

The Picture On The Wall - song lyrics

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THE PICTURE ON THE WALL.

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"Mid splendor and beauty sublime,
On th wall in the dim light it hung,
A picture that thrilled as when loud beats the drum,
Or the trumpet to battle has rung.
A soldier is singing a song,
"Arouse ye! arouse ye!" he cries,
"Ye sons of freedom wake to glory.
Hark! hark! what myriads bid you rise?"
Again I hear the strain that from those lips did fall,
Again I read the story of the pit lure on the wall.

Refrain.

Ye sons of France awake to glory.
Hark! hark! what myriads bid you rise?
Your children, wives, and grand sires hoary,
Behold their tears and hear their cries,
Behold their tears and hear their cries.
Shall hateful tyrants mischief breeding,
With hireling host, a ruffian band,
Affright and desolate the land
While peace and liberty is bleeding?
To arms! to arms! ye braves,
The avenging sword unsheath!
March on! march on!
All hearts resolved on victory or death.

And there in the dim light it hangs,
A sentry by night and by day,
Inspiring the hearts of the brave and the true,
Its glory shall ne'er pass away.
Its grandeur my spirit awakes."
Ring out the refrain to the skies,
"Ye sons of freedom wake to glory,
Hark! hark! what myriads bid you rise?"
Again I hear the strain that tyrant hearty appall,
Enchained I stood, transfixed my gaze by the picture on the wall.
Ye sons of France awake to glory. &c.