

Tempo Giusto (♩=60)

Voice

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

Mandolin

Mandola

Mandocello

Guitar

III

Voice

ne-ver be re-born! Who said There will be a re-sur-rection? Why didn't we see

Mandolin

Mandola

Mandocello

Guitar

20

a-ny of those gentle men Who were willing to take your places? The real mean-

29

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

39

class. Sac-ri-fice! That was real sacrifice!

48

51

Look at your enemies, they are fishing, smiling, mp

solo (with voice) poco cresc. steady mp

56

Mur-dering, As ever. Shameful! It is an e-ter-nal dis-grace to us all.

(with voice) p

64

70

Before your death Did not millions promise — To do 'this' or 'that' If you should die?

Senza ritard

Now ^{mf} One year has passed What about

Telegrams? Demonstrations? Strikes? Oh! They may re-fire the cold ashes of our two martyrs,

'this' and what about 'that'?

Pe-titions? Pro-tests?

But they can ne-ver soften the murd'ers heart.

Tears? Sighs? Com-

mf complaints? And the like? *f* Oh! They may expect the embraces of your dear

marcato (f)
louder
louder

109 mothers, They can never get pardon from the bloodthirsty masters.

f
mp

116 *mp* Have you ever seen sheep or pigs being dragged to the slaughter? How pitifully they shriek! How

subp
p
marcato (f)

126 terribly they tremble! Yet men enjoy their delicious flesh just the same! Sheep!

subf
(solo) forceful, lyrical

and haven't any thing in the bank. Isn't it a great insult to say "for-
the worker,

"Long live Anarchy," But you should not forget, that when you climb up to heaven You must

give" to your honorable master?
Oh, Sacco! You did say:

use the ladder!
Oh Mar-tyrs! Dead!

194

198

Dead! You are dead, Never ne-ver to live again.

212

216

Years are piling up im-mortal bricks of your lofty monument.

203

206

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

221

Oh Mar-tyrs! Look at the autumn flowers: they are

230

senza ritard
dying, dying, dy-ing
subf
But the trees, the roots from which the flowers

236

248

pretty flowers Bloom-ing, Perfuming, Sa-luting the warm sun, Wrestling with the mild wind,
artificial
p
pp

239

are blossomed ^{*}Never ne-ver die. When the Spring comes We shall a-gain see the
mf
pp

246

256

And kissing the charming butterflies. Oh Mar-tysr!
pp

* "blossomed" not in Crawford original.

265

Dead, Dead, You are dead! But your human tree and your human root

cresc.

(pp)

cresc.

(pp)

cresc.

(pp)

cresc.

282

Li - sten to the war cries of your living brothers! This

p

(p)

(p)

274

no ritard

280

Are budding, Blooming, grow - ing!

f

(slow)

pp

* ossia: all artificial harmonics!

289

senza ritard

is the incense we are burning to you!

(p)

(ritard)