THE RED ARMY MARCH.

Comrades, the bugles are
sounding,
Shoulder your arms for the
fray,
Boldly we'll fight for our
freedom,
Bravely We'll hue out away.
(repeat last two lines)

Born in the ranks of the
workers,
Whose toil scanty wage must
suffice,
Brotherhood, Unity, Freedom,
This is our fighting device.

Comrades, come rally your
forces,
Break the last bonds of the s
slave,
Hoist up the red flag of labor,
Whose folds oer the wide
world shall wave.

****