



"The Internationale" (French: "*L'Internationale*") is a widely sung left-wing anthem. It has been one of the most recognizable and popular songs of the socialist movement since the late 19th century, when the Second International (now the Socialist International) adopted it as its official anthem. The original French refrain of the song is *C'est la lutte finale / Groupons-nous et demain / L'Internationale / Sera le genre humain*. (English: "This is the final struggle / Let us group together and tomorrow / The Internationale / Will be the human race.") "The Internationale" has been translated into many languages. It is often sung with the left hand raised in a clenched fist salute and is sometimes followed (in English-speaking places) with a chant of "The workers united will never be defeated." "The Internationale" has been celebrated by socialists, communists, anarchists, democratic socialists, and some social democrats.

French lyrics	Literal English translation
First stanza	
Debout, les damnés de la terre Debout, les forçats de la faim La raison tonne en son cratère C'est l'éruption de la fin Du passé faisons table rase Foule esclave, debout, debout Le monde va changer de base Nous ne sommes rien, soyons tout : C'est la lutte finale Groupons-nous, et demain L'Internationale Sera le genre humain :	Stand up, damned of the Earth Stand up, prisoners of starvation Reason thunders in its volcano This is the eruption of the end. Of the past let us make a clean slate Enslaved masses, stand up, stand up. The world is about to change its foundation We are nothing, let us be all. : This is the final struggle Let us group together, and tomorrow The Internationale Will be the human race. :
Second stanza	
Il n'est pas de sauveurs suprêmes Ni Dieu, ni César, ni tribun Producteurs, sauvons-nous nous-mêmes Décrétons le salut commun Pour que le voleur rende gorge	There are no supreme saviours Neither God, nor Caesar , nor tribune . Producers, let us save ourselves, Decree the common salvation. So that the thief expires,

Pour tirer l'esprit du cachot
Soufflons nous-mêmes notre forge
Battons le fer quand il est chaud
|: C'est la lutte finale
Groupons-nous, et demain
L'Internationale
Sera le genre humain :|

So that the spirit be pulled from its prison,
Let us fan our forge ourselves
Strike the iron while it is hot.
|: This is the final struggle
Let us group together, and tomorrow
The Internationale
Will be the human race. :|

Third stanza

L'État comprime et la loi triche
L'impôt saigne le malheureux
Nul devoir ne s'impose au riche
Le droit du pauvre est un mot creux
C'est assez, languir en tutelle
L'égalité veut d'autres lois
Pas de droits sans devoirs dit-elle
Égaux, pas de devoirs sans droits
|: C'est la lutte finale
Groupons-nous, et demain
L'Internationale
Sera le genre humain :|

The State oppresses and the law cheats.
Tax bleeds the unfortunate.
No duty is imposed on the rich;
The rights of the poor is an empty phrase.
Enough languishing in custody!
Equality wants other laws:
No rights without duties, she says,
Equally, no duties without rights.
|: This is the final struggle
Let us group together, and tomorrow
The Internationale
Will be the human race. :|

Fourth stanza

Hideux dans leur apothéose
Les rois de la mine et du rail
Ont-ils jamais fait autre chose
Que dévaliser le travail ?
Dans les coffres-forts de la bande
Ce qu'il a créé s'est fondu
En décrétant qu'on le lui rende
Le peuple ne veut que son dû.
|: C'est la lutte finale
Groupons-nous, et demain
L'Internationale
Sera le genre humain :|

Hideous in their [apothoeosis](#)
The kings of the mine and of the rail.
Have they ever done anything other
Than steal work?
Inside the safeboxes of the gang,
What work had created melted.
By ordering that they give it back,
The people want only their due.
|: This is the final struggle
Let us group together, and tomorrow
The Internationale
Will be the human race. :|

Fifth stanza

Les rois nous saoulaient de fumées
Paix entre nous, guerre aux tyrans
Appliquons la grève aux armées
Crosse en l'air, et rompons les rangs
S'ils s'obstinent, ces cannibales
À faire de nous des héros
Ils sauront bientôt que nos balles
Sont pour nos propres généraux

