

OUR COUNTRYMEN ARE DYING.

Words by C. W. Dennison.

Tune--"From Greenland's Icy Mountains."

Our coun - try - men are dy - ing Be - neath their can - kering

chains, Full many a heart is sigh - ing, Where

nought but slav - 'ry reigns; No note of joy and

glad - ness, No voice with free - dom's lay, Fall

on them in their sad - ness, To wipe those tears a - way.