

Up from your knees, ye cringing serfmen!
Melody:"Song of a Thousand Years"
Ralph H. Chaplin

Up from your knees, ye cringing serfmen!
What have ye gained by whines and tears?
Rise! they can never break our spirits
Though they should try a thousand years.

Chorus:

A thousand years, then speed the victory!
Nothing can stop us nor dismay.
After the winter comes the springtime;
After the darkness comes the day.

2. Break ye your chains; strike off your fetters;
Beat them to swords--the foe appears--
Slaves of the world, arise and crush him;
Crush him or serve a thousand years.

Chorus:

3. Join in the fight--the Final Battle.
Welcome the fray w[] ringing cheers.
These are the times al Freemen dreamed of--
Fought to attain a thousand years.

Chorus:

4. Be ye prepared; be not unworthy,--
Greater the task when triumph nears.
Master the earth, O Men of Labor,--
Long have ye learned--a thousand years.

Chorus:

5. Over the hills the sun is rising
Out of the gloom the light appears.
See! at your feet the world is waiting,--
Bought with your blood a thousand years.

Chorus: