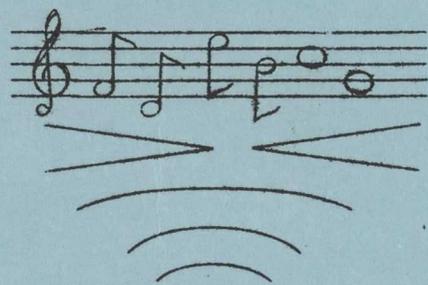


BROTHERHOOD SONGS



H O L D T H E F O R T

We meet today in Freedom's cause
And raise our voices high;
We'll join our hands in Union strong,
To battle or to die

C H O R U S

Hold the fort for we are coming
Union men be strong
Side by side we battle onward
Victory will come.

Look! my comrades, see the Union
Banners waving high,
Reinforcements now appearing,
Victory is nigh.

See our numbers still increasing
Hear the bugles blow
By our Union we shall triumph
Over every foe.

Fierce and long the battle rages,
But we will not fear
Help will come when'er its needed
Cheer, my comrades, Cheer

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WE WILL NOT BE MOVED

(Tune of "I Shall Not Be Moved")

CHORUS:

We will not, we will not be moved
 We will not, we will not be moved
 Just like a tree planted by the waters,
 We will not be moved.

Randolph is our leader,
 We will not be moved,
 Randolph is our leader,
 We will not be moved,
 Just like a tree planted by the waters
 We will not be moved.

The Union is our protection
 We will not be moved
 The Union is our protection
 We will not be moved
 Just like a tree planted by the waters
 We will not be moved.

Because we are united
 We will not be moved
 Because we are united
 We will not be moved
 Just like a tree planted by the waters
 We will not be moved.

* * * * *

BEFORE . I'LL BE A SLAVE

Bleeding Zion, Bleeding Zion, Bleeding Zion
 Bleed no more, Bleed no more
 Before I'll be a slave, I'll be buried in my grave
 And go home to my Father and be saved.

Doubting Thomas, Doubting Thomas, Doubting Thomas
 Doubt no more, Doubt no more
 Before I'll be a slave, I'll be buried in my grave
 And go home to my Father and be saved.

Poor Back-Slider, Poor Back-Slider, Poor Back-Slider
 Come and Go, Come and Go
 Before I'll be a slave, I'll be buried in my grave
 And go home to my Father and be saved.

Weeping Mary, Weeping Mary, Weeping Mary,
 Weep no more, Weep no more,
 Before I'll be a slave, I'll be buried in my grave
 And go home to my Father and be saved.

Lord revive us, Lord revive us, Lord revive us,
 All again, All again
 Before I'll be a slave, I'll be buried in my grave
 And go home to my Father and be saved.

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THE RATIONAL PRAYER

Not more of Light we ask, O God,
 But eyes to see what is;
 Not sweeter songs, but ears to hear
 The present melodies;
 Not greater strength, but how to use
 The power that we possess;
 Not more of love, but skill to turn
 A frown to a caress;
 Not more of joy, but how to feel
 Its kindling presence near,
 To give to others all we have
 Of courage and of cheer.
 No other gift, dear God, we ask,
 But only sense to see
 How best the precious gifts to use
 We have received from Thee.
 Give us all fear to dominate,
 All holy joys to know,
 To be the friends we wish to be,
 To speak the truth we know;
 To love the pure, to seek the good,
 To lift with all our might,
 All souls to dwell in harmony
 In Freedom's perfect light.

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