

GOD SAVE THE KING

God save our gracious Queen!
Long live our noble Queen!
God Save the Queen!
Send her victorious,
Happy and glorious,
Long to reign over us,
God Save the Queen.

O Lord our God arise,
Scatter her enemies
And make them fall;
Confound their politics,
Frustrate their knavish tricks,
On Thee our hopes we fix,
Oh, save us all!

Thy choicest gifts in store
On her be pleased to pour;
Long may she reign;
May she defend our laws,
And ever give us cause
To sing with heart and voice,
God save the Queen!

LA MARSELLESA

Autor: Rouget de L'Isle

Allons enfants de la Patrie
le jour de gloire est arrivé
contre nous de la tyrannie
//: l'etendard sanglant est levé://
entendez vous dans les campagnes
mugir ces féroces soldats?
ils viennent jusque dans nos bras
egorger nos fils et nos compagnes

Coro

//: Aux armes citoyens
formez vos bataillons
marchons, marchons
qu'un sang impur
abreuve nos sillons ://

Amour sacrie de la Patrie
conduis soutiens nos bras vengeurs
liberté, liberté chérie
//: combats avec te defenseurs ://
sous nos drapeaux que la victoire
accoure á tes mâles accents ?
que tes ennemis expirants
voient ton triomphe et notre gloire.

Aux armes citoyens, etc

HIMNO DE ESTADOS UNIDOS

Letra: Francis Scott Key

Música: Antigua melodía de taberna

Oh, say can you see by the dawn's early light
What so proudly we hailed at the twilight's last
gleaming?
Whose broad stripes and bright stars thru the
perilous fight,
O'er the ramparts we watched were so gallantly
streaming?
And the rocket's red glare, the bombs bursting in
air,
Gave proof thru the night that our flag was still
there.

Coro

Oh, say does that star-spangled banner yet wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the
brave?

On the shore, dimly seen through the mists of the
deep,
Where the foe's haughty host in dread silence
reposes,

What is that which the breeze, o'er the towering
steep,
As it fitfully blows, half conceals, half discloses?
Now it catches the gleam of the morning's first
beam,
In full glory reflected now shines in the stream:

Coro

'Tis the star-spangled banner! Oh long may it wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the
brave.

And where is that band who so vauntingly swore
That the havoc of war and the battle's confusion,
A home and a country should leave us no more!
Their blood has washed out of of their foul
footsteps' pollution.
No refuge could save the hireling and slave'
From the terror of flight and the gloom of the
grave.

THE BATTLE HYMN OF THE REPUBLIC

Julia Ward Howe

Mine eyes have seen the glory of the coming of the
Lord
He is trampling out the vintage where the grapes
of wrath are stored,
He has loosed the fateful lightening of His terrible
swift sword
His truth is marching on.

I have seen Him in the watch-fires of a hundred
circling camps
They have builded Him an altar in the evening
dews and damps
I can read His righteous sentence by the dim and
flaring lamps
His day is marching on.

I have read a fiery gospel writ in burnish`d rows of
steel,
As ye deal with my contemners, So with you my
grace shall deal;
Let the Hero, born of woman, crush the serpent
with his heel
Since God is marching on.

Coro

Glory! Glory! Hallelujah! 3 veces
His truth is marching on.

He has sounded forth the trumpet that shall never
call retreat
He is sifting out the hearts of men before His
judgment-seat
Oh, be swift, my soul, to answer Him! be jubilant,
my feet!
Our God is marching on.

Coro

Glory! Glory! Hallelujah! 3 veces
His truth is marching on.

In the beauty of the lilies Christ was born across
the sea,
With a glory in His bosom that transfigures you
and me:
As He died to make men holy, let us die to make
men free,
While God is marching on.

Coro

Glory! Glory! Hallelujah! 3 veces
His truth is marching on.