Art Thou Low Down, My Brother?

Words by Charles Mackay
Music Arr. by J. H. Fillmore

1. Art thou low down, my broth-er, Thy fore-head in the dust, With-out a prop to
   aid thee, A friend in whom to trust? Trust to thy-self, for-lorn one, Stand
   up-right on the sod, And, ask-ing help from no one, Se-cure the help of God!

2. Al-tho’ to-day be storm-y, To-mor-row may be fair; To hope is pi-ous
   fail thee, A- rise and fight a-gain! Turn sor-row in-to sol-ace, And
   in their own de-spite, Com-pel thy foes to aid thee, To con-quer in the right.

3. When in the dead-ly strug-gle Of hand and heart and brain, Thy foot-hold seems to
   noon-time, Tho’ morn be o-ver-cast! Fight on! Fight on! Fight ev-er! Thou’lt
   learn the truth ere long, That God, Man, Earth, and Heav-en, Are al-lies of the strong!

4. Tho’ day be long in break-ing, The sun must rise at last; Blue sky may cheer the

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