

Sons of Toil and Danger

Marziale

Come all ye reb-els in

eve - ry town, you lous - y slaves of no de - gree (you slaves of

no de - gree). We'll spare no ef - fort to

take our own and free our - selves from sla - ver - y (our - selves from

(Chorus)

10 *Moderato* 11 12

sla - ver-y). You and I can more than live and toil and die:

rit.

13 14 15

We can fight for lib - er - ty.

a tempo

16 17 18 19

Sons of toil and dan - ger, will you serve a stran - ger

20 21 22 23

and bow down to sla - ver - y?

cresc.

24 25 26 27

Sons of toil and sor - row, will you cheer to - mor - row

28 29 30 31

for the end of sla - ver - y?

32 33 34 35

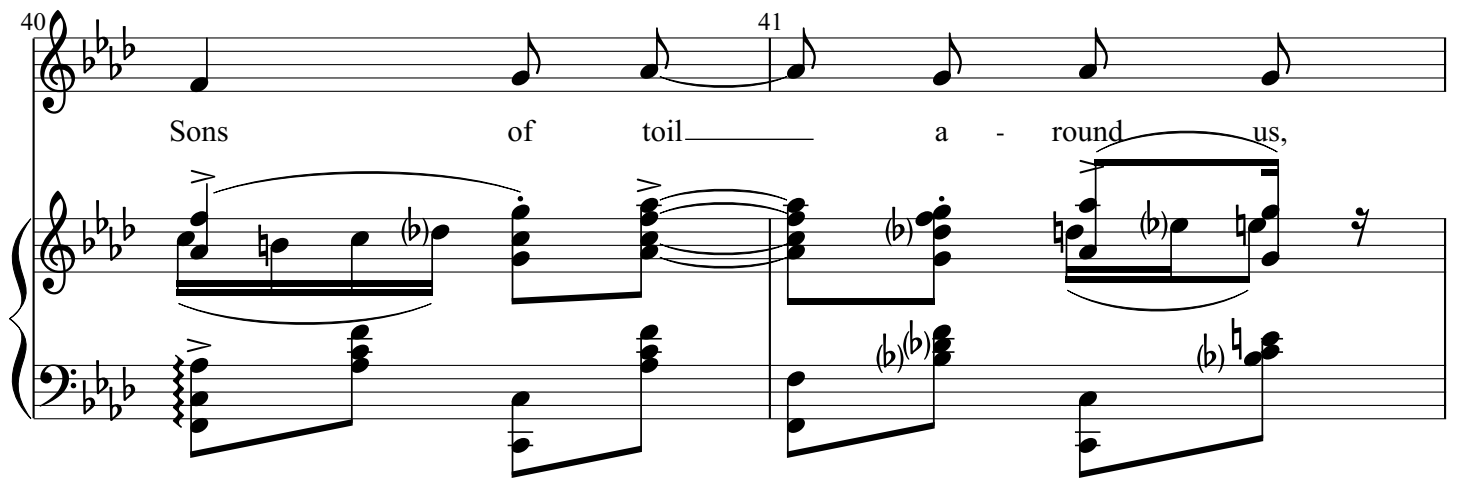
On - ward, on - ward, fight a - gainst the foe!

36 37 38 39

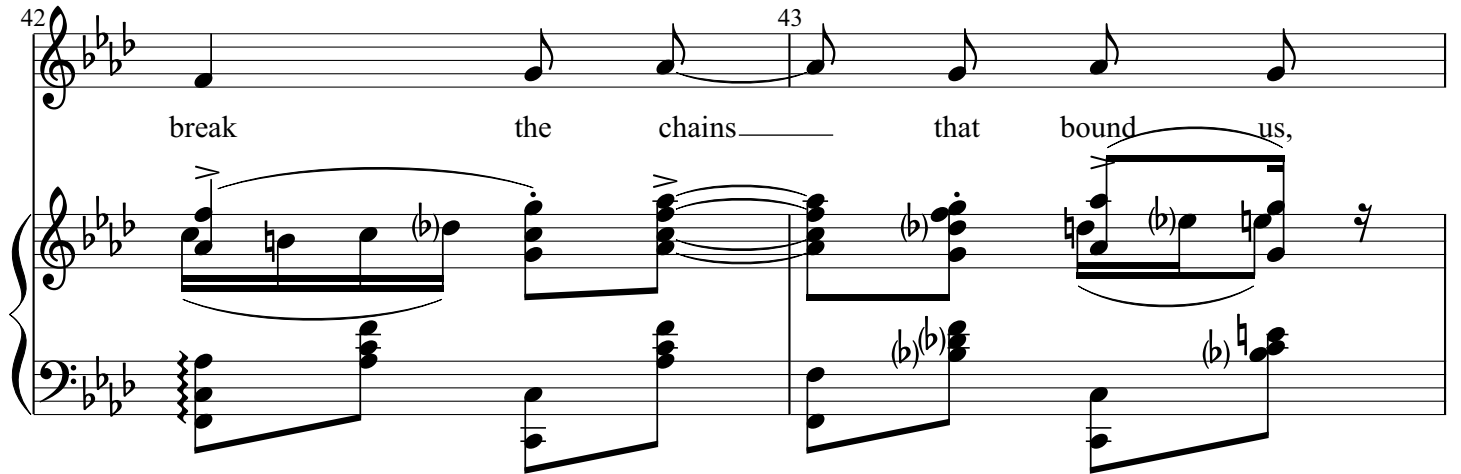
For - ward, for - ward, the crim - son ban - ners go.

