

Paris thy crossroads shudder still with all their nostrils
 Thy pavements are always ready to leap in air
 Thy trees to bar the way to soldiers
 Turn back great body called
 Belleville
 Ohé Belleville and thou Saint-Denis
 where the kings are prisoners of the reds
 Ivry Javel and Malakoff
 Call them all with their tools
 the errandboys bringing news
 the women with their heavy chignons the men
 who come out of their work as if out of a nightmare
 their feet still tottering but their eyes clear
 There are always gunsmiths in the city
 and autos at the bourgeois' doors
 Fold the reflectors like wisps of straw
 make the kiosks benches Wallace fountains waltz
 Bring down the cops
 Comrades
 Bring down the cops
 On on toward the west where sleep
 rich children and first-class tarts
 Go beyond the Madeleine, Proletariat
 let thy fury sweep the Elysée
 Thou hast good right to the bois de Boulogne on weekdays
 Some day thou wilt blow up the Arc de Triomphe
 Proletariat know thy force
 Know thy force and unchain it
 It prepares its day Know how to see better
 Hear that rumour which comes from prisons
 It prepares its day it awaits its hour
 its minute its second
 when the mortal blow shall be struck
 and the bullet so sure that all the social-fascist doctors
 bent over the victim's body
 will have a time making their searching fingers wander under the lace-chemise
 sounding with instruments of precision its already rotting heart
 They won't find the usual remedy
 and will fall into the hands of the rioters who will glue them to the wall
 Fire on Léon Blum
 Fire on Boncour Frossard Déat
 Fire on the trained bears of the social-democracy
 Fire Fire I hear pass by
 the death which throws itself on Garchery Fire I tell you
 Under the guidance of the Communist Party
 SFIC