

Himno Nacional Mexicano

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The musical score for the Mexican National Anthem is presented in two staves. The first system begins with a treble clef and a common time signature (C). The melody is written in the treble clef, and the bass line is in the bass clef. The score includes several triplet markings (indicated by a '3' over a group of notes) and dynamic markings such as 'fine' and 'D.C. al fine'. The piece concludes with a double bar line and the instruction 'D.C. al fine' repeated on both staves.

SPANISH LYRICS

CHORUS:

Mexicanos, al grito de guerra
El acero aprestad y el bridón,
Y retiemble en sus centros la tierra
Al sonoro rugir del cañón.
Y retiemble en sus centros la tierra
Al sonoro rugir del cañón.

Ciña ¡oh Patria! tus sienes de oliva
De la paz el arcángel divino,
Que en el cielo tu eterno destino,
Por el dedo de Dios se escribió;
Mas si osare un extraño enemigo,
Profanar con su planta tu suelo,
Piensa ¡oh Patria querida! que el cielo
Un soldado en cada hijo te dio,
Un soldado en cada hijo te dio.

CHORUS

Guerra, guerra sin tregua al que intente
De la patria manchar los blasones!
Guerra, guerra! Los patrios pendones
En las olas de sangre empapad.
Guerra, guerra! En el monte, en el valle
Los cañones horrísonos truenen
Y los ecos sonoros resuenen
Con las voces de Unión! Libertad!

CHORUS

Antes, patria,
que inermes tus hijos
Bajo el yugo su cuello dobleguen,
Tus campiñas con sangre se rieguen,
Sobre sangre se estampe su pie.
Y tus templos, palacios y torres
Se derrumben con hórrido estruendo,
Y sus ruinas existan diciendo:
De mil héroes la patria aquí fue.

CHORUS

¡Patria! ¡Patria! tus hijos te juran
Exhalar en tus aras su aliento,
Si el clarín con su bélico acento,
Los convoca a lidiar con valor:
¡Para ti las guirnaldas de oliva!
¡Un recuerdo para ellos de gloria!
¡Un laurel para ti de victoria!
¡Un sepulcro para ellos de honor!
¡Un sepulcro para ellos de honor!

CHORUS

ENGLISH TRANSLATION

CHORUS:

Mexicans, when the war cry is heard,
Have sword and bridle ready.
Let the earth's foundations tremble
At the loud cannon's roar.

May the divine archangel crown your brow,
Oh fatherland, with an olive branch of peace,
For your eternal destiny has been written
In heaven by the finger of God.
But should a foreign enemy
Dare to profane your soil with his tread,
Know, beloved fatherland, that heaven gave you
A soldier in each of your sons.

CHORUS

War, war without truce against who would attempt
to blemish the honor of the fatherland!
War, war! The patriotic banners
saturate in waves of blood.
War, war! On the mount, in the vale
The terrifying cannon thunder
and the echoes nobly resound
to the cries of union! liberty!

CHORUS

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

CHORUS

Fatherland, oh fatherland, your sons vow
To give their last breath on your altars,
If the trumpet with its warlike sound
Calls them to valiant battle.
For you, the garlands of olive,
For them, a glorious memory.
For you, the victory laurels,
For them, an honoured tomb.

CHORUS