Reveille

For Chorus of Mixed Voices

Poem by Lola Ridge

Music by Marian J. Kerr

Vigorous \( \text{\textit{\textbf{\textdollar}} = 16 \ (\text{\textit{\textbf{\textdollar}} = 5})\) \)

Tenor

Come forth, you workers! Let the fires go cold—Let the \textit{iron} spill out, out

Bass

Come forth, you workers! Let the fires go cold—Let the \textit{iron} spill out, out

Soprano

Leave the mill and the foundry and the mine. And the shrapnel —— Leave the

Alto

Leave the mill and the foundry and the mine. And the shrapnel —— Leave

Tenor

Leave the mill and the foundry and the mine. And the shrapnel —— Leave

Bass

Leave the mill and the foundry and the mine. And the shrapnel lying on the wharves—Lea
desk and the shuttle and the loom—Come, with your ash-en lives, your lives like

dusk in your hands.—I call up-on you, work-ers. It is not yet

light But I beat up-on your doors.—You say you a-wait the

— not light But I beat up-on your doors.—You say you a-wait the
Dawn But I say you are the Dawn.

Dawn But I say you are the Dawn.

Dawn But I say you are the Dawn.

Dawn You are the Dawn.

Sempre f

Come, come in your ir-re-sis-ti-ble un-sent force
Make new light up-on the

And make new light, light up on the

mountains. You have turned deaf ears to others—

mountains. You have turned deaf ears to others—

You have turned deaf ears to others—

You shall hear. Out of the

You shall hear. Out of the

You shall hear. Out of the

You shall hear. Out of the
Over the whistling steam —

mouths of tur-bines, Out of the tur-gid throats of en-gines — of en-gines —

You shall hear me shrill-ly pip-ing, Your mill I shall en-ter like the

wind, And blow up-on your hearts, Kind-ling — the

You shall hear me shrill-ly pip-ing, Your mill — I en —

You shall hear me shrill-ly pip-ing, Your mill I en —
They think they have tamed you, workers,

Slow five.

To scoop up hot honor till it be cool—But

Beat-en you to a tool—Till it be cool—But

Out of the passion of the red frontiers A great flower trembles and burns and

mf Cresc.

mf Cresc.
iron run wild like a red bumble on the floors...

iron run wild like a red bumble on the floors...
improved but vigorous

iron run wild like a red bumble on the floors... and marcato

iron run wild like a red bumble on the floors... As our

As our forefathers stood on the prairies—

forefathers stood on the prairies, stood—on the prairies

As our forefathers stood on the

forefathers stood on the prairies—They stood—on the

stood—on the prairies, stood—on the

stood—on the prairies, on the prai—
prairies So let, so let us stand, let us
prairies
prairies So let us stand

stand in a ring.

stand in a ring.

stand in a ring. Let us tear up their prisons like

stand in a ring. Let us tear like

f cresc e ben marcato

Let us meet the fire of their cresc.

f cresc e ben marcato

And beat them to barricades. Let us meet the fire of their cresc.

grass To barricades. Let us meet the fire of their cresc.

grass To barricades. Let us meet the fire of their cresc.
In 1

Till the birds shall fly to the
guns with a greater fire,

For one, for one, for one.

For one safe bough.