cresc.

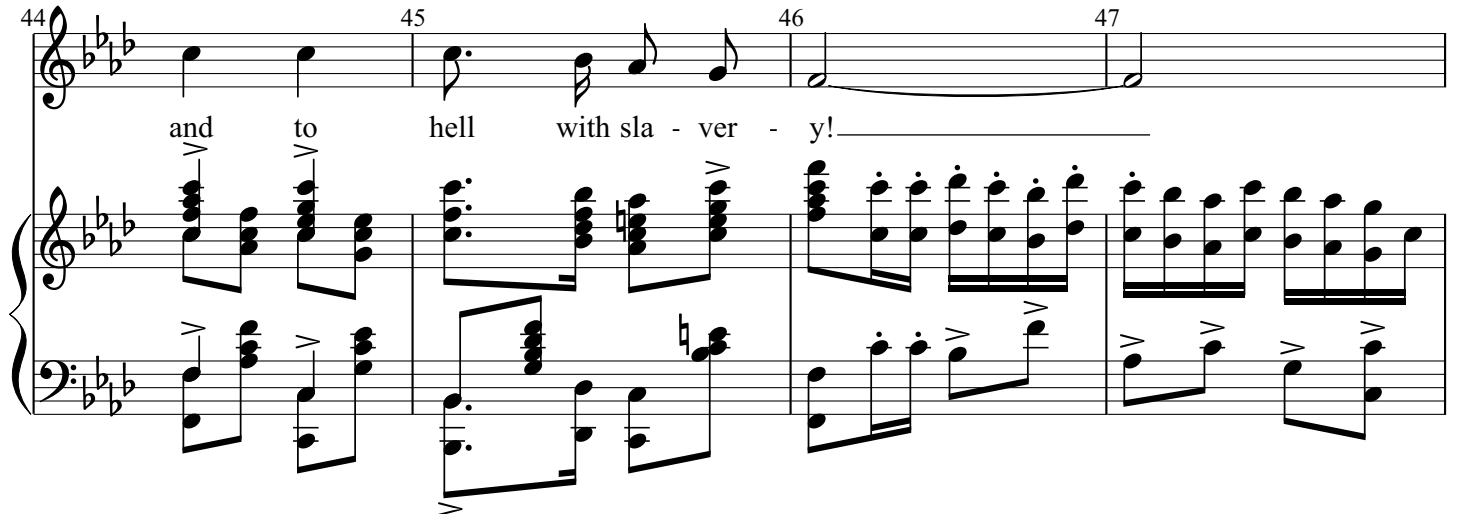
40 Sons of toil⁴¹ a - round us,



42 break the chains⁴³ that bound us,



44 and to hell with sla - ver - y!⁴⁵⁴⁶⁴⁷



48 Sons of toil⁴⁹ and dan - ger, will you serve⁵⁰ a stran - ger⁵¹



52 53 54 55

and bow down to sla - ver - y?

56 57 58 59

Sons of toil and sor - row, will you cheer to - mor - row

60 61 62 63

for the end of sla - ver - y?

64 65 66 67

On - ward, on - ward, fight a - gainst the foe!

68 For - ward, 69 for - ward, 70 the crim - son 71 ban - ners go.

72 Sons 73 of toil a - round us,

74 break 75 the chains that bound us,

76 and 77 to hell 78 with sla - ver - y! 79