

Mexicans, at the cry of war,  
make ready the steel and the bridle,  
and may the Earth tremble at its centers  
at the resounding roar of the cannon.  
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at the resounding roar of the cannon!

Let gird, oh Fatherland!, your brow with olive  
by the divine archangel of peace,  
for in heaven your eternal destiny  
was written by the finger of God.

But if some enemy outlander should dare  
to profane your ground with his sole,  
think, oh beloved Fatherland!, that heaven  
has given you a soldier in every son.

War, war without quarter to any who dare  
to tarnish the coats of arms of the country!

War, war! Let the national banners  
be soaked in waves of blood.

War, war! In the mountain, in the valley,  
let the cannons thunder in horrid unison  
and may the sonorous echoes resound  
with cries of Union! Liberty!

O, Fatherland, ere your children, defenseless  
bend their neck beneath the yoke,  
may your fields be watered with blood,  
may their foot be printed in blood.  
And may your temples, palaces and towers  
collapse with horrid clamor,  
and may their ruins continue on, saying:  
Of one thousand heroes, here the Fatherland began.  
Fatherland! Fatherland! your children swear to you  
to breathe their last for your sake,  
if the bugle with its bellicose accent  
calls them together to battle with courage.  
For you, olive wreathes!  
A memory for them of glory!  
For you, a laurel of victory!  
A tomb for them of honor!