



21

pole to pole, the ru - mors run: In eve - ry land be - neath the sun, The

25

work - er hosts at last a - wake; Vile slav - ish-ness they now for - sake; From

29

Chi - na, A - sia through and through, Old E - gypt's sands and Eu - rope, too,

33

Isles of the sea and trop - ic shore,

37

Eek - o a strain ne'er heard be - fore. From

41

North to South, from East to West, A - rise the toil - ers, long op - pressed; E -

45

lec - tric is the ver - y air; A storm is near; ty-rants be - ware! Deep

49

clouds of wrath ac - cum - u - late, And thun - dersmut - ter at the gate;

53

The storm scud speeds a - cross the sky,

57

Be - tok - en - ing a tem - pest nigh. Lo,

61

'tis our God; He's draw - ing near; U - surp - ers now do quake with fear; Our

65

Lead - er rides up - on the storm; He doth make bare a strong, right arm; O,

69

trem - ble now, op - pres - sors all; The work - ers hear high hea - ven's call;

73

Un - daunt - ed in His name we stand,

77

To free the slaves in eve - ry land!