

# Up From Your Knees

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Henry Clay Work

Maestoso

The first system of the score is a piano introduction in 3/4 time. It begins with a treble clef staff containing a whole rest. The piano accompaniment starts in the second measure with a mezzo-forte (*mf*) dynamic. The right hand plays a melody of eighth and quarter notes, while the left hand provides a steady accompaniment of eighth notes.

The second system begins at measure 7. The vocal line starts with a mezzo-forte (*mf*) dynamic. The lyrics are: "Up from your knees, ye cring-ing work-ers! What have ye gained by whines and". The piano accompaniment is marked mezzo-piano (*mp*) and features a steady accompaniment of eighth notes in the left hand and chords in the right hand.

The third system begins at measure 11. The vocal line continues with the lyrics: "tears? Rise! They can nev - er break our spir-its Though they should try a thou-sand". The piano accompaniment continues with the same accompaniment pattern as in the previous system.

15

years. A thou - sand years, then speed the vic - tor-y! Noth-ing can

*mf*

18

stop us or dis - may. Af - ter the win - ter comes the spring-time; Af - ter the

22

dark - ness comes the day. Break ye your chains; strike off your

*mp*

25

fet - ters; Beat them to swords; the foe ap - pears; Slaves of the world, a - rise and

29

crush him; Crush him or serve a thou-sand years. A thou - sand

*mf*

32

years, then speed the vic - tor - y! Noth - ing can stop us or dis - may. Af - ter the

*mf*

36

win - ter comes the spring - time; Af - ter the dark - ness comes the day. Join in the

*mp*

40

fight, the fin - al bat - tle; Wel - come the fray with ring - ing cheers; These are the

44

times all en-slaved dreamed of: fought to at-tain a thou-sand

47

years. A thou-sand years, then speed the vic-tor-y! Noth-ing can

50

stop us or dis-may. Af-ter the win-ter comes the spring-time; Af-ter the

54

dark-ness comes the day. Be ye pre-pared; be not un-worth-y: Great-er the

58

task when tri - umph nears; Mas - ter the earth, O ye who la - bor; Long have ye

62

learned: a thou - sand years. A thou - sand years, then speed the

65

vic - tor - y! Noth - ing can stop us or dis - may. Af - ter the win - ter comes the

69

spring - time; Af - ter the dark - ness comes the day. O - ver the hills, the sun is

73

ris - ing; Out of the gloom, the light ap - pears; See! At your feet, the world is

77

wait - ing: Bought with your blood a thou-sand years. A thou - sand

80

years, then speed the vic - tor - y! Noth-ing can stop us or dis - may. Af - ter the

84

win - ter comes the spring-time; Af-ter the dark - ness comes the day.