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"Soldiers Of Toil."

Words by James Ross.

Music by Frank W. Ford.

Sol- diers of toil are we — who march a- long an ir- on way
The spir- its of the dead wer speaking soft- ly from their bed.

With burn- ing, fire-y-ry furn- ace — We turned the night to day. —
Toil on thus your feet will find, . . . The path our an- gels tread. —

Put rat- tle in the bat tle . . . as the thun- der is in guns - - And
The ring- ing of the sing- ing . . shall for count tess a- ges last. - The

forged the flam- ing bolts. - - Which knocked the dir- ty sav- age huns. —
light to us may shine . . . For you that hour the clouds passed.

Chorus.

The trum pet and the bu- gle shout our glo- ry song

. . . For we are march- ing, marching fif- ty mil- tion strong. — Our

ban- ner floats a loft to lead us for the right. . . . And bids us cheer, and

cheer while toil- ing with our might. For none shall wrong the oth- er.

Noth- ing shall be mean, The shad- ows shall de- part, and

glad- ness bright ly gleam. The trum pets and the bu- gle shout our glo- ry song

For we are marching marching marching fifty mil- lion strong. D.C.

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