La Ravachole

Ravachol

Sung to the tune of the song of the French Revolution, la Carmagnole — the chorus of which ends: "Long live the sound of the cannon" — La Ravachole set the spirit of the anarchist Ravachol to music.

In the great city of Paris,

There are well-fed bourgeois,

There are the poor,

Who have an empty stomach:

The former are greedy,

Long live the sound, long live the sound,

The former are greedy,

Long live the sound

Of the explosion!

Let's dance the Ravachole

Long live the sound, long live the sound

Let's dance the Ravachole

Of the explosion!

Ah ça ira ça ira ça ira

All the bourgeois will taste the bomb

Ah ça ira ça ira ça ira

We'll blow up all the bourgeois

We'll blow them up!

There are sell out magistrates,

There are big-bellied financiers,

There are cops,

But for all these scoundrels,

There's dynamite,
Long live the sound, long live the sound,
There's dynamite,
Long live the sound,
Of the explosion!
There are the feeble-minded senators,
There are the rotten deputies,
There are the generals,
Murderers and executioners,
Butchers in uniform,
Long live the sound, long live the sound,
Butchers in uniform,
Long live the sound
Of the explosion!

...

Ah, goddamit, it's time to put an end to this, We've moaned and suffered long enough, No half-way war, No more cowardly pity, Death to the bourgeoisie!
Long live the sound, long live the sound Death to the bourgeoisie!
Long live the sound
Of the explosion!

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