The kings made us drunk with fumes,
Peace among us, war to the tyrants!
Let the armies go on strike,
Stocks in the air, and break ranks.
If they insist, these cannibals
On making heroes of us,
They will know soon that our bullets
Are for our own generals.

|: C'est la lutte finale
 Groupons-nous, et demain
 L'Internationale
 Sera le genre humain :|

|: This is the final struggle
 Let us group together, and tomorrow
 The Internationale
 Will be the human race. :|

Sixth stanza

Ouvriers, paysans, nous sommes
 Le grand parti des travailleurs
 La terre n'appartient qu'aux hommes
 L'oisif ira loger ailleurs
 Combien de nos chairs se repaissent
 Mais si les corbeaux, les vautours
 Un de ces matins disparaissent
 Le soleil brillera toujours.

Workers, peasants, we are
 The great party of labourers.
 The earth belongs only to men;
 The idle will go to reside elsewhere.
 How much of our flesh have they consumed?
 But if these ravens, these vultures
 Disappeared one of these days,
 The sun will shine forever.

|: C'est la lutte finale
 Groupons-nous, et demain
 L'Internationale
 Sera le genre humain :|

|: This is the final struggle
 Let us group together, and tomorrow
 The Internationale
 Will be the human race. :|

Russian translation

Latin alphabet transliteration

Literal English translation

First stanza

Вставай, проклятьем
 заклеимённый,
 Весь мир голодных и
 рабов!
 Кипит наш разум
 возмущённый
 И в смертный бой вести
 готов.
 Весь мир насилья мы
 разрушим
 До основанья, а затем
 Мы наш, мы новый мир
 построим, —
 Кто был ничем, тот станет
 всем.

Vstavay, proklyat'yem
 zakleym'yonny,
 ves' mir golodnykh i rabov!
 Kipit nash razum
 vozmushchyonny
 I v smertniy boy vesti
 gotov.
 Ves' mir nasilya my
 razrushim
 do osnovanya, a zatem
 my nash, my novy mir
 postroim, —
 kto byl nichem, tot stanyet
 vsem.

Stand up, ones who are branded
 by the curse,
 All the world's starving and
 enslaved!
 Our outraged minds are boiling,
 Ready to lead us into a deadly
 fight.
 We will destroy this world of
 violence
 Down to the foundations, and
 then
 We will build our new world.
 He who was nothing will
 become everything!

Припев:

Pripev:

CHORUS:

|: Это есть наш последний
 И решительный бой;
 С Интернационалом

|: Eto yest nash posledniy
 I reshitelnyy boy;
 S Internatsionalom

|: This is our final
 and decisive battle;
 With the Internationale

Воспрянет род
людской! :|

vospryanet rod
lyudskoy! :|

humanity will rise up! :|

Second stanza

Никто не даст нам
избавленья:
Ни бог, ни царь и не герой!
Добьёмся мы
освобожденья
Своею собственной рукой.
Чтоб свергнуть гнёт рукой
умелой,
Отвоевать своё добро, —
Вздувайте горн и куйте
смело,
Пока железо горячо!
|: Это есть наш последний
И решительный бой;
С Интернационалом
Воспрянет род
людской! :|

Nikto ne dast nam
izbavlenya:
Ni bog, ni tsar i ne geroy!
Dobyomsya my
osvobozhdenya
Svoyeyu sobstvennoy
rukoy.
Chtob svergnut' gn'ot
rukoy umyelay,
Otvoeyevat' svoyo dobro, —
Vzduvaitye gorn i kuitye
smyelo,
Poka zhelezo goryacho!
|: Eto yest nash posledniy
I reshitelniy boy;
S Internatsionalom
vospryanet rod
lyudskoy! :|

No one will grant us
deliverance,
Not god, nor tsar, nor hero.
We will win our liberation,
With our very own hands.
To throw down oppression with
a skilled hand,
To take back what is ours —
Fire up the furnace and hammer
boldly,
while the iron is still hot!
|: This is our final
and decisive battle;
With the Internationale
humanity will rise up! :|

Third stanza

Довольно кровь сосать,
вампиры,
Тюрьмой, налогом,
нищетой!
У вас — вся власть, все
блага мира,
А наше право — звук
пустой!
Мы жизнь построим по-
иному —
И вот наш лозунг боевой:
Вся власть народу
трудовому!
А дармоедов всех долой!
|: Это есть наш последний
И решительный бой;
С Интернационалом
Воспрянет род людской! :|

