugène Pottier

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 naught we shall be all.

*Refrain:*

'Tis the final conflict  
Let each stand in his place  
The International Union  
Shall be the human race.

We want no condescending saviors  
To rule us from their judgement 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.

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."

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.

We toilers from all fields united  
Join hand in hand with 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 norsome birds of prey  
Shall vanish from the sky some morning  
The blessed sunlight then will stay.

**Source:** Eugène Pottier, Chants Révolutionnaires. Paris, Comité Pottier, [n.d. 1890-1900]. Eugène Pottier wrote the "Internationale" just weeks after the crushing of the Paris Commune, in June 1871.

# Keep the Red Flag Flying

The People's Flag is deepest red,  
It shrouded oft our martyred dead,  
And ere their limbs grew stiff and cold,  
Their hearts' blood dyed its every fold.

*Chorus:*

Then raise the scarlet standard high.  
Beneath its shade we'll live and die,  
Though cowards flinch and traitors sneer,  
We'll keep the red flag flying here.  
Look round, the Frenchman loves its blaze,  
The sturdy German chants its praise,  
In Moscow's vaults its hymns were sung  
Chicago swells the surging throng.

*(chorus)*

It waved above our infant might,  
When all ahead seemed dark as night;  
It witnessed many a deed and vow,  
We must not change its colour now.

*(chorus)*

It well recalls the triumphs past,  
It gives the hope of peace at last;  
The banner bright, the symbol plain,  
Of human right and human gain.

*(chorus)*

It suits today the weak and base,  
Whose minds are fixed on self and place  
To cringe before the rich man's frown,  
And haul the sacred emblem down.

*(chorus)*

With head uncovered swear we all  
To bear it onward till we fall;  
Come dungeons dark or gallows grim,  
This song shall be our parting hymn.

*(chorus)*

"The Red Flag" (Roud V45381) is a socialist song, emphasising the sacrifices and solidarity of the international labour movement. It is the anthem of the British Labour Party, the Northern Irish Social Democratic and Labour Party and the Irish Labour Party. It was formerly used by the New Zealand Labour Party until the late 1940s. The song is traditionally sung at the close of each party's national conference.