

WORKERS' FUNERAL MARCH

At a slow marching pace

1. Though you now have fall - en_ in_ grim, des-p'rate fight, Your
 2. They tor-tured and jailed you, but_ all was in vain; One

name shines forth e - ter - nal - ly. You've giv - en your all to_ break
 thing rose al - ways strong and free: Your heart that the_ hang-man could

through blackest night That hides the sun of_ lib - er - ty. The
 not put in chains, Your faith in fl - nal_ vic - to - ry. The

des - pots are feast - ing and try - ing to drown In
 great time has come when the work - ers a - wake, They

wine the grim shad - ow that leers from the tomb. But
 rise with new strength out of slav - er - y's shame; Good -

look we_ are ris - ing_ and_ loud - ly we sound The
 bye, then, dear com - rade, the_ red dawn will break Where

fa - tal hour_ of_ their_ dark doom.
 you have lit_ the_ first_ bright flame.