Dovol'no krov sosat',
vampiry,
Tyurmoy, nalogom,
nischetoy!
U vas — vsya vlast', vsye
blaga mira,
A nashe pravo — zvuk
pustoy!
My zhizn' postroim po-
inomu —
I vot nash lozung boyevoy:
Vsya vlast' narodu
trudovomu!
A darmoyedov vseh doloy!
|: Eto yest nash posledniy
I reshitelniy boy;
S Internatsionalom
vospryanet rod
lyudskoy! :|

You've sucked enough of our
blood, you vampires,
With prison, taxes and poverty!
You have all the power, all the
blessings of the world,
And our rights are but an empty
sound!
We'll make our own lives in a
different way -
And here is our battle cry:
All the power to the people of
labour!
And away with all the parasites!
|: This is our final
and decisive battle;
With the Internationale
humanity will rise up! :|

Fourth stanza

<p>Презренны вы в своём богатстве, Угля и стали короли! Вы ваши троны, тунеядцы, На наших спинах возвели. Заводы, фабрики, палаты — Всё нашим создано трудом. Пора! Мы требуем возврата Того, что взято грабежом. : Это есть наш последний И решительный бой; С Интернационалом Воспрянет род людской! : </p>	<p>Prezrenny vy v svojom bogats'tve, Uglya i stali koroli! Vy vashi trony, tuneядttsy, Na nashikh spinakh vozvyeli. Zavody, fabriki, palaty — Vsyo nashim sozdano trudom. Pora! My trebuyem vozvrata Togo, čto vzyato grabezhom. : Eto yest nash posledniy I reshitel'niy boy; S Internatsionalom vospryanet rod lyudskoy! : </p>	<p>Contemptible you are in your wealth, You kings of coal and steel! You had your thrones, parasites, At our backs erected. All the factories, all the chambers - All were made by our hands. It's time! We demand the return Of that which was stolen from us. : This is our final and decisive battle; With the Internationale humanity will rise up! : </p>
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Fifth stanza

<p>Довольно королям в угоду Дурманить нас в чаду войны! Война тиранам! Мир Народу! Бастуйте, армии сыны! Когда ж тираны нас заставят В бою геройски пасть за них — Убийцы, в вас тогда направим Мы жерла пушек боевых! : Это есть наш последний И решительный бой; С Интернационалом Воспрянет род людской! : </p>	<p>Dovol'no korolyam v ugodu Durmanit' nas v chadu voiny! Voina tiranam! Mir Narodu! Bastuitye, armii syny! Kogda zh tirany nas zastavyat V boyu geroiski past' za nikh — Ubiytsy, v vas togda napravim my zherla pushek boyevykh! : Eto yest nash posledniy I reshitel'niy boy; S Internatsionalom vospryanet rod lyudskoy! : </p>	<p>Enough of the will of kings Stupefying us into the haze of war! War to the tyrants! Peace to the people! Go on strike, sons of the army! And if the tyrants tell us To fall heroically in battle for them - Then, murderers, we will point The muzzles of our cannons at you! : This is our final and decisive battle; With the Internationale humanity will rise up! : </p>
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Sixth stanza

<p>Лишь мы, работники всемирной Великой армии труда, Владеть землёй имеем</p>	<p>Lish' my, rabotniki vsemirnoiy Velikoy armii truda, Vladet' zeml'yoj imeyem</p>	<p>Only we, the workers of the worldwide Great army of labour, Have the right to own the land,</p>
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право,
 Но паразиты – никогда!
 И если гром великий
 грянет
 Над сворой псов и
 палачей, —
 Для нас всё так же солнце
 станет
 Сиять огнём своих лучей.
 |: Это есть наш последний
 И решительный бой;
 С Интернационалом
 Воспрянет род
 людской! :|

pravo,
 No parazity – nikogda!
 I yesli grom velikiy
 gr'anyet
 Nad svoroy psov i
 palachey, —
 Dlya nas vsyo tak zhe
 solntse stanyet
 siyat' ognynom svoikh
 luchey.
 |: Eto yest nash posledniy
 I reshitelnyy boy;
 S Internatsionalom
 vospryanet rod
 lyudskoy! :|

But the parasites - never!
 And if the great thunder rolls
 Over the pack of dogs and
 executioners,
 For us, the sun will forever
 Shine on with its fiery beams.
 |: This is our final
 and decisive battle;
 With the Internationale
 humanity will rise up! :|

British Translation

Billy Bragg's Revision

American version

First stanza

Arise, ye workers from your
 slumber,
 Arise, ye prisoners of want.
 For reason in revolt now
 thunders,
 and at last ends the age of
 cant!
 Away with all your
 superstitions,
 Servile masses, arise, arise!
 We'll change henceforth the
 old tradition,
 And spurn the dust to win the
 prize!
 So comrades, come rally,
 And the last fight let us face.
 The Internationale,
 Unites the human race.
 So comrades, come rally,
 And the last fight let us face.
 The Internationale,
 Unites the human race.

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 privilege
 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 comrades, come rally,
 For this is the time and place!
 The international ideal,
 Unites the human race.

Arise, the workers of all
 nations!
 Arise, oppressed of the earth!
 For justice thunders
 condemnation:
 A better world's in birth!
 It is time to win
 emancipation,
 Arise, you slaves, no more in
 thrall!
 The earth will rise on new
 foundations:
 We, who were nothing, shall
 be all!
 Forward, brothers and
 sisters,
 And the last fight let us face;
 The Internationale
 Unites the human race!
 Forward, brothers and
 sisters,
 And the last fight let us face;
 The Internationale
 Unites the human race!

Second stanza

No more deluded by reaction,
On tyrants only we'll make war!
The soldiers too will take strike action,
They'll break ranks and fight no more!
And if those cannibals keep trying,
To sacrifice us to their pride,
They soon shall hear the bullets flying,
We'll shoot the generals on our own side.
So comrades, come rally,
And the last fight let us face.
The Internationale,
Unites the human race.
So comrades, come rally,
And the last fight let us face.
The Internationale,
Unites the human race.

Let no one build walls to divide us,
Walls of hatred nor walls 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.
So come brothers and sisters,
For the struggle carries on.
The Internationale,
Unites the world in song.
So comrades, come rally,
For this is the time and place!
The international ideal,
Unites the human race.

We see through their disinformation:
Designs to turn us into war.
But soon, the soldiers in formation
[Will break ranks](#) and fight no more.
And if those cowards think it's their right
To sacrifice us to [their dream](#),
They'll see the power of our own might;
It's time to end the old regime.
Forward, brothers and sisters,
And the last fight let us face;
The Internationale
Unites the human race!
Forward, brothers and sisters,
And the last fight let us face;
The Internationale
Unites the human race!

Third stanza

No saviour from on high delivers,
No faith have we in prince or peer.
Our own right hand the chains must shiver,
Chains of hatred, greed and fear.
E'er the thieves will out with their booty,
And to all give a happier lot.
Each at his forge must do their duty,
And we'll strike the iron while it's hot.
So comrades, come rally,
And the last fight let us face.
The Internationale,
Unites the human race.

And so begins the final drama,
In the streets and in the fields.
We stand unbowed before their armour,
We defy their guns and shields!
When we fight, provoked by their aggression,
Let us be inspired by life and love.
For though they offer us concessions,
Change will not come from above!
So come brothers and sisters,
For the struggle carries on.
The Internationale,
Unites the world in song.
So comrades, come rally,
For this is the time and place!

Just we, the workers of the world-wide,
The mighty army of labor,
To own the planet have a true right -
But the parasites — never!
For too long we've endured exploitation,
Too long we've been the vulture's prey.
Farewell to days of condemnation!
The [red dawn](#) brings a bright new day!
Forward, brothers and sisters,
And the last fight let us face;
The Internationale
Unites the human race!

So comrades, come rally,
And the last fight let us face.
The Internationale,
Unites the human race.

The Internationale,
Unites the human race.

Forward, brothers and
sisters,
And the last fight let us face;
The Internationale
Unites the human race!