

Up from Your Knees

By:Ralph Chaplin

Music by Henry Clay Work

Up from your knees, you cringing workers!
What have ye gained by whines and tears?
Rise! They can never break our spirits
Though they should try a thousand years.
A thousand years, then speed the victory!
Nothing can stop us or dismay.
After the winter comes the springtime;
After the darkness comes the day.

Break ye your chains; strike off your fetters;
Beat them to swords; the foes appear;
Slaves of the world, arise and crush them;
Crush them or serve a thousand years.
A thousand years, then speed the victory!
Nothing can stop us or dismay.
After the winter comes the springtime;
After the darkness comes the day.

Join in the fight, the final battle;
Welcome the fray with ringing cheers;
These are the times all enslaved dreamed of:
Fought to attain a thousand years.
A thousand years, then speed the victory!
Nothing can stop us or dismay.
After the winter comes the springtime;
After the darkness comes the day.

Be ye prepared; be not unworthy:
Greater the task when triumph nears;
Master the earth, O, ye who labor;
Long have ye learned: a thousand years.
A thousand years, then speed the victory!
Nothing can stop us or dismay.
After the winter comes the springtime;
After the darkness comes the day.

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.
A thousand years, then speed the victory!
Nothing can stop us or dismay.
After the winter comes the springtime;
After the darkness comes the day.