

National Anthem of Mexico



Mexicans, at the cry of battle
prepare your swords and bridle;
and let the earth tremble at its center
at the roar of the cannon.

Oh fatherland
Your forehead shall be girded with olive garlands,
by the divine archangel of peace
For in heaven your eternal destiny
has been written by the hand of God.

But should a foreign enemy dare to
profane your land with his sole,
Think, beloved fatherland, that heaven
gave you a soldier in each son.

War, war without truce against who would attempt
to blemish the honor of the fatherland! War, war!
The drench in waves of blood. War, war! On
the mount, in the valley
The terrifying thunder of the cannon And the echoes nobly resound
to the cries of
Union!
Liberty!

Fatherland, before your children
Become unarmed
Beneath the yoke their necks in sway,
And your countryside be watered with blood,
On blood their feet trample.
And may your temples, palaces and towers
crumble in horrid crash, and ruins remain saying:
The fatherland was made of one thousand heroes.

Fatherland, fatherland, your children swear
to exhale their breath in your cause,
If the bugle in its belligerent tone
should call upon them to struggle with bravery.

For you the olive garlands!

For them a memory of glory!

For you a laurel of victory!

For them a tomb of honor!

