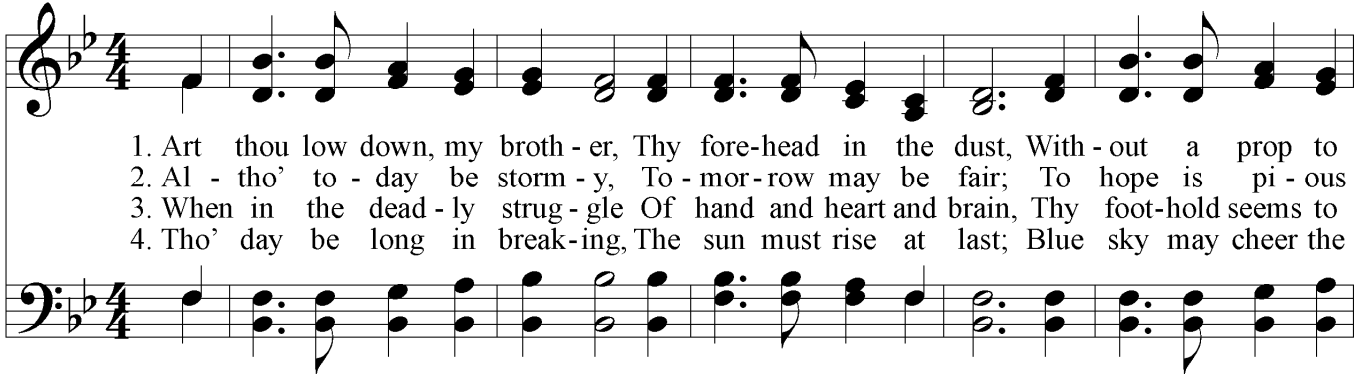


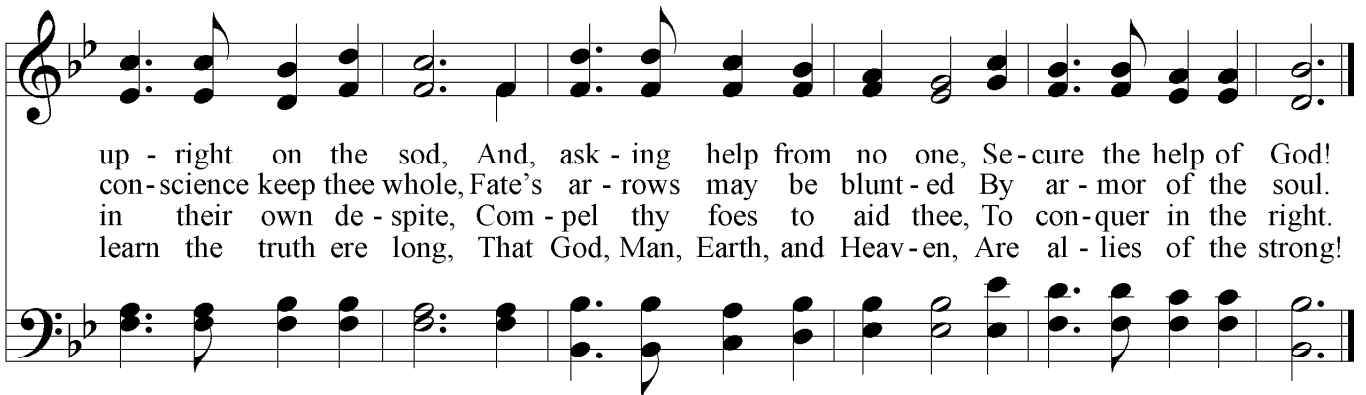
Art Thou Low Down, My Brother?



1. Art thou low down, my broth - er, Thy fore-head in the dust, With - out a prop to
2. Al - tho' to - day be storm - y, To - mor - row may be fair; To hope is pi - ous
3. When in the dead - ly strug - gle Of hand and heart and brain, Thy foot-hold seems to
4. Tho' day be long in break - ing, The sun must rise at last; Blue sky may cheer the



aid thee, A friend in whom to trust? Trust to thy - self, for - lorn one, Stand
du - ty, 'Tis wick - ed to de - spair! If hon - est pride sup - port thee, And
fail thee, A - rise and fight a - gain! Turn sor - row in - to sol - ace, And
noon - time, Tho' morn be o - ver - cast! Fight on! Fight on! Fight ev - er! Thou'lt



up - right on the sod, And, ask - ing help from no one, Se - cure the help of God!
con - science keep thee whole, Fate's ar - rows may be blunt - ed By ar - mor of the soul.
in their own de - spite, Com - pel thy foes to aid thee, To con - quer in the right.
learn the truth ere long, That God, Man, Earth, and Heav - en, Are al - lies of the strong!