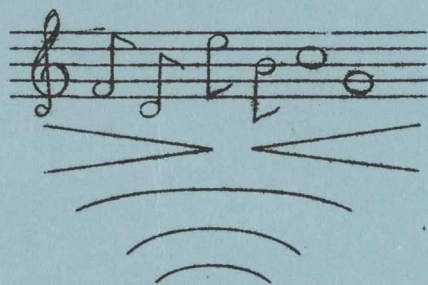


# BROTHERHOOD SONGS



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

\* \* \* \* \*

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.

\* \* \* \* \*

\* \* \* \* \*

\* \* \* \* \*

CHORUS:

In our hands is placed a power greater than their  
hoarded gold,  
Greater than the might of armies magnified a  
thousand fold,  
We can bring to birth the new world from the ashes  
of old,  
For the Union makes us strong.

\* \* \* \* \*



LIFT EVERY VOICE AND SING  
(National Negro Hymn)

Lift every voice and sing,  
Till earth and heaven ring,  
Ring with the harmonies of Liberty;  
Let our rejoicing rise,  
High as the listening skies,  
Let it resound loud as the rolling sea-  
Sing a song full of the faith that the  
dark past has taught us  
Sing a song full of the hope that the  
present has brought us;  
Facing the rising sun of our new day begun,  
Let us march on 'til victory is won.

Stony the road we trod,  
Bitter the chast'ning rod,  
Felt in the days when hope unborn and died;  
Yet with a steady beat, have not our weary feet  
Come to the place for which our fathers sighed?  
We have come over a way that with tears has  
been watered  
We have come, treading our path through the  
blood of the slaughtered;  
Out from the gloomy past, till now we stand at  
last  
Where the white gleam of our bright star is cast.

God of our weary tears, God of our silent tears  
Thou who hast brought us thus far on the way;  
Thou who hast by Thy might, led us into the light,  
Keep us forever in the path, we pray.  
Lest our feet stray from the places, our God,  
where we met Thee,  
Lest our hearts, drunk with the wine of the world  
we forget Thee;  
Shadowed beneath Thy hand, may we forever stand,  
True to our God, true to our Native Land.

JAMES WELDON JOHNSON

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