

The Internationale

By: Billy Bragg

Music by Pierre De Geyter

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 priv'lege 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, come, comrades, and rally
For this is the time and place;
The international ideal
Unites the human race.

Let no one build walls to divide us:
Walls of hatred or 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.

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And so begins the final drama
In the streets and in the fields.
We stand unbowed before their armor.
We defy their guns and shields.
When we fight provoked by their aggression,
Let us be inspired by like and love.
Although they offer us concessions,
Change will not come from above.

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