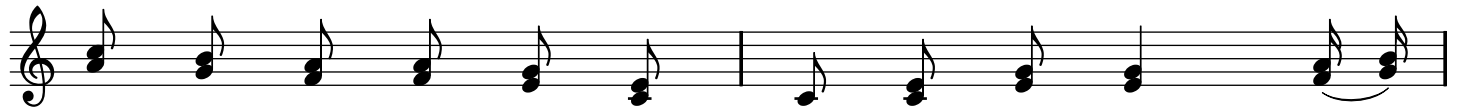


WAKE, SONS OF THE PILGRIMS.

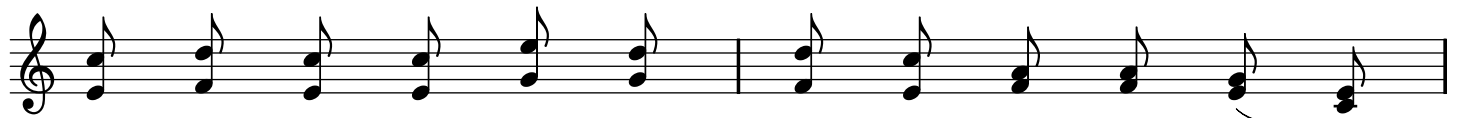
Air--"M'Gregor's Gathering."



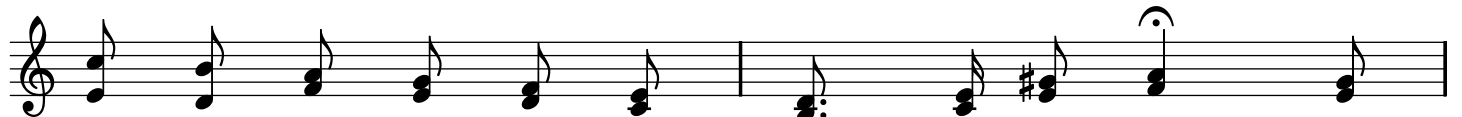
Wake, sons of the Pil-grims, and look to your right! The



des - pots of Slav - 'ry are up in their might: In -



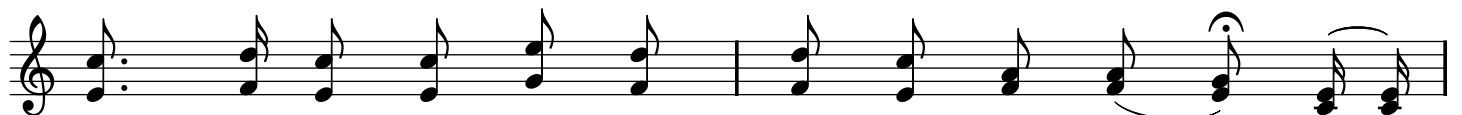
dulge not in sleep, it's like dig - ging the graves Of



blood - pur - chased free - dom-- 'tis yield - ing like slaves. Then



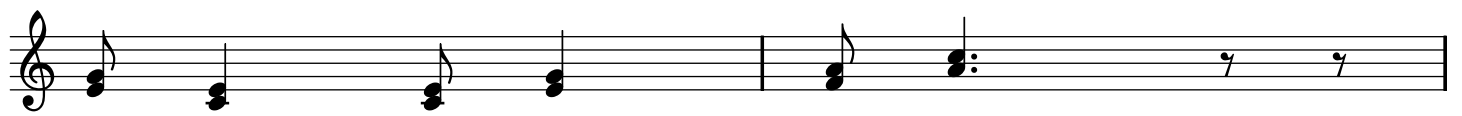
hal - loo, hal - loo hal - loo to the con - test, A -



wake from your slum - bers, no long - er de - lay, But



strug - gle for free - dom, while strug - gle you may-- Then



ral - ly, ral - ly, ral - ly,



ral - ly, ral - ly, ral - ly, While our

