Art Thou Low Down, My Brother?

1. Art thou low down, my brother, Thy forehead in the dust, Without a prop to aid thee, A friend in whom to trust? Trust to thyself, forlorn one, Stand upright on the sod, and asking help from no one, Secure the help of God!

2. Altho’ today be stormy, To-morrow may be fair; To hope is pious fail thee, Arise and fight again! Turn sorrow into solace, And in their own despite, Compel thy foes to aid thee, To conquer in the right. Learn the truth ere long, That God, Man, Earth, and Heaven, Are all lies of the strong!

3. When in the deadly struggle Of hand and heart and brain, Thy foot-hold seems to noon-time, Tho’ morn be overcast! Fight on! Fight on! Fight ever! Thou’lt conscience keep thee whole, Fate’s arrows may be blunted By arm of the soul. in their own despite, Compel thy foes to aid thee, To conquer in the right. Learn the truth ere long, That God, Man, Earth, and Heaven, Are all lies of the strong!

4. Tho’ day be long in breaking, The sun must rise at last; Blue sky may cheer the duty, ‘Tis wicked to despair! If honest pride support thee, And in their own despite, Compel thy foes to aid thee, To conquer in the right. Learn the truth ere long, That God, Man, Earth, and Heaven, Are all lies of the strong!

Words by Charles Mackay
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