

Sacco, Vanzetti

**arrangement of work by Ruth Crawford Seeger
Soprano, Mandolin, Mandola, Mandocello, Guitar**

**Larry Polansky
revised edition 2018**

Sacco, Vanzetti

H. T. Tsiang (1928)

Ruth Crawford Seeger (1932)

Arr. Larry Polansky (1985)

Tempo Giusto (♩ = 60)

Soprano
Fast! Fast! One year has passed! Dead! Dead You will

Mandolin
Mandola
Mandocello
Guitar

11

ne - ver be re - born! Who said There will be a re-sur-rec-tion? Why did-n't we see

with voice

mp

20

a - ny of those gen - tle - men Who were will - ing to take your pla - ces? The real mean -

mf

29

- ing of "Death" You knew it. Still you paid with your life for your

39

41

class. Sac - ri - fice! That was real sa - cri - fice!

softer
softer
softer

48

51

Look at your e - ne-mies. They are fi - shing, Smi - ling,

(with voice)

softer
steady
poco cresc - -
poco cresc - -
poco cresc - -

56

Mur - de - ring, As e - ver. Shame - ful! It is an e - ter - nal dis - grace to us all.

(with voice)

II IV

64

70

Be - fore your death Did not mil - lions pro - mise To do 'this' or 'that' If you should die?

72

senza ritard *mf*

Now one year has passed. What a-bout

80 81 86 *mf*

'this' and what a-bout 'that?' Pe - ti - tions? Pro - tests?

89

Te-le-grams? De-mon-stra-tions? Strikes? Oh! They may re - fire the cold a-shes of our two mar - tyrs,

96 101 *mp*

But they can ne - ver so - ften the mur - d'r'er's heart. Tears? - Sighs? - Com -

123

126

te - ri - bly they trem - ble! *sub f* Yet men en - joy their de - li - cious flesh just the same! Sheep!

131

136

Pigs! Fo - reig - ners! Wor - kers! Your sweat is fer - tile, Your blood is sweet, Your

139

141

146

Meat is fresh! *sub mp* Oh, Van - zet - ti!

bring out! *sub mp - mf*

147 151

You did say: "I wish to for - give some peo - ple For what they are now do - ing to me."

155 156 *mf cresc.*

Cer - tain - ly, you can for - give them as you like, But you are the Wop, the fish - pedd - ler,

161

the wor - ker, and have - n't a - ny - thing in the bank. Is - n't it a great in - sult to say "for -

168

171

give" - to your ho-no-ra-ble ma-ster? Oh, Sac-co! You did say:

mp

mf

176

181

"Long live An-ar-chy," But you should not for-get, That when you climb up to hea-ven You must

calm

p

pp

mf

calm

p

calm

p

calm

p

pp

mf

solo

185

186

use the la-dder! Oh Mar-tyrs! Dead!

sub ff

sub p

sub ff

sub p

sub ff

sub p

sub ff

sub p

L.V.

L.V.

194

198

Dead! You are dead. Ne - ver ne - ver to live a - gain.

203

206

mf

Fast! Fast! One year has passed. But years and years,

a little quieter

a little quieter

212

216

years are pi-ling up im - mor - tal bricks of your lo - fly mo - nu - ment.

221

mp

Oh Mar - tyrs! Look at the au - tumn flowers: They are

230

sub f

dy - ing, dy - ing, dy - ing But the trees, the roots from which the flowers

239

mf

are blos-somed* Ne - ver ne - ver die. When the Spring comes We shall a - gain see the

248

pret - ty flowers Bloom - ing, Per - fum - ing, Sa - lu - ting the warm sun, Wrest - ling with the wild wind,

artificial

256

and kis - sing the charm - ing bu - tter - flies. Oh Mar - tyrs!

pp

265

Dead. Dead. You are dead! But your hu - man tree and your hu - man root

pp *cresc.*

pp *cresc.* - 5

pp *cresc.*

cresc.

274

Are Bud - ding, Bloo - ming, grow - ing!

f no ritard *ff* 280

* ossia: all artificial harmonics!

282

Lis - ten to the war cries of your li - ving bro - thers! This

286

289

is the in - cense we are burn - ing to you!

no ritard

(retune)