

# Be Brave

Ross Winn

1899

Arouse, ye men of brain and brawn,  
Unnumbered hosts that toil;  
Assert your manhood, break your chains:  
Reclaim your own fair soil!  
Too long beneath oppression's lash  
Ye've slaved for robber knaves;  
And gave your all to Church and State,  
Contented to be slaves.  
The day had come, your night is done,  
If you but act as men.  
Be bold, be brave — the world is yours,  
March on and take it, then!  
But no, you hesitate — and why?  
Oh slaves! Why fear to die?  
On! Do and dare! Be brave! Be free!

A day is come, a light hath dawned,  
A tide in man's affairs;  
A star like that of Bethlehem,  
And a glorious hope it bears:  
Let man be FREE! The message rings,  
And an echo answers back:  
Uncrown all kings, unrobe all priests,  
And clothe the unclothed back!  
Then stand up, men, and demand your dues,  
And fear not the tyrants' frown,  
And do not bow at the shrine of his law,  
Or reverence his legal gown.  
But strike — if you would be free,  
Oh slaves — if you would be free!  
On! Do and dare! Be brave! Be FREE